

1861-1865

*History*  
of the  
*Eighty-First Regiment*  
*Indiana*  
*Volunteer Infantry.*

REGIMENTAL ROSTER



SAFE

COLL.

Mary Geraldine Elder King





# HISTORY

OF THE

Eighty-First Regiment of

Indiana Volunteer Infantry

IN THE GREAT WAR  
OF THE REBELLION,  
✻ 1861 TO 1865 ✻

TELLING OF ITS ORIGIN AND ORGANIZATION;  
A DESCRIPTION OF THE MATERIAL OF WHICH  
IT WAS COMPOSED; ITS RAPID AND  
SEVERE MARCHES, HARD SERVICE  
AND FIERCE CONFLICTS ON  
MANY BLOODY FIELDS.

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PATHETIC SCENES, AMUSING INCIDENTS  
AND THRILLING EPISODES.

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A REGIMENTAL ROSTER.

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PRISON LIFE, ADVENTURES, ETC.,

BY

CORPORAL GEO. W. MORRIS.

1901

THE FRANKLIN PRINTING COMPANY,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

## DEDICATION.

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To my comrades, living or deceased; their mothers and wives, who willingly made such sacrifices during the war; to their sons and daughters, with recollections of gratitude to the Ruler of nations, this volume is dedicated; may its influence lead to loyalty, both to country and Creator.

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## PREFACE.

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The fair and honorable fame of all those Indiana soldiers, or those connected in any way with them, in their efforts to suppress the rebellion, is a treasure committed to our common trust, in which all should feel a deep and abiding interest. It was after months, yes, I might say years, of hesitation and due consideration—for I have waited for some one to take up the matter and push it through, but no one has done so, and you all know it will soon be too late; and now it is only for the love and friendship that I bear the survivors of the regiment that I undertake to compile the transactions of the Eighty-first Regiment of Indiana Volunteer Infantry, in the the war of rebellion. Even at that time it would have been next to impossible to have written an account that would have given equal and exact justice to all concerned—very much more difficult after the lapse of so many years. The work will be found lacking, and incomplete in many respects; yet, in regard to dates and the incidents related, I flatter myself that it will be found substantially correct.

To Colonel Anderson, William R. Atkins and James M. Graham I am greatly indebted for various favors. I am also indebted to John J. Gallagher for the use of his private history, which he so faithfully kept during his term of service, and to many others who were members of the regiment for various favors.

I send out the work with greetings to the survivors of the regiment and their friends, and to all comrades of Indiana regiments, hoping that it will, in some degree at least, contribute to the perpetuation of the memory of deceased comrades, and of the sacrifices and noble deeds of all connected with the command.

For the various omissions and defects of the work I ask considerate indulgence.

GEO. W. MORRIS.

*Louisville, 1901.*



# History of the Eighty-First Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

## CHAPTER I.

### CHARACTER AND ORGANIZATION.

The Eighty-first Regiment of Indiana Volunteer Infantry was organized at Camp Noble, New Albany, Indiana. There were probably many as good, hard-fighting, long-enduring, faithful-under-all-circumstances regiments as the Eighty-first Indiana—certainly none better, either in the war of the rebellion or in any other war since the sword began to devour. It was made up of the best material for an American volunteer regiment, composed of sturdy, resolute boys, animated by a sincere love of country, and a desire to do their whole duty. The regiment went into the service a crowd of raw, undisciplined country boys—making all sorts of blunders and funny mistakes—with nothing of the soldier in them, except their sturdy courage and devotion to their country's cause.

Through the fires and trials of actual service they were hammered and shaped into as fine a body of soldiers as ever stood under any flag, showing the character of the American people in 1861 and 1862, and the kind of sons they reared in their homes, their churches and schools to meet the great exigency that then came upon the land.

They were every-day boys, who had ordinary appetites, passions and tempers, who dearly loved a full mess-pot or a good dinner, who made the most human of mistakes daily, and then had the manliness to laugh at them, but always ready to rise into the loftiest places of heroism and self-sacrifice.

The regiment left Camp Noble Sunday afternoon, August 31, 1862, at four o'clock, and started on its first march, which was to the old J. M. & I. depot in Jeffersonville, where we received our arms and equipments. After everything was completed, we marched to the ferry and crossed the Ohio River to Louisville, Ky., and went into camp south of the Louisville and Nashville depot.

This was called Camp Neffler. Each company was divided off into regular messes, with a chief appointed over each mess. Here we received for the first time our regular camp equipage, such as tents, axes, shovels, picks, etc. We were furnished with the regular conical-shaped Sibley tents, each tent holding one mess, consisting of about twenty persons. We received plenty of rations of all kinds, and in this camp we were paid one

month's pay for the first time by a regular United States Paymaster. We remained in camp a few days, when orders were received on September 2, to strike tents and prepare to move. This created quite an excitement among us, as no one knew where we were going. Everything being ready, we started for the city of Louisville again, and marched through the principal streets, shouting and cheering.

We marched out of the city on the Bardstown Pike to what was called Preston Woods, where we turned to the left of the road and went into camp in a beautiful place. As we marched over the ground, preparatory to fixing our camp, the grasshoppers were so thick the boys with almost one voice christened the place "Camp Grasshopper" (although the proper name was Camp Robinson), a name that afterward became endeared to our memory wherever we went, not only in our own regiment, but in the others that constituted our brigade at that time. In after months, during the campaigns that followed, whenever a regiment came across another that belonged to the old brigade, it was a sure password to friendship and good actions, if the soldiers but mentioned they were "Grasshopper boys." We were fixed up in regular style and could not complain for want of anything.

The hardest part of our duty was drilling. We had company and squad drill every day until they got to be a bore. While here encamped, we received our first severe test of soldier life. A few days after we arrived official information was received that the Confederate General Kirby Smith with his forces had whipped our men at Richmond, Ky., and our army was falling back to Louisville, closely pressed by the enemy. The news reached us on Thursday afternoon, September 4. Orders were issued to fall in with knapsacks and everything ready to march immediately. As we were green soldiers, most of us had more clothing than was necessary; therefore, when knapsacks were strapped and slung, they looked like good-sized trunks upon our backs. We marched off in a hurry and struck across the fields, instead of going by a regular road. The evening was very warm, and in marching through a very large cornfield, where there was no air whatever, a great many of the men gave out and had to lay down. The dust was very bad, water could not be had for anything. When we reached the pike, we met a great many men and wagons, going toward Louisville in great haste. They were completely demoralized, and told some of the wildest stories imaginable. They said they were all cut to pieces, and the enemy close behind them. We began to think by this time we would have a fight sure, for we still kept going toward the enemy. As it was our first march with heavy knapsacks, we suffered a great deal. Our shoulders ached very badly, and we



were thankful for every halt. Men kept falling out in spite of all their officers could do. It was an outrage on new troops to force and goad them on as was done on that terrible night—especially when they were not broken in by light and easy marches. We marched about twelve miles, filed off to the right of the road and halted. We bivouacked for about two hours, completely worn out, with aching bones from head to foot. We all threw ourselves on the ground to get a nap, if possible. The bugle soon woke us up to fall in and return again to camp. We marched slowly. Before we were on the road any length of time, the men began to straggle out, and by the time we arrived at camp, about daylight, the regiment was strung out along the road for miles. A good many of the boys camped along the road, and did not get into camp until the next day—some of the officers along with the men. As long as the regiment remained in the service as an organization, this night's march was often recalled to mind, and although the regiment participated in as great and severe marches in after years, nevertheless a great many of the men consider their first great march the hardest of all.

On the 6th rumors of marching orders were whispered around the camp. Some reported that we were going to Lexington, Ky.—yet all was in doubt. On the afternoon of the 11th orders came, sure enough to fall in with everything on, and in a short time we were moving on the road with our faces toward Louisville again. Reports began to reach us that we were bound for Cincinnati, as Kirby Smith was reported to be marching on that city, and we were going to reinforce the place, along with other regiments. When we arrived at Louisville and marched through the city to the river, we began to believe the report. We marched to the Jeffersonville ferry boat and crossed the river to Jeffersonville.

It was quite unexpected to us to be back home so soon. We got there about dusk. As soon as we arrived at Jeffersonville, the order to go to Cincinnati was countermanded, and our brigade was ordered to go into camp near Port Fulton, east of Jeffersonville. Company B was detailed to guard the ferry boat. It was a difficult matter to keep the regiment together, for one-half the men belonged in Jeffersonville or close around there. We had a beautiful camp, immediately on the banks of the Ohio River, the best of drinking water close at hand from pure springs, and good bathing grounds for the whole brigade—in fact, a healthier or better camp-ground could not be found in the State. It was called Camp Gilbert.

We remained in camp near Port Fulton for some time. Our friends thronged the camp daily: some of them came many miles to see the boys, bringing baskets of good things for them

to eat, as well as fruits of all kinds. Guards were established all around the camp, and orders were very strict in letting men out. Nevertheless, a great many passed the guard and went home. When they returned, if they were found out, they had to help build roads for several hours. We had plenty of drilling to do every day, besides dress parade every evening. We were in camp for some time, when on the morning of September 19, 1862, orders came to prepare to move immediately, there was great commotion in camp, and a good many were sorry to leave, but this was no more than we could expect, for soldiers must get up and go whenever called upon.

Our destination was supposed to be Louisville, but there was no certainty about it. In a short time we were on the move, and marched through Jeffersonville with our colors flying and music playing. We crossed the river, and marched through Louisville in the direction of our old "Camp Grasshopper." The boys were glad to see the place again, although they preferred to remain in camp in Indiana. It was the opinion of a great many that we would return there after a little while, and we expected every day to receive an order to return. While in camp at "Grasshopper," a few days afterward, rumor spread about that Bragg was marching on Louisville to take the place, if possible, and, to confirm the report, we received orders on Monday night, the last week in September, to be ready to march for Louisville again.

There was great commotion in camp at this time. Company B was detailed to be the rear guard. Bragg being reported so close, we expected every moment to hear him firing in our rear. The road was full of dust. Before we got to Louisville, a great many of the men became sleepy. We halted once, and almost every one laid down in the dust of the road or along the fences. When we arrived near Louisville we found a strong force of men throwing up entrenchments by candle-light. It seemed strange—so near to home—bringing to our minds the thought that the war was close to our doors. The regiment having stopped, the men all laid down. Soldiers seemed so thick that you could scarcely put your foot down without touching one. We had our blankets around us and our knapsacks for pillows, and only a few miles from home. The scene reminded us strongly of the night before the Battle of Bunkers' Hill. When morning dawned we were ordered to fall in, and we marched a few squares to an old pork house, and filed through the gate into a large yard, where we stacked arms and remained several days, expecting to be called on to fight. So far we were agreeably disappointed. We were called out several nights, and marched out on a hill and formed in line of battle, where we remained until daylight; then we would march back again. We were

living continually in excitement, but it was excitement without bloodshed, and we were thankful.

Bragg was still expected to come to Louisville, and we were kept on the watch day and night. We were without our tents since we left camp near Jeffersonville, yet the health of the regiment was pretty good. We were kept in close quarters while we remained in the pork-house yard. It was almost impossible to get outside of the fence.

A pontoon bridge was built about this time across the river, both at New Albany and Jeffersonville, which some of the boys said was to retreat by in case of defeat, but we thanked God we did not have to use the pontoons. They were used by the citizens of Louisville in great numbers, some of them going across the river and going into camp on the other side, leaving nobody in the city but a few men and negroes.

While we remained in the pork-house yard we went out on several scouts back of Louisville, but never ran upon any enemy. One night, while on a scout we went into camp in a beautiful grove. It was rumored the enemy was pretty close, so we were formed in line of battle. The night was chilly, but no fires were allowed. It was almost impossible to keep the men awake. Some one built a fire, which caused our Lieutenant Colonel to use some harsh language. He ordered it put out immediately, causing a great deal of laughter in the regiment. A short time afterward, while most of the regiment were asleep, some sitting, some standing, leaning on their guns, and others lying on the ground, we were suddenly aroused and ordered to be ready, as the enemy were close at hand. In a few moments we distinctly heard the sound of horses galloping toward us on the pike, and we could hear the jingling of their sabers plainly. Nearer and nearer they came, and just as the order was about to be given to fire, they were found out to be our own cavalry. It was a great relief to us, indeed, for we thought the crisis had come sure. We remained there the greater part of the next day, and were confident that a fight would take place, as we were expecting an attack every moment from the enemy. We were entirely out of rations, and there were none sent to us, so we had to do the best we could.

Toward evening we were ordered to fall in, and marched back toward Louisville. We marched several miles and went into camp again. We camped on a low piece of ground alongside of the road. Some of the boys managed to get some chickens, and other things, which helped our commissary out. There was a great deal of fun in the regiment that night, caused by comical stories and jokes that were told by different members of the regiment. We started again in the morning before daylight, but had not gone far before we filed into a field on the right of the

road, forming a line of battle, as it was reported the enemy were close upon us. At daylight we saw some troops on the top of a high hill, which some of the boys took for the enemy, but in a short time we distinctly saw they were our own men, for our flag was there. We fell in again and filed out on to the road, and marched back to our old camp at "Grasshopper."

We remained there until Sunday afternoon, when we marched back again to our old quarters at the pork-house yard. We arrived there both hungry and tired, as we had but very short rations all the time we were out, and we were very glad to get back, indeed. General Buell's army having arrived at Louisville, we were ordered on the morning of September 29, 1862, to fall in and move immediately. As usual, there were numerous reports as to our destination, but no one knew for certain where we were going.

We marched down to the river, which caused us to think we were going to our old camp on the other side of the river. It was then we had our first view of the pontoons across the Ohio River. We filed to the right and marched up to an old lumber yard, and were surprised to see quite a number of troops in camp around us. We pitched our tents as soon as we got a place to camp and soon fixed up as comfortable as possible, although we knew not how long we were to remain. The health of the regiment was still good; although several were on the sick list, yet the majority were fit for duty. We were surrounded by several old regiments, among whom we found many friends, especially the Twenty-second Indiana Volunteers.

Rumors began to circulate again that we were to move; and, from the signs of the times, everything appeared like it. Orderlies were passing and repassing from the different headquarters, shoes and clothing were issued, inspections were taking place constantly; in fact, everything pointed to an early move. The friends of a great many of our regiment called to see the boys, and there were a great many leave-takings.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

We left Louisville on the morning of October 1, 1862, marching out on the Bardstown Road. The city was alive with troops, marching in every direction. The weather was pretty warm for this time of the year, and the roads very dusty. A few miles from the city our advance guard came in contact with the outposts of the enemy and skirmishing commenced, which occurred daily for several weeks during our march toward Perryville, Ky. As we were new troops, we suffered considerably before reaching Bardstown, Ky. Our division left the pike, and took a narrow road that led through the woods. We had to wade through numerous creeks. The first day from Louisville we camped in a vast field, which held nearly all the army, at least it appeared so from the number of camp fires that could be seen in all directions, as far as the eye could see. Some of the boys got lost from their companies, and could not find them until next morning. They stayed with other regiments until daylight. We had quite a time climbing the high hills in that part of Kentucky bordering on Salt River. Some of our teams could hardly get up. We camped on the other side of them on the margin of the river. Some of the boys went in bathing. In leaving next morning, one of our companies that was on picket duty got lost, and did not catch up to us for several hours.

During our march we passed through some very beautiful places, and sometimes the soldiers themselves helped to make as fine pictures as the eye ever dwelt upon. One place in particular, when we had crossed a deep stream and climbed the opposite bank, which was very high, on looking back, down to where the soldiers were crossing, was a splendid sight. Could it have been painted on canvas it would have been beautiful.

We had quite a number of drummers and fifers ahead of our regiment, and, with a few exceptions, they were the poorest material for a martial band that could be found anywhere. Sometimes they would condescend to favor us with some music, and then we had a gay time generally—such times it is impossible to describe. Once in a while they did very well, but take them all together, with the few exceptions mentioned, they were the greatest nuisance that ever was tacked on to a regiment. There was one consolation, and that was they soon played out. Most

of the fifers blew their wind out before they got to Nashville, and were laid up in the hospital or discharged; and the drummers fizzled out about the same time, some having to go into the ranks and shoulder a gun. The last drum used in the regiment had only one head in it and it was used to drum some of the boys up and down the lines for some little misdemeanor. After that they completely fizzled out.

When within a few miles of Bardstown, we struck the pike leading to that place, and the head of the column had to halt as the road was full of troops hurrying along toward the town. After awhile we moved forward and filed into the pike, moving in the same direction.

Regiments marched alongside of regiments. Our advance guard had quite a skirmish with the enemy outside of the town, but drove them back. When we reached Bardstown we were hurried through, sometimes on a double quick. We camped in a valley on the other side of the town October 5, 1862.

It was Sunday evening when we entered the town, and a good many persons, both male and female, were going to church. It made some of us think of the great change in our condition. A few months ago we were citizens ourselves, but now changed to soldiers and on the war path.

In the evening a beautiful sight presented itself, such as we never beheld before or since. As far as the eye could see were camp fires, away up on the hills, so far off that they appeared like twinkling stars. It was a grand sight, indeed.

We left Bardstown early in the morning before daylight. The roads were in good order, the morning air was chilly and bracing. After marching several miles, we halted for a few hours. The road we were on was a very high ridge. At our left was a low valley. We could hear the sound of music and the beating of anvils, and we knew then that there was a camp beneath us, although we could not see it because there was a heavy fog between us and them. When the sun came out pretty strong the fog disappeared, and we beheld a camp at our feet alive with men; some of the boys said it was General McCook's corps. We halted on the road until they moved out ahead of us.

After leaving Bardstown our marching was very severe on us, we suffered a great deal for water. The enemy drank up all the streams and wells on each side of the road. Some of the men went three and four miles from the road to get water. Our advance was skirmishing with the enemy every day. The roads at this time were very dusty, and we had to keep moving on rapidly, averaging from ten to twenty miles a day, and one day in particular we made twenty-five miles. This was doing very well for green troops. The dust caused the men to thirst a great deal, water being very hard to get. The men suffered terribly. It was

October 6, 1862, that we made our heavy march of twenty-five miles. Our regiment was stretched out for miles, the men completely worn out. Every fence corner had one or two men lying in it, with their knapsacks and everything about them off, so that their bodies might obtain some ease. Company organizations were represented in some cases by only a half-dozen men, a mere corporal's guard, and in some instances hardly that. Officers coaxed and threatened their men to move forward, but it was of no avail, nature could not stand it in some cases. Carrying heavy knapsacks on long marches was one of the main causes that reduced our regiment so badly during the first six months of our organization. Those who stood up to it, though, in a few months became as tough as pine knots, and nothing hardly affected them afterward.

We started the next day on the march again, expecting another heavy day's march, but it was not so severe. Water was still very scarce and could hardly be gotten anywhere. We were thankful for any kind of water we could get, although some of it was not fit for animals to drink.

Our advance was still skirmishing with the enemy. During the afternoon our brigade was double-quickened to the left of the road, and we formed in line of battle in a sort of hollow between two hills. The whole regiment was excited, as we were getting pretty close to the enemy. After remaining there a short time we moved by the right flank and took up a position with part of the regiment in a cornfield and part in the woods. The regiment remained there during the night. Company B was sent out on picket that night. The boys had quite a time while there, They were without rations, but were expecting them to arrive every hour. Some of the boys came across some sheep near their post, and after an exciting chase succeeded in capturing some. This was during the afternoon.

In the meantime cannonading could be heard plainly in the distance, and some of the company who had been back to the regiment brought out reports that heavy fighting had been going on all day between the enemy and our forces, and that there were a great number killed on both sides.

It was a beautiful afternoon and everything quiet in front of our picket lines. Some of the boys were engaged in cutting up the sheep and dividing it among the different messes, when an order suddenly arrived from the regiment for the company to fall in quickly and hurry back to the regiment.

In the regiment everything was excitement, for we were expecting to be called into action every moment, the reports of the cannon seeming closer to us than before. This was between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

We were ordered to pile our knapsacks and leave a guard, composed of those who were on the sick list, to take care of them. Our regiment was ordered to fall in immediately, and we moved out by the right flank. We had hardly started before we were ordered to double quick. When we reached the road we found it strewn with knapsacks and blankets, shed by the boys going into the battle. We filed to the left and proceeded a short distance up the road, still on the double quick, and then filed to the right into a hilly woods. Having arrived in the woods we were ordered to halt and front. Then our lines were straightened up to conform to the position we had taken, and we received orders to lie down.

On a high rise of ground, covered with timber and in our immediate front, was the Eighth Wisconsin Battery in position. guns unlimbered, every man at his post and ready for action. Our orders were to support that battery and to repel any charge the enemy might make against it. While lying there several shells and balls passed over our heads, causing us to open our eyes a little wider, and to make us think truly we are closer now to a battle than ever before. Such was our regiment's position at the battle of Perryville, Ky. Nevertheless, serious as the hour was, a great many of the men would have their jokes as usual. During the time a young mule came galloping along our lines braying wildly, which caused the boys to set up a grand yell.

We remained in our position a short time when we were ordered to rise up and move forward in line toward the battlefield. We proceeded but a short distance when we halted again. We could hear the rattle of the musketry plainly, and the cannons were fired with vigor also. A few small hills in front hid the battle from our view. While our regiment was assuming its second position we caught a glimpse of the batteries firing at the enemy, the hills in our front shutting them from our sight.

The shades of night were fast falling when we heard a loud yell, which told plainly that our boys were making a grand charge on the enemy. The yell lasted a few moments and was mixed up with the sound of musketry; all was then still, and the fight was over. Presently we heard a grand cheer—far in the distance. It approached nearer and nearer, until it reached us. Then our boys caught the music, and jumping up and down with hats in the air, gave a long glorious cheer, for victory was won.

The battle commenced at 3 o'clock in the morning and lasted until 6 o'clock in the evening. If it had lasted five minutes longer our regiment would have been engaged in it. As it was, we never fired a shot, although we were on the battlefield all day.

After the battle was over we marched farther on the battlefield, halted and stacked arms and bivouacked for the night. Soon after stacking our arms a number of the regiment started out



to view the field. It was a beautiful night—a clear sky and full moon. It was our first view of a field of battle, and it made us feel very sad.

Before we advanced very far, we came across five of the enemy lying on the hillside dead. Their faces were very pale and the light of the moon glittered on their eyes. It was fearful to behold. We came to some who were wounded, and sitting around a small fire. Our boys talked with some of them, who seemed very friendly.

On a battlefield, after the fight, human nature becomes milder and soldiers will give an enemy a drink of water, when a few moments before they were seeking each others lives. We soon returned to the regiment, for we felt sad over the sights we had seen, but all the boys felt that our flag must be upheld, and that the country should not be divided. None of us could tell, but our fate, perhaps, might be the same as theirs.

The next morning we marched a little farther on the field, halted and stacked arms close to an old stable, where we remained for the day. We were close to a hill which had been the scene of a bloody conflict the day before, over a battery which the enemy tried to take. It was taken and re-taken during the day. Finally, before the enemy gave it up, it was destroyed by chopping the wheels and dismantling the guns. Guns of all kinds were scattered over the ground, which were being gathered up by our soldiers.

We bivouacked a few hundred yards from the creek which the enemy fought so hard to keep us from, and now we had plenty of water to drink, which we were duly thankful for. We had suffered terribly the last few days for want of it.

Between our regiment and the creek the enemy's wounded lay in every fence corner. Our boys behaved themselves, and treated them kindly, bringing water whenever they desired it. They were mostly Tennessee troops. Some of them deserved no compassion, for they spoke impudently and disdainfully. Nevertheless, on account of their wounds, no notice was taken of it.

Down at the creek was a farm house that had been turned into a hospital. The doctors were hard at work at a table, amputating limbs.

The yard was full of wounded men, lying in rows, covered up with blankets, shrieking with pain, and some lying there were dead. Close to the house was the body of a rebel major, in a corner of the fence. His face was covered. He was neatly dressed in gray cloth. At a short distance to the left was another house used for the same purpose, the yard of which was filled with dead, laid in rows. Close to the fence were piles of arms and legs. It was a ghastly sight to look upon. Most of the dead were black in the face, which caused them to look more frightful.

A battery of cannon lay dismantled near this house. In fact, all around the place for hundreds of yards, everything showed plainly that a hard battle had been fought.

We remained in our position several days, and we felt very uncomfortable. Rain set in shortly after we arrived, the ground became soft and muddy, and it was disagreeable to walk about. We had no shelter to cover us, no blankets to wrap around us and our rations failed to reach us for some time. Still, the boys were in excellent spirits. Some of them built a shelter out of corn stalks, which did very well for awhile.

The night or evening, October 10, 1862, we received orders to fall in. After standing in line for nearly half an hour, trembling with cold, we moved out across the fields and struck the pike leading to Harrodsburg. When we got on the pike we were ordered to double quick, which we did for over a mile—through mud and water. This soon warmed the boys up to fever heat. The smell from the battlefield was awful as we hurried past it. We advanced several miles, halted, fixed our lines and remained for the night close to Harrodsburg. We remained in the same position part of the next day, expecting a fight to take place every moment, but we were agreeably disappointed.

In the evening of October 10, 1862, we received orders through the town. Not an inhabitant was to be seen, the place was entirely deserted, looking very dismal. We marched several miles, when we had to return again. We had taken the wrong road. The night was cold and chilly, and the boys did not like this changing about. We countermarched back again and went up a rocky lane. After a few hours' march, which was very tedious and tiresome, we turned into an open field, where we bivouacked for the night.

The next morning we found ourselves pretty close to the small town of Nevada, which was held by the enemy. Our cavalry was in the advance of us and they charged through the place. The town was situated on a high rise of ground, and we moved forward on the double quick in support of the cavalry. The cavalry drove the enemy out and we formed in line. Our batteries opened on the enemy and shelled them for some time. The enemy having fallen back, we followed them up, marching rapidly on the pike southward. We followed the enemy closely, skirmishing at different times with their rear guard, until we arrived within two miles of Crab Orchard, Ky., where we halted and waited for further orders. We remained there for several days.

## CHAPTER III.

## ON TO NASHVILLE—GENERAL ROSECRANS ASSUMES COMMAND.

Rumors were rife and soon confirmed that Bragg had escaped us, and that we were going to Nashville, Tenn. We had been without tents now for several weeks, the absence of which, along with hard marching, caused a good many of our regiment to get on the sick list. While in the camp a great many of the regiment were sent back to the rear sick. We did not stay long before the regiment was on the tramp again. The roads were full of dust which made the marching terrible. On the march, nearly four days, a great many of the men gave out and fell from the ranks completely exhausted. The ambulances and regimental wagons were full, and one was fortunate if he got to ride at all. After a man rode in an ambulance a while, the doctor would make him get out and another would take his place. Many a longing eye was turned toward the ambulances, for a chance to get into one of them. The sufferings of those days of marching was terrible to many a poor soldier. Some of them never recovered from the effects of it. In fact, our first campaign in Kentucky was the ruin of our regiment, for even at that time we had earned the name of the "Scouting Regiment." On our way we passed through the town of Danville, Ky., going into camp five miles from Lebanon.

The next morning Company B was detailed to go on picket; posted about a mile from camp, with orders to allow no one to pass the lines without a written pass from headquarters. A great many soldiers were already outside of the lines, foraging on their own account, and when they returned they were arrested and kept under guard until morning. Before the pickets were relieved, they had taken quite a pile of pumpkins, chickens, etc., but most of the plunder was permitted to be taken along back to camp.

While we were in camp at this place, our sutler arrived, and the boys were very glad to see him. It had been several weeks since he was with us. His arrival produced great excitement in the regiment and brigade. All the regiments in the brigade wanted to buy from him, but our lieutenant colonel posted a guard around his wagon, with orders to allow none but the Eighty-first men to buy from him. This created an unfriendly feeling in the other regiments, and they said they would clean

him out, but one of our boys jumped up in the wagon and offered to fight any one of them that wanted to pitch in. We expected a fight, but things cooled down among them, and the sutler was not molested. The regiment had a jolly time that night, for it had been a long time since the sutler was with us.

Before we left this camp we had quite a heavy fall of snow, which made things look winterish. Orders were received to be ready to move, and pretty soon we were on the road again for another long and tiresome march. Our destination was supposed to be Bowling Green. We reached there the last week in October, having been six days on the march. We marched to the outskirts of the town and went into camp. How long we were to remain we could not tell. Clothing was issued to the regiment at this place, for some of the men stood in great need of it. Shortly afterward a very large number of men were sent to the hospital, which reduced the regiment considerably.

On November 4, we left Bowling Green to march to Nashville, Tenn. While on the march, we heard that General Buell had been relieved of the command of the army, and General Rosecrans was to take his place. We camped one night at Tyree Springs, a place built for the comfort of pleasure seekers, but now deserted. It must be a delightful place in summer, making a fine place for a camp on account of the good and pure water. The next day, marching from this place, our advance was attacked by guerrillas who were posted in the mountains on the left of the road. Our regiment was ordered to double quick, which was done in excellent style, and we were very soon near the scene of the fight. A few companies of the regiment in advance were deployed as skirmishers, and they very soon made the enemy decamp. There were several killed and wounded on the enemy's side. No one was hurt on our side. The sutler wagon of the Twenty-fifth Illinois was captured, but was retaken before they got anything from it. While the skirmishing was going on, some of our skirmishers climbed a very high hill to flank the enemy. Our lieutenant colonel, mistaking them for the enemy, one of our batteries opened on them and threw a few shells, when an orderly rode up, crying out that they were our own men, and to stop firing, which was done immediately. Nearly all of the boys knew they were our men, but our lieutenant colonel thought different and ordered the battery to fire on them. It created a good deal of talk in the regiment for a long time afterward.

We were ordered to move forward again. The air was pretty chilly, so we marched fast. Toward evening we came in sight of the city of Nashville, Tenn., which we were all anxious to see. Our arrival had opened the city again to the outside world, as the enemy kept our men who had garrisoned the place pretty close

to their works. We went into camp at a little town called Edgefield, on the opposite side of the river from Nashville. We were glad to get into camp to rest, for the last day's march was very severe on us. A great many of the boys had sore feet, and they had to limp most of the way. In the morning we moved farther toward the river, and put up our tents in regular camp style, it being the first chance for a good while.

The day before we arrived the men had a skirmish with the enemy, who burned the railroad shops and some cars and then hurried off. A part of our army marched over to Nashville and camped outside of the city, while others remained on this side of the river. A few days after we arrived the enemy destroyed a tunnel on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, which caused quite a delay in transacting business between Nashville and Louisville. The mails and rations had to be wagoned thirty miles from Mitchell, which point was as far as railroad trains could go. Still we had plenty of rations, and did not want for anything. It took our wagon trains four days to go and return from Mitchell. The boys were now impatient for our sutler to arrive, and he was expected every day. Here we had plenty of drilling to do, besides fatigue duty of all kinds. Our captains drilled us daily, and we had battalion and regimental drill as well as brigade drill during the week. Our sutler arrived a few weeks afterward, and the boys were delighted. While we were there a great many of the friends of the boys in the regiment called to see them.

Rumors began to circulate again that we would move soon. On the twenty-sixth orders came to march, but they were countermanded, so we fixed up our tents again. When General Rosecrans assumed command of the army, October 24, 1862, the regiment was assigned to the Third Brigade, First Division of the Fourteenth Army Corps, Major General McCook commanding, Major General Jeff. C. Davis commanding the division, and Colonel Wm. E. Woodruff commanding the brigade, consisting of the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-fifth Illinois, Eighty-first Indiana and the Eighth Wisconsin Battery.

General McCook, our commander, belongs, as every one knows, to a fighting family, and when an opportunity offers no lack of generalship or courage will cause a reverse to our army. General Jeff. C. Davis, our division commander, as we well know, is a native Hoosier, and has already written his name high on the roll of fame by his skill and gallantry during the war. He is one on whom the army can rely in any emergency that may occur. General Woodruff, our brigade commander, is pretty well known, having served as an officer in the Mexican war; he is a thorough tactician, a strict disciplinarian and of undoubted

courage—just the man to lead the brigade, and is perfectly idolized by the men.

Our camp life was the same every day, varied with little change in picket and fatigue duty. We received marching orders again on the evening of December 3, 1862, so next morning we struck tents and packed up. We felt sorry to leave our camp, as we had begun to like the place right well. We marched from our camp and crossed the Cumberland River on a pontoon bridge, marched through the city and out on the Franklin turnpike for about seven miles, when we filed to the left into a strip of woods a short distance from the road, and went into camp; the ground being marked off, we put up our tents and were soon fixed up for housekeeping.

We had a heavy fall of snow the second day after we came here. This was a beautiful place to camp in, fine large trees all around us, and the ground was nice and clean. Our quarters were policed regular every morning, the companies being formed into messes. Each mess had a non-commissioned officer appointed to see that the men obeyed all orders issued from headquarters. At this time the weather was pretty cold and severe. Some of the boys had old camp kettles hung in their tents, which they would fill with live coals, warming up the tents very well—sometimes it made them too warm. We received new clothing after we came here. As guard and picket duty was pretty heavy, most all the boys drew overcoats, if nothing else; nearly every other day our regiment's turn came for guard on picket duty, and sometimes they had to stay on duty thirty-six hours, during which time, of course, out of rations, some of the boys eating walnuts and parched corn till they got back to camp. Our picket lines were advanced further out, and in relieving the pickets they forget some of them, which was the cause of their remaining out so long, and this made picket duty a great bore sometimes. The officer of the day was constantly around the lines, and at night there was no telling when the grand rounds would pay us a visit, consequently we could hardly get to sleep before some one would call out, "Roll out, here comes the grand rounds." All the reserve would jump up, half asleep, rush to the gun stack, get their guns and fall in line, if possible, before the grand rounds would arrive within saluting distance. During the day, while part of one of the companies was on a picket post, the reserve were out in a field hunting and chasing rabbits. The officer of the day came around, and arrived at the post while the boys were running as hard as they could to get there before him. The alarm was given that he was coming, but some were so far off they could not get there in time. The officer took it in good part, but remarked to the lieutenant that he should be more careful in the future and not let the reserve scatter out so much.

The lieutenant felt bad about it, but that night there was such an uproar on the picket line that some of us went out to ascertain the cause. There were some of the boys whistling, singing and cutting up generally along their beats—quite a ludicrous picket line, truly, with the enemy not far off. Soon that was stopped, and everything got quiet and orderly.

On our way back, we met couriers riding very fast, clearing the road. They were shouting that the general was advancing. We met several squads of cavalry trotting along, and in a few moments General Rosecrans and staff approached. His staff was dressed very fine, in fact, much finer than the general. We took the right side of the road, and as we marched past we brought our guns to a shoulder, giving him a marching salute. One of his staff rode close to us, and inquired who we were. Our lieutenant replied that we were pickets, relieved and returning to camp. The boys were much pleased with the appearance of our general.

While we remained in camp, our regiment and brigade went out on several scouts in the direction of the enemy. On December 15, 1862, our brigade went on a foraging expedition, leaving camp at daylight in the morning. The day was cloudy, but not very cold, we marched about six miles and then halted, while our wagons drove into a large field on the right of the road and up to some barns and outhouses, and the boys commenced filling the wagons right away. While some were doing this, the companies were posted away in advance, and on the right and left of the road to give the alarm in case of danger. One company was posted to watch the rear. A great deal of caution was used, as this ground was used by both parties for foraging. Before the wagons were all loaded it began to rain, and rained very hard, but we had to stand and take it. Some of the men took shelter under trees for awhile, but it did not do much good. As soon as the wagons were loaded, we started back to camp. Part of the brigade marched in front and the balance in the rear. It rained very hard all the way back, and when we got to camp we were completely soaked through. A more dismal set of men you never saw. To make matters worse, we could not get our suppers, as the rain beat out the fires—so all hands went to bed supperless and wet to the skin. With all this, the boys were very jovial, and took it good-naturedly. Before retiring, orders came to be ready to march in the morning with three days' rations in our haversacks. We thought this was poor consolation for wet, supperless soldiers. We did not move the next morning, though the order was still in force, and we could not tell at what moment we would be called to march.

It was at this camp we received a new tent, called a shelter tent, which was to be a substitute for our Sibley tents. The

report was that when the army moved we would have to turn our Sibleys over and take the new ones. These tents were in two pieces about the size of half a sheet, with buttonholes all around the edge, about six inches apart. A button was sewed to every buttonhole, so any two square ends would button together. They were intended for two men, each man carrying his own half on his back. They were made of linen and weighed but very little. Their appearance created quite an excitement and no little disgust. They were condemned by both officers and men, and considered a grand humbug—something gotten up to kill the men by exposure. They were issued to all our companies, some of the men taking them and others refusing them. These were christened "dog tents" and "puppy tents." A story was told, shortly after they were issued, that General Rosecrans was riding past a regiment one day, who had these dog tents, and he asked the boys how they liked them. They got down on their hands and knees and ran into the tents and immediately afterward stuck their heads out, imitating the barking of a dog. The general rode off laughing. It was not many months afterward though, that our army would not have any other kind of a tent. In fact, they became so attached to the dog tent that they could not do without it. They turned out to be the best thing we ever had, especially when we found out how useful and handy they were. Our regiment never had any other up to the time they came home. The old shelter tent has done many a good day's service to the veteran soldier and he will never forget it. It has been his companion in many a long dreary day's march. It has sheltered him from the wind and rain, by day and by night. It has been the home of his comrade and himself for many a year. Many a letter has been written to his mother, wife, sweetheart or friend beneath its shelter, and many a one received from home has been read by the light of a piece of candle stuck on a bayonet under its roof, or by the light of the fire built close to its mouth. Many a life has gone out from beneath its folds in the land of the enemy, far from home and the ones that were deeply loved. Joy and gladness, sorrow and sadness, have both paid it a visit while it was the home of the boys in blue. It has been laid away, securely packed, and the bugle call that has been blown so often to strike it will be heard no more by us.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

On December 24, 1862, we heard that we were to break up our camp the next morning and commence another campaign against the enemy. We felt sorry to leave because it was a very nice place, and we had some pleasant times there. A great many of the boys expected to get their Christmas presents from home before they left, but this was Christmas eve and part of the men were out on picket, and those who were in camp did not feel in the best of spirits. Several of our officers and men were sick and excused from duty, and another detail of our regiment was ordered out on picket, and a few hours afterward the whole regiment fell in and marched out of camp, bidding it farewell, leaving behind only those that were sick and others on extra duty. Before the regiment was ordered to march all our camp equipage was loaded on wagons and ordered inside of the entrenchments at Nashville.

How the name of that city sounds to us now! No wonder we felt sad, for from first to last we left more than fifty of our boys at Nashville, who died there, and during our term of service we lost at least one hundred who were killed or died in the hospitals and were buried there.

That individual known as the paymaster was said to be in the vicinity and the boys were looking for him anxiously, as the thoughts of winter and loved ones at home made them anxious for his appearance. Some of the regiments here had not been paid off for six or seven months. The regiment moved with the main army on Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was in position on the right wing when the enemy's forces made their terrible charge at the battle of Stone River on December 31, 1862. The brigade to which it was attached successfully repelled the fierce onslaught of the enemy, and held its position until the brigades upon both flanks fell back, rendering a retrograde movement necessary. In the desperate battle the Eighty-first lost four killed, forty-four wounded and forty missing, making a total of eighty-eight. The regiment took part in the fighting on the two subsequent days of that battle and entered Murfreesboro with the main army. There is no report from the commanding officer of the Eighty-first of this battle, but the following is the report of Colonel Wm. E. Woodruff, commanding the brigade, and in speaking of the Eighty-first, he says:

“The brigade was formed at dawn into two lines, the Twenty-fifth Illinois on the left and the Thirty-fifth Illinois on the right in the first line of battle, and the Eighty-first Indiana, Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake, in the second line in reserve, the extreme left on the right of the turnpike. The Eighth Wisconsin Battery of four guns, was placed between General Sills’ right and my left and in my front, consisting of two companies from the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-fifth Illinois. The command pressed forward in splendid order, and soon became hotly engaged and drove the enemy back through the woods and cornfield into their own lines. As we were now far in advance of any support upon the left, I deemed it advisable to halt and wait for them to come up, and therefore took position in the rear of a rail fence, my right nearly at right angles to my line of battle, thereby obtaining an oblique as well as a direct fire, but the space to be occupied by the brigade was so great that the Eighty-first Indiana was ordered up to complete the line, thereby leaving me no reserve. We slept on our arms without fire and prepared for the battle which we well knew would open as soon as day dawned. I examined the line of battle, and found I had no support. I asked General Sills to send to General Davis and tell him the situation, and he informed me I must hold the position as best I could, for he had no support to send me. I then took a position some three hundred yards in the rear in a belt of timber, the Eighty-first Indiana sheltered by a rail fence and were partially protected, who fired with the coolness of veterans. The officers and men of the Eighty-first Indiana, a new regiment, the first time under fire, with but few exceptions, manfully fronted the storm of battle, and gave earnest proof of doing what was expected of them. Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake and Major Woodbury displayed manly courage, and held their regiment firm and steady under a heavy fire. For officers and men young in the service they were worthy of imitation for the manner in which they served on the field of battle amid the storm of shot, shells and bullets, regardless of all save the performance of duty. The casualties of the command were small in comparison to the fire they received and the service done.”

We arrived in the vicinity of Murfreesboro Monday evening, and the battle soon opened, as the enemy had led a portion of our cavalry into an ambushade, and quite a spirited fight took place. We were immediately formed in line of battle and slept on our arms that night. The next day about 10 o’clock we formed again in an old cotton field. There seemed a prospect of some warm work ahead. We stripped ourselves of blankets and knapsacks, as our brigade began to move forward toward

a thick wood in which the enemy had posted their skirmishers. Our skirmishers were thrown forward and soon the work of death commenced. The wood was soon cleared and we were ordered to move still further forward to a position in front of the enemy, along the edge of a cornfield and under a heavy fire from the enemy. Our regiment advanced in splendid style until they reached the fence. When within twenty or thirty feet of it the first man fell, which was Lieutenant Samuel Wild, of Company K, who has since died. He was shot through the thigh. Our boys opened fire on the enemy, but as they had retired, with the exception of the skirmishers, it did not amount to much, but the occasional whiz of a bullet told us they were still there and watching us closely. In this position we remained until night, when we were ordered to lie on our arms, without fires, and, as it was pretty cold, you may rest assured it was not a very pleasant job. Early Wednesday morning, as we were thinking of getting a cup of coffee, the enemy made their appearance in large numbers on the opposite side of the field, and soon showed us that other work than eating was at hand. Captain Carpenter's Eighth Wisconsin Battery was soon in position, and opened fire on them with a cheer, but the enemy still advanced and soon the crash of musketry was added to the roar of the cannon. Like an avalanche they came on our boys, pouring into us volley after volley until they had reached the fence, when the order was given us to fall back. Reluctantly the order was obeyed, the boys firing all the while. As soon as the order was given to rally, the boys moved forward, and with a cheer our brigade advanced on the enemy. It was in this advance that Captain Abbott, color-bearer of the regiment, fell, pierced with three balls. He was a brave and true man. The enemy was driven back into the fields, but being reinforced again advanced, and after a desperate resistance, and being exposed to a cross-fire on each flank, our brigade again fell back. We soon rallied and with a cheer threw ourselves forward upon the foe, who were unable to stand the onset, again retreated and got back into the field. Our boys followed them up to the fence, when they again rallied, and with a cheer, which was returned with a shout of defiance, they again closed with us. As our support had failed to rally, and despite the heroic work of Carpenter's battery, which had lost several men and its gallant captain, who was pierced by a ball through the brain early in the battle, and had one piece which was unmanageable from the loss of horses, and as the enemy by their overwhelming numbers had succeeded in flanking each wing, we were compelled to fall back, which was done, many of the men firing sullenly as they went, leaving the field some distance in the rear of their colors, which had been borne aloft through all the conflict. We retired

under cover of a battery, a short distance in the rear of our original position, under a heavy fire of musketry and a battery playing on us. The officers of the Eighty-first behaved most gallantly, earning the applause and love of all their men. Too much can not be said in favor of our field officers. On the fall of Captain Abbott, Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake seized the flag and held it aloft, finally handing it to Sergeant Simms, who bore it the balance of the day. Major Woodbury, acting as lieutenant colonel, and Captain Howard, acting as major, bore themselves most gallantly.

By the list of casualties it will be seen that the Eighty-first suffered severely as it went into the battle with less than three hundred men. The Twenty-fifth and Thirty-fifth Illinois in our brigade did deeds of heroism and they suffered severely. Shortly after the battle the regiment was called out to support a body of our men who were hard-pressed, by a large body of the enemy, and, although they had to double-quick it for over a mile and forded Stone River three times, they went on the field in good order under a perfect shower of shot and shell. This position they held for two days, in a drenching cold rain, and were then withdrawn farther to the rear to allow them to recuperate a little. Our brigade had been in the advance most of the time and had a hard time of it. That the boasting Bragg and all the enemies had been routed, and that, too, most effectually, does not admit of a doubt, although at that time the consummation of the event so devoutly wished for by every true friend of the Union looked rather gloomy. But with General Rosecrans there is no such thing as fail, and with an obstinate, persevering determination he pursued his course, ever ready to take advantage of any point exposed by the enemy or remedy any mishap that might occur to his command. His men had the utmost confidence in him, and were satisfied that if they trusted in Providence, kept their powder dry, and obeyed the orders of General Rosecrans, all would be right, and the glorious results has fully justified their most sanguine expectations. After the evacuation of Murfreesboro, our brigade had moved forward and was encamped about two miles south in a very pleasant grove, and were busily engaged in making out our pay-rolls, reports, requisitions, etc., in order to get ready for another advance as soon as possible. Our brigade, on account of losing blankets shelter tents, etc., was not in order to move without causing a great deal of suffering among the men. It was said an effort would be made to pay us off before we moved, but the boys had been fooled so often that they almost began to despair of ever getting any more pay.

Colonel Caldwell arrived in camp, looking as gay and happy as ever and much improved in health since he left us. He was in command of the brigade.

Some of the New Albany boys made very narrow escapes during the fight on Tuesday and Wednesday. Sergeant James M. Graham, of Company E (a braver and better soldier does not exist), while out skirmishing, exposed a portion of his body. While drawing a bead on a rebel a bullet cut two pretty little holes in his pants, just grazing his knee. Fortunately he escaped unhurt, although being exposed during the whole of the engagement of the second day. Sergeant Joseph Cole was struck by a piece of shell in the breast, which went through his overcoat, dresscoat, five or six letters, shattering a picture to pieces, and inflicted several gashes. Joe is still knocking around, but says it was rather too close for comfort.

The enemy in many instances stripped all our dead, where they had a chance, if the clothing was new, but if they were old they contented themselves by taking off the buttons. The body of Lieutenant Morgan, of Company B, was found stripped of everything, except his drawers, shirt and waistcoat. He was a brave fearless and accomplished officer, and well may Company B honor him. He left a host of friends in the regiment, to whom he became endeared by his many noble qualities of heart.

The health of the regiment at this time was very good, much better than would have been supposed from the exposure the boys had undergone. In fact, for some days after the battle we were without a surgeon, but things looked brighter after Doctor Fouts, a very gentlemanly and accomplished surgeon, took the regiment in charge and the sick list was daily reduced. Convalescents and what few stragglers we had after the battle were daily coming in and the prospects of the regiment began to brighten. We were still in camp near Murfreesboro, and how much longer we would stay we could not tell.

## CHAPTER V.

## OUR WAGON TRAIN DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.

When the regiment was getting ready to leave Nashville there were some changes, as such a move made it necessary. Corporal Gallagher, of Company B, was appointed ordnance sergeant, and all the old guns, accouterments, etc., belonging to the regiment was turned over to him, as well as the regimental ammunition. Everything was loaded into wagons and ordered inside of the entrenchments at Nashville. There were several wagons in the detail, for they had all the regimental baggage along with the balance. After remaining in Nashville until December 29th they started out for the regiment. While the battle of Stone River was going on they were experiencing some rough times. The train of wagons numbered about three hundred. The detail from the regiment was Ordnance Sergeant John J. Gallagher, Company B; Neil McClellan, Company B; Assistant Wagonmaster of the regiment, James Williams, Company A; Sergeant Emery Lahue, Company C, and Melvin Bruner, Company B. When the train left Nashville it was a beautiful morning and everything looked bright and cheerful. They traveled all day until about two or three o'clock, when they reached a little town about fifteen miles from Nashville. Here the train halted and corraled for the night in the town, the inhabitants having left, the houses being deserted. As there were two wagons from our regiment, they drove up alongside of a one-story frame house and the drivers commenced unharnessing the mules. While doing so, orders came to send a wagon back on the road six miles for corn for forage, which was in a camp lately held by the enemy. Sergeant Gallagher was one of the detail to go back with the wagons. The order came from an unauthorized source, but the boys did not refuse to go. When they got out on the pike they found several other wagons detailed for the same purpose, each containing a guard. They went the six miles in a sweeping gallop back toward Nashville, one of the hardest wagon rides they had ever experienced, and they all felt as if every bone in their bodies were broken. They arrived at the camp and drove into the field, found the corn in large quantities posted their pickets at the proper distance, and commenced loading as quickly as possible. In a few moments their wagons were loaded, and they drove out on the pike and hurried back to

camp. In a short time supper was ready, and, having a good appetite from their *pleasant* ride, they did full justice to it. They soon retired to rest, taking up their quarters in the wagons. Of course they did not sleep much. They were up early in the morning and found a drizzling rain falling, making everything look miserable. It made the boys feel gloomy, but after breakfast everything was gotten ready to move in case an order came to do so, but they laid there hour after hour and no order came. Of course the boys could not account for it. They could hear of no fighting in front, yet there was no order to move. The dinner hour arrived, so they sat down to dinner, and after dinner wandered around and smoked their pipes to help pass away the time. Still no order came to move. About two o'clock some of the boys went to the wagons to lay down and take a nap. As they were fixing to make themselves comfortable, they looked out from the back of the wagons toward the road and beheld a sight that caused their hearts to beat quickly, for as far as they could see there was nothing but the enemy's cavalry galloping about, dressed in the well-known butternut clothing, hooping, yelling and rushing around like madmen in every direction. The boys seized their guns and ran to the nearest house and breathlessly awaited further developments. No one seemed to have any command or authority over the men or train. In the midst of the excitement some of the boys found they had no caps on their guns, although when they started they had their pouches full. They were soon furnished with plenty of caps. They were huddled together on the porch of the house, having full view of the enemy, who were yelling and going in every direction and firing at the wagons of the train. Some one in the party counseled prudence and not to fire, as we were so largely outnumbered, and it would go hard with us if we did so. Before we could decide what to do, a company of the enemy's cavalry came dashing down upon us with pistols and carbines in both hands, pointing at us and yelling like fiends, ordering us with curses to surrender and march out from where we were posted, and do so as quickly as possible. All this took place in less time than it takes to write it. We were ordered, in no very polite manner, to march quickly up to a hill a few hundred yards in our front. Our men could be seen running in all directions, and we could see the enemy in every direction galloping about, showing plainly that we were surrounded before the charge was made upon us. While we were hurrying toward the hill we were stopped by several rebels, who demanded to know if we had any pistols about us, as they were anxious to get them. They did not make much off of us in that line. When we were first taken prisoners we were ordered to throw down our arms, but some of the boys did not hear the order at the time, and were carrying

them with them toward the hill when they were stopped by the rebs, who informed them, in their usual *polite* style, that if they did not drop their guns they would soon hear from them in another manner not pleasant to our feelings, and of course the boys, not wishing to put them to any trouble on their account, threw the guns down, and their accouterments also. On arriving at the top of the hill we came upon a line of our men drawn up in two ranks. We were ordered to fall in with them, and a rebel harangue was made to us by Colonel Hawkins, C. S. A. The speech was made in a quick, excited manner and we were ordered to hold up our right hands and swear that we would not take up arms against the Southern Confederacy until honorably exchanged. As soon as this was done the men broke ranks and scattered in every direction. Everything was done in the midst of excitement. Rebel horsemen kept yelling and riding in every direction. By this time all of our trains were fired and burning rapidly. We asked permission from a Confederate officer if we could go down to our wagons and secure some of our things. Our request was granted, and we flew, not having time to run, but found them all in a blaze. One of our wagons contained our headquarters, baggage and equipments, together with the adjutant's desk containing the books and papers of the regiment, as well as the regimental state colors. All of which were destroyed. We endeavored to save our knapsacks, but found them laying by the side of the wagons torn open and the contents confiscated by some lucky reb, leaving behind only some blankets, and other little notions they did not want. While we were picking up these a reb came along and was going to deprive us of them on the supposition, we supposed, that to the victor belongs the spoils, but with some little persuasion we were permitted to keep them, but it was very little benefit we derived from them after all. While packing them up we were ordered by a petty, soney-looking "reb" to go and catch a mule, and be quick about it, too. As some of the boys did not wish to misunderstand him, they asked him what he wanted, when he informed us in a style not to be misunderstood, with a volley of words not necessary to mention here, that we had better hurry or we should hear something (the enemy had a very polite way of speaking to prisoners during that time). So looking around, we saw several of the men catching mules and mounting them, and not wishing to trouble the gentleman any more we ran to where some mules were tied and unloosed them, threw our blankets on them, and, after several attempts, mounted them. It being the first time some of us had the honor of appearing on a mule, some of the mules having nothing but halters around their necks, we had quite a time to manage them, as we had no chance to get a bridle. After we were mounted it took some



time to get his muleship to start, but after sundry and repeated kicks, vigorously applied with our heels to his sides, given under the greatest excitement of mind at the time, we got them to move out toward the pike, where we found a number of our men halted under guard and all on mules, waiting for further orders. A gloomy feeling crept over us by this time, for we saw a fair prospect of a long ride with the rebs, and perhaps Andersonville prison in the end, which was, under the circumstances, calculated to make us feel gloomy. Some of the boys never having rode a mile on horseback in their lives, they could not help feeling that it would go hard with them galloping through woods and fields on the back of a mule without saddle or bridle, surrounded with rough men, and enemies at that. Shortly after we joined the prisoners we were ordered forward under guard toward the head of the column. As far as we could see there were enemies in every direction. They were at halt while we were moving forward. Some of them were in crowds in the woods, around boxes of plunder taken from our trains. Clothing was being distributed among some of them, and in every direction could be seen broken trunks, valises, etc., that belonged to our officers, laying scattered over the ground as we rode along. We ran across some pretty rough rebs. We were cursed every once in a while, and what little things we had were taken from us. There was no help for it; it was useless to appeal to their officers. Every few minutes the officer of the guard would shout out, "Close up prisoners!" when we would all start off in a gallop for a short distance, and then dwindle down to a slow trot. At last we arrived at the head of the column, when we were ordered to halt.

We could not help but smile at some of our crowd, for they looked so ridiculous. Sergeant Lahue, of our regiment, was a very tall man—over six feet and very lean. He had unfortunately mounted a very small mule and the consequence was his feet nearly touched the ground, and his whole attention seemed to be engaged in steering clear of stumps and trees. While we were halted some of the rebs talked with us and asked us what we came down there for, and if we thought they had horns growing out of their heads. They said we were being whipped all around, that we could never subdue the South, and a lot of other stuff. We answered several of their questions, but as several more of their companions joined in we thought it best to dry up and say nothing. One of them wanted to buy Neil McClellan's boots, but he said he did not want to sell, for if he had he would have been compelled to take pay in Confederate scrip. A great many of them were dressed in citizens' clothes, which caused us to suppose that a number of the citizens in the immediate vicinity of Nashville had purposely joined this

gang to war upon our trains in the rear, of our army men who no doubt bore a good loyal name on the books of the provost marshal at Nashville. Our supposition proved to be true in some respects, because the next day, whenever we passed a home, the men in citizens' clothes would drop from the ranks, ride up and dismount and that was the last we would see of them. There was no honor among them; they were a perfect set of cut-throats: nothing was disgraceful with them as long as it benefited their cause.

When we halted we were placed in the center of the column. There were about forty-six prisoners altogether, mostly teamsters. For a while we moved pretty rapidly through the woods. After we had ridden about two hours our legs became very painful.

We came across one man from Northern Alabama who said that he held out for the Union as long as possible, but when his State seceded he went with her, and now he felt sure the South would succeed. He seemed to be a Christian man, and from his conversation we thought a kind-hearted man, and, although we were enemies, we could not help but respect him. Most of the time we rode very fast, but just a little before dark we came to a halt. Our companions told us to look through the timber and we would see something, as they were about to make a charge. We did so, and could see a small town (which we afterward learned was Nolinsville), and near it were five or six United States army wagons. We could see the boys in blue walking about, and some of them appeared to be getting supper. Presently a long yell was given and a long line of rebel cavalry charged down upon them and their wagons. They ran in every direction, but it was in vain, for what was a handful of men against thousands of the enemy. No doubt the enemy felt glorious over such a charge as that, and some of them did, too, because shortly afterward we saw several of them under the influence of whisky taken from a sutler's wagon that was captured with the rest. These wagons were all burnt the same as were ours; and with a small addition of fresh prisoners we took the road again. When we got on the pike, we started off on a regular gallop, which continued for some time, then we wheeled into the woods again and rode some distance, it being by this time nearly dark. Just about dark we arrived at the camp they had picked out for the night. The night was very cold and quite a number of fires were burning in every direction. In a few moments we were told to march up into a field a short distance and dismount and build fires. A guard was detailed to watch us for the night. Some of the men got rails, and our fires were soon burning. All the mules were tied to a fence close at hand. Most of the boys were nearly famished for water. This was certainly the most exciting day we had spent in the army so far; we felt so stiff and

sore from riding that we could hardly move about. We had eaten nothing since dinner and our present surroundings did not give us any appetite. We did not have much for supper; a few crackers and a little piece of bacon, that was captured from us, was all we had. Some of the enemies that were dressed in our clothes came and talked with us to see what they could find out, thinking that they could deceive us because they were dressed in blue, but they were mistaken. General Rosecrans soon afterward put a stop to it by issuing an order that all rebs caught in our uniform would be hung, which was a good thing at the time. We laid down by the fire and tried to sleep, the night being very cold, and, having no blankets, we felt chilly. About the time we began to doze, an order came to jump up and be ready to march; so we got up, feeling so stiff we could hardly move. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, and the last day of the year 1862.

There was continued firing of guns all night on their outposts, for what reason we could not find out. We began to feel interested in what they were going to do with us. Some said we would be paroled and others said they would send us to Richmond, Va. We were kept in a state of suspense until the order came to mount a mule and march out. When we got out on the road we halted, and stayed there several hours. Finally the order came to move forward. Some of the boys were so sore and stiff they could not ride on the sharp backs of mules. When daylight came, Sergeant Gallagher asked an officer, who seemed to be in command, if he could not get a saddle, as he was not able to ride in his present condition. He said he would not. After riding for several miles, he got off of his mule and tried to walk, but as soon as he got on the ground, he was ordered, with curses, to mount again, and as his mule was gone he could not do so, but just then Mell Bruner came along and took him up on his mule behind him. That relieved him some, and of course, being with one of his own company and from the same town, he felt more like he was at home, or, at least, among friends; but they did not fare so well. Bruner had to get off and walk, so that left him on the mule by himself. In a short time he felt so badly that he had to get off of that mule, but no sooner was he off than he was cursed and given orders to mount again, and that quickly. Not having any mule to mount, one was brought to him. He got on it and soon caught up, but in a short time he was feeling so badly that he could not stay on him. He got off again, another mule was brought and one of the toughest rebs in the gang took charge of him. After cursing him for some time, he ordered him to mount. He told him he could not, as felt too weak. They came to a house and he ordered one of his men to get a bridle and saddle. After it was put on the mule he was ordered to

mount, telling him if he got off again he would give him the contents of his gun. He did not ride over five hundred yards before he felt so badly that he fell off of the mule on the side of the road. One of the officers came back and asked what was the matter; they told him that a prisoner was keeping them behind. The officer proved to be General Wheeler, their commander. Just then another mule came along, and he mounted him and managed to catch up with the other prisoners. They were all glad to see him, especially Bruner. They all rode on until about 11 a. m., when they came to a large farmhouse. A halt was made and they were brought into a large yard and ordered to dismount and bring corn for the mules.

While they were there, an officer came to some of the boys and took them into the house, where they found a lot of rebel officers and some of our men. An officer asked if any of them could write, and they told him they could. So he gave them a copy of a parole and told them to write some copies off for the men, and he would sign them. After they had written about a dozen they took them to the officer, whose name was Hawkins. While the paroles were being signed, some of the boys both Union and rebel, were in the cook house, where a negro woman was cooking some corn dodgers for them. On each side of the stove were Union and rebel soldiers watching closely the cakes and before they were hardly done, either one or the other would grab them and run off. The old cook would sometimes slap their knuckles with her ladle for being so smart; the Union boys thought that she generally favored them.

An officer came out and told them that General Wheeler's orders were that they should give up their overcoats and blankets. They did not like that order very much, so some of them played off sick and got to keep them.

They were then ordered to fall into line, and a speech was made to them, informing them they were regular prisoners of war and that they must respect their paroles or suffer the consequences, and that they had better remain at home than to come down there burning and pillaging; that they could never conquer the South. They were then told that they had better march back to Nashville and that they had better have a white flag ahead of them, as the road was full of guerrillas, who, if they did not see the flag, might fire on them.

While all this was taking place the battle of Stone River was going on, for they could hear firing in front. Several rebel horsemen rode up, their horses covered with foam, and said the Confederate Army was driving Rosecrans, that Cheatham was driving his right wing back, and before night the whole Yankee Army would be in Nashville.

Our men were ordered to move out on the road to Nashville. When they started, a drummer boy fixed a white handkerchief to a pole and marched ahead of them, and they bade a glad farewell to the rebel cause. Before they left they noticed quite a commotion among them, which they supposed was caused by some news they had gotten from the battlefield. Our men had been with them about twenty-four hours, and they said there was more misery and suffering crammed into that short space of time than they ever endured in all their lives. Wheeler's cavalry numbered about a full division. The Federals were taken prisoners about 3 p. m., December 30, 1862, and up to the time they were paroled had ridden sixty miles.

After getting out on the pike they found there were forty-six of them, all told—privates, teamsters, wagonmasters, drummer boys, non-commissioned officers and a captain. They formed themselves in company order, and, with the white flag flying before them, took up their march to Nashville, some thirty miles away. They could still hear the sound of the battle that was going on at that time. Toward night they stopped at a log house on the road and stayed all night, some of the boys going to a neighboring straw stack and getting straw, which made comfortable beds. The night was pretty cold, but they had a good fire in the fireplace.

The next morning, New Year's Day, they were on the road again, and arrived on the outskirts of the city in due time, but were stopped by the pickets. They stated to the guard who they were, and were ordered to report to the provost marshal, who ordered them to report to the barracks, which was a large brick building, known as the Zollicoffer House. While they were in Nashville they had a visit from two members of the regiment—James LeClare and Peter Bohart—who were wounded at Stone River, and shortly afterward Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake called on them. They were sent North from Nashville on January 24, 1863, and arrived at Louisville, Ky., the next morning. They then went on to Indianapolis, Ind., where they stayed until June 3d, when they were ordered to join their regiment and leave for the front. In a few days they were back to the regiment, which was still in camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn., remaining there a few days. They were ordered to return North as they had not been properly exchanged, so on June 22d they started for Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio. After being there a short time they were transferred to Indianapolis, where they remained until October 7, 1863, when they were ordered to join their regiment, then in camp at Bridgeport, Alabama.

## CHAPTER VI.

## WINTERING NEAR MURFREESBORO.

The Fourteenth Army Corps was organized on October 24, 1862, with General Rosecrans in command; the right wing under General McCook, the center under General Thomas, and the left under General Crittenden. On January 9, 1863, the Fourteenth Army Corps was confined to the center, and the right wing was the Twentieth Army Corps, and the left wing the Twenty-first Army Corps. In this reorganization the Eighty-first was in the first division, second brigade, of the Twentieth Army Corps, with Major General McCook commanding—General Jeff C. Davis commanding the division and General Wm. P. Carlin commanding the brigade, which consisted of the Twenty-first and Thirty-eighth Illinois, Eighty-first Indiana, the One Hundred and First Ohio and Second Minnesota Battery.

January 25, 1863, found us still in camp near Murfreesboro. The regiment had just got a good supply of ammunition and were resting and waiting patiently for something to turn up. The enemy were said to be in force somewhere within twenty or thirty miles from us, but as each report located them at a different place it caused us but little uneasiness; nevertheless we were busy burnishing up our arms. We heard all kinds of reports to-day. It was reported that Bragg was largely reinforced and was coming back to gobble us up, but as it takes two to play that kind of a game, we were ready for him.

Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake resigned January 25. The boys were going out foraging daily, but generally in pretty strong forces and fully prepared for any emergency. The whole army was in a state of readiness, either for attack or defense, at a moment's notice. The men all had the most unbounded confidence in General Rosecrans; in fact, they thought him invincible, and their division and brigade generals were looked upon with the utmost confidence. It was raining; in fact, we had a great deal of rain. The health of the regiment was improving, and numbers were daily coming in from the hospitals. There seemed to be very little to disturb the dull monotony of camp life.

February 11, 1863, we still held the camp near Murfreesboro. Our division had been out on a scout for fifteen days, hurrying

up the enemy in the country thereabouts. They had been in the neighborhood of Franklin several days, and we had some skirmishes with them. The camp had been very dull, but had been enlivened to some extent by the appearance of a number of the regiment who had been left at various hospitals. There were but few severe cases of sickness in camp, and but very few were now sick enough to be excused from duty at the surgeon's sick call. We were called upon to pay the last tribute of respect to one of our comrades, Mr. Thomas Richardson, of Company K. He died in the hospital in camp of typhoid fever, after a short illness. His brother was present with him and all was done for him that could be under the circumstances, but it was of no avail. His remains were taken to Murfreesboro under an escort of his companions in arms and interred in the cemetery at that place. The funeral was superintended in person by our quartermaster, Wm. H. Daniels, and was carried out in the best manner possible with the means at his command. He was a young man much respected and beloved by those with whom he was associated.

The boys had been looking eagerly for the paymaster for a long time. Most of them were getting short of funds and we heard that he was in Murfreesboro, so we expected him soon.

One of the boys received a letter from Comrade F. T. Monroe, who was captured by the rebs at Stone River. I will give it to you in his own language and you will see he had a pretty extensive trip among the enemy, and a hard time scratching gravel through the enemy's country:

“ANNAPOLIS, MD., Feb. 3, 1863.

“On the morning of December 31, 1862, at the battle of Murfreesboro, early in the action, I received a wound in my right shoulder, but it was not very painful. I kept on firing and got all mixed up with the Twenty-fifth Illinois, when another ball took off one of my fingers. I fell back to the Eighty-first, when Captain Wheeler told me to go back to the hospital. I started back when a piece of spent shell struck me between the shoulders and knocked me senseless. When I came to myself, I moved on to the hospital, but had not been there long when the rebs had possession of us, and marched us off to town. The next morning we took the cars for Chattanooga, and from there to Atlanta, Ga., then on to Montgomery, Ala., where for some reason not known to us, we were taken back to Atlanta, then to Dalton, and to Richmond, Va., by the way of Lynchburg. We were eighteen days making the trip and were nearly starved to death. I had gone three days without anything to eat. We were hauled about in stock cars full of filth. I have been through tight and horrible places, but when you pass through the Southern Confederacy this way, you pass through hell. I was put in the hospital at Richmond for three or four days and was

then sent to Libby Prison, where I would have died had I not been taken away. We left Richmond on the 25th of January, and at City Point three boats under a flag of truce received us on board. We passed down the James River by way of Fortress Monroe and across Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis, and now I am at St. John's Hospital. My wound on my shoulder is well and my hand is doing fine, but I have terrible pains between my shoulders where the spent ball struck me. How long we will be kept here, I don't know, but I want you to make out my descriptive roll, and have it ready to send me the next time I write, as I am without money, ragged and dirty. Deb. Caldwell, Gains Barrett and Wm. Hughes are here at parole camp. I would give anything to hear how the regiment came out.

Respectfully yours, F. T. MONROE."

The boys were in hopes that Comrade Monroe would soon be able to join the regiment again.

February 23, 1863, still found us in camp near Murfreesboro as gentlemen. Like a green place in a desert, or a spring to a thirsty traveler, so is the appearance of the paymaster in camp to the soldier, who for long weary months has anxiously been looking forward with fond anticipations of the time of his coming, when we would be enabled to send to the dear ones at home a portion of our hard-earned money. Such was our happy condition. Yes, a real, live paymaster, with his little iron safe containing "greenbacks" and "postal currency" of various hues, was actually in our camp, and with lavish hand was dispensing his favors among us and squaring up Uncle Samuel's accounts with his soldiers to January 1, A. D. 1863. The merry song and roaring laughter told how hugely the boys enjoyed themselves, and all hands seemed in good humor, from the colonel commanding, down to the lowest private, and the sutler's face was radiant with joy, as the boys forked over the "dough"—as they called it—for the various articles which he let them have, and paid for, which in many instances, for lo these many months, he had waited for. Many of the boys think that sutler's accounts grow very fast, and that next pay-day their bills will not be so large; but time only can decide these questions.

There was very little news of importance circulating in camp, or in the vicinity at that time. Our brigade returned from the "seout" it was on, and, we believe, accomplished the object of their mission to the satisfaction of all concerned. A number of prisoners were taken during the trip. Our Lieutenant Colonel Woodbury, joined the regiment at Franklin while it was out scouting and took command, as our colonel was still commanding the brigade. He looked at if he had been well used by his friends at home during his temporary absence.



Major Stout also joined the regiment at the same place. The Major looked considerably improved in health.

Among the promotions that took place is that of Matt. Hewett. He received his commission as second lieutenant of Company H, vice Joseph Vanwinkle, who resigned on account of ill health. Lieutenant Hewett bears this honor meekly and no one wears his "shoulder straps" with more grace or more richly deserves them.

Dr. Harry S. Wolfe resigned last month. Although the doctor had been detached as post surgeon at Perryville ever since the battle at that place, and at the time of his resignation had charge of a hospital at Murfreesboro, he has, by his kindness and gentlemanly deportment in the discharge of his professional duties while with us, won the esteem of all, and his leaving us caused much regret. Dr. Fouts, who it was hoped would succeed him, had been with the regiment most of the time, and by his skill and affability had won the confidence of all.

Dr. Wm. H. Kelso, assistant surgeon, made his appearance in camp. The health of the regiment was fair and the hospital arrangements were all that could be expected. In fact, they could not have been otherwise under the direction of our surgeons, admirably seconded as they were by Geo. M. Brown, our hospital steward, who was untiring in his efforts to have everything kept in the very best of order.

Two deaths had occurred in the regiment in the last few days, the first being private Dans, of Company D, who died in the camp hospital of typhoid fever. His remains were escorted to the cemetery at Murfreesboro. The other was that of Martin Hickman, private, Company A, a young man who had not been well for some time, and while walking a short distance from his tent, he was seen to fall heavily to the ground; as he did not rise, some of the boys standing near by went to him, but life was extinct. Dr. Wolfe said it was caused by heart failure.

March 10, 1863, the Army of the Cumberland was still in camp in the vicinity of Murfreesboro. There was nothing new, but all of us took our turn at picket and fatigue duty, which kept the boys employed most of the time.

March 15, 1863, found us still in our old camp. The dullness of our camp was broken up by orders to prepare two days' rations and move out on the Salem pike. Reports had come in that the enemy were advancing in force. Flushed with our recent partial success near Franklin, our boys were eager for an opportunity once more to meet them. So, in the midst of a drenching rain, with hearty cheers, we moved out and soon reached Salem, where we remained till Monday, the 16th, when we received orders for those left in camp to strike tents, and all who were able to move out and joined the regiment. This order was soon complied with and we all marched out. After going

eight or ten miles, we encamped at Versailles. About midnight a heavy rain set in, and in a short time we were all well soaked. We lay in camp till noon, 17th, when we heard the bugle call to move, and in a very short time we were all in motion going in the direction of Eagleville.

For the first time in months our colonel, who had been in command of the brigade, appeared in command of the regiment. He was greeted with cheers as the regiment went out.

Now commenced the tug of war, or rather of mud. The rain fell continually, and as our route at times lay across fields, the mud was more than knee deep. There may have been solid ground somewhere under us, but if there was, there were very few that found it. The boys took things very good-naturedly and amused themselves by calling out the depth of the mud, which varied from six inches to no bottom. After a tedious and tiresome march, delayed by the artillery and wagons getting stuck in the mud, we reached Eagleville and halted in an open field. Although the rain was pouring down, rails were in abundance and the boys soon had good fires and made coffee. We only remained here about one hour, when the order came to move forward again, and we were soon on the pike and moving toward Triune. This was a pretty good road, the only drawback being that it was overflowed in some places to the depth of six or eight inches, but where there was no water and no danger of getting wetter, there was little heed paid to it.

While halted at an old toll-house between Eagleville and Triune the dead body of a Union soldier was found up stairs in a little room. Dr. Kelso examined the body and found it had been shot through the head: the ball ranging down as if shot from a house. His gun was laying by his side and his accouterments were on him. He had evidently been dead some days. There was nothing on him to identify him but some papers, all in German, showing that he belonged to some German command. Upon our return the house had been burned, probably by some of our men to avenge the death of their comrade.

Just as we were leaving, firing was heard on our left, and as the enemy was supposed to be in the neighborhood, the boys began to see if their arms were in good condition to pay their respects to them in a becoming manner, but it turned out that our own pickets had fired on our own division guard, and, notwithstanding flags were displayed, the firing was continued until our advance charged on them, and drove them in, where they found two regiments drawn up in line of battle ready to receive them. Fortunately no other damage than shooting a horse and a couple of mules was done. After this we proceeded on our way and went into camp near Triune about 9 o'clock at night. The boys soon stacked arms, built fires and all hands

turned in to enjoy what comfort they could get in their wet clothing. Soon after we camped, a loaded team broke through a bridge just in front of our camp. One man was killed and the wagon and contents pretty well used up.

The next morning the sun rose bright and clear. The boys were soon up and had their fires built, and as soon as they had breakfast they built big fires and dried their blankets and clothing. We remained in camp here until Thursday morning, March 19, 1863. The weather was delightful, the sun and wind having dried up the roads. Then we took up our line of march back for Eagleville. We found the roads all settled and in pretty good order, and our march was very pleasant. On reaching Eagleville that evening, after going into camp, our regiment was sent out on picket duty. The enemy was reported to be in strong force within some six miles of us, and a pretty sharp lookout was necessary, but the night passed off without anything of interest transpiring. On the 20th, which was the next day, we started about noon and went back and reached our old camping ground near Versailles, where we remained over night, and on the morning of the 21st marched to our old camp near Murfreesboro. The object of our scout was successfully accomplished. How many troops were out we can not say, but there were enough within supporting distance of each other to have worried any of the enemy's generals who felt inclined to attack us.

This part of the country had not felt the effects of the war, as some others we had passed through, but the people seemed to be anxious for peace.

The health of the regiment was fair, and some more of the boys were coming in that were left in the rear some months before.

April 2, 1863, found us out on picket in the vicinity of Salem, watching the movements of the enemy. Small parties of them were continually prowling around the country, picking up stragglers and firing on the pickets, stealing whatever they could lay their hands on, and keeping the citizens constantly in alarm by their devilment. There was more or less skirmishing going on every day on our picket lines, but there did not seem to be any large force in close proximity to us. Reports said that the enemy was massing an army of fifty or sixty thousand near Tullahoma.

Considerable of our time was spent on picket and guard duty. The weather for this time of the year was very disagreeable, although the trees were putting on their robes of green and their branches were filled with the feathered songsters of the forest. You in the cities who go to a picnic, know nothing of the regal style in which they are gotten up in the army. The only drawback to our picnic was that we were not blessed with the

presence of "God's best gift to man"—woman. But sometimes the violins are brought forth, sets formed and the best arrangement made to make the affair pass off in the most approved style.

There was some talk of peace, but when the soldiers were appealed to they said no terms to traitors with arms in their hands, and this seemed to be the prevailing sentiment among all the troops in the army.

Our division received a visit from General Rosecrans a few days ago, and at general inspection were found in good condition. All hands were very particular to have their accouterments on and in order; for the eagle eye of the general, as he rides down the line, will detect the absence of the least of the soldiers' equipments.

There has been a great many changes and promotions in the regiment. Wm. H. Northcutt, Company B, to first lieutenant, vice Lieutenant Morgan, killed at Stone River; E. H. Schell, second lieutenant, vice Northcutt, promoted; E. G. Mathey, Company E, first lieutenant, vice Lapp, resigned; E. C. Powell, Company E, second lieutenant, vice Mathey, promoted; John O'Neill, Company G, second lieutenant, vice Elder, resigned; M. J. Hewett, Company H, first lieutenant, vice Richards, promoted; W. J. Richards, Company H, captain, vice Scott, resigned; J. Seacat, second lieutenant, vice Hewett, promoted. They were all young men filled with laudable ambition to serve their country. Lieutenants Hewett and Mathey are so well known that a word in their favor is unnecessary. Lieutenant Powell was at this time at Nashville, in the hospital, recovering from a wound he received at Stone River, being struck by a piece of shell. Lieutenant Schell was promoted from corporal, and won his present position by his coolness at Stone River.

There was some talk of seeing the paymaster soon. When the rumor proved true the boys hailed the occasion with joy.

An accident occurred in Company A, at this time, and it was feared one of our men would lose the use of his hand. Corporal John Cook was just coming into camp, and in getting over a fence was so unfortunate as to strike his gun against a rail, causing its discharge; the load entering his left hand, mangling it in a shocking manner. The wound was dressed by Surgeon Kelso, who did all that he could to save the hand, although the chances were against him.

Our army seemed to be waiting to hear the result of the operations around Vicksburg, but so many rumors get afloat in camps that we hardly believe what we see.

Col. Caldwell used every exertion to have our regiment up to the highest point of drill and equipment so that we would be second to none in the division, so we drilled every day.

April 20th, 1863, we were still holding our camp near Murfreesboro. That always welcome visitor that we were expecting a few days before, the paymaster, paid us another visit, and the Eighty-first stood square with Uncle Sam up to the first of March. He paid us all off with one dollar "greenbacks," and the boys said it was a big pile for so little money. Most of the boys sent the greater portion of it home.

Our regiment had fallen off until it was the smallest regiment in the service, and any one who saw it leave Camp Noble on that Sunday evening back in August, less than a year before, nearly a thousand strong, and as fine, stalwart men as ever stepped forth in defense of their country's honor, would hardly believe their eyes to look upon it now. The fact is, the men were killed off by hard marching under a beaming sun before they had become used to camp life. They were rushed into Kentucky in a hurry, and had been "rushing" ever since, and the result was a small regiment, but what has surprised us is that we could stand as much fatigue or exposure as any other regiment in the army. It is like skinning eels, they get used to it. Our morning report for Sunday showed the following as the condition of the regiment: For duty, commissioned officers, twenty-five; non-commissioned officers, seventy-three; enlisted men, 256; present sick, twenty-seven; on detached service, sixty-six; absent sick, 212. Quite a falling off, but we were in hopes that they would keep coming up from various hospitals until we could be able to make a fair showing with any regiment.

We were all surprised by the appointment of Dr. W. G. Ralston as surgeon in our regiment, for the boys all thought Dr. Fouts would get the place. Dr. Ralston joined our regiment in May.

Major Stout still continued in bad health.

Lieutenant Mathey, of Company E, was appointed to the position of Brigade Inspector of the Third Brigade, vice Captain Richards, who was promoted captain. Lieutenant E. R. Mitchell, of Company C, was promoted to captain of Company G, and assumed the command. This was a good appointment. As an officer Captain Mitchell had no superior in the regiment.

Captain Wheeler, of Company C, who was taken prisoner at Stone River, arrived on May 20, 1863, from his exploration down in Dixie. He did not look as if the rebels treated him any the best, still he was as gay and happy as ever. In the selection of the names for the roll of honor the following were selected from the Eighty-first: Company A—Sergeant P. Rosenberger, Corporal W. Shirley, Privates L. Burkhardt, T. Gray, G. W. Allen, D. Stepp and L. Teaford. Company B—Sergeant S. Gardiner, Corporal L. H. Tuttle, Privates J. E. Varble, W. Devansa, W. Hooper, F. Daily and J. Walker. Company C—Sergeant T. J.

Stevens, Corporal J. W. Fickner, Privates J. Baley, W. R. Atkins, G. W. Hedrick, D. Hull and R. C. Miller. Company D—Sergeant F. T. Monroe, Corporal W. Huges, Privates F. M. Applegate, J. Murfin, I. Lewis, P. Monroe and G. W. Johnson. Company E—Sergeant J. M. Graham, Corporal B. Brown, Privates P. Russell, W. Yates, H. C. Watson, M. Risler and H. Kerr. Company F—Sergeant W. Johnson, Corporal T. Felkner, Privates P. Kingery, U. Breeden, J. Robinson, A. Shrivois and W. H. Brown. Company G—Sergeant J. H. Hargis, Corporal A. P. Hemphill, Privates L. Wheatly, G. W. Landrum, T. M. Cummings, W. F. Reed and J. Murphy. Company H—Sergeant J. Cole, Corporal W. C. Vanwinkle, Privates J. Bell, J. Crecelius, J. Hubbard, J. B. Anderson and J. Dewhurst. Company I—Sergeant J. M. McCormick, Corporal C. Green, Privates H. Hughes, J. H. Hutchings, H. McCormick, W. Barrell and M. Bottoff. Company K—Sergeant C. B. Wheeler, Corporal J. T. Rosecrans, Privates W. C. Carter, E. Dome, T. O. Conner, C. S. Wade and C. C. Purcell. This was certainly a list of good men, and well worthy of a position in the "Light Brigade." Lieutenant A. J. Hatfield, of Company K, resigned on account of ill health, and left for home.

The weather was delightful all through the month of May. Picket and camp duty was the routine we went through.

On June 2, 1863, we were still in the same old camp near Murfreesboro, engaged in the interesting business of watching the enemy. We were now on outpost duty, the enemy in some force in our front, and their videttes plainly to be seen from our position. In fact, but a few hundred yards separated our videttes from theirs, and though we stood day after day and night after night grimly smiling defiance at each other, it depended altogether on Generals Rosecrans and Bragg, as a few words from either would open the ball, and awake the "slumbering echoes" of the hills and raise quite a disturbance in this vicinity.

A variety of reports were in circulation. A deserter who came in one morning about daylight reported that there were about five thousand rebels at the pass some four or five miles out on the pike, and from ten to twelve thousand at Shelbyville, and that Bragg had sent a division South to reinforce Johnson. We could not tell whether this was true or not. The boys were all anxious to hear from Grant, at Vicksburg.

This is the list of deaths and discharges since May 18: Deaths—James M. Humphrey, Company B; Louis Sturdernt, Company C; Alfred Barfield, Company E; Miles C. Hardin, Company I; D. W. Polk, Company K. Discharged for disabilities—A. J. Ross, Company A; John P. Sneed, Company B; Wm. M. Sprinkle, Company G; Sergeant James Granger, Company H.

Our Surgeon G. W. Ralston having resigned on account of receiving an appointment in the first district under the conscription act, the regiment was anxious that our first assistant, Dr. Fouts, should have the place, and we felt certain that he would get it.

Again we were looking for the paymaster, as we heard that he was on his way to settle the accounts of Uncle Sam with the Army of the Cumberland.

Our quartermaster, Daniel, left on a short visit to his family, and Captain E. R. Mitchell, of Company G, went on a short leave of absence to attend to business at home.

June 5, 1863, was rather an exciting day with us, although there had been no fighting, at least in our brigade. In the morning, about 8 o'clock, firing commenced between the advance pickets of the two armies, and the Eighty-first Indiana and the Twenty-first Illinois were immediately ordered to the front. Shortly after reaching our picket line the Eighty-first was advanced down the Shelbyville pike and deployed as skirmishers. They did so in good order, and the firing soon became spirited. In the meantime batteries commenced exchanging compliments, and some of their messages fell rather too close to us for comfort. Our line of skirmishers continued to advance and drove the enemy until they were recalled by orders from the general. We moved back and made a detour of several miles for the purpose of flanking a rebel battery and a body of infantry, but before we got around they had gone. After marching down the road quite a distance beyond their vidette stations, the next morning our brigade returned to camp, which it reached about 8 o'clock, both tired and hungry. During the skirmish Sergeant James M. Mitchell, of Company B, was mortally wounded, and died before he could be taken from the field. He was shot in the breast by a musket ball. Another ball cut the leg of his pantaloons and drawers just below the knee. He was one of the best men in the regiment, and was universally beloved by all of his comrades. That was the only casualty to us, but the enemy were seen to carry four or five from the field during the skirmish with the Eighty-first.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ADVANCE UPON CHATTANOOGA.

On the morning of June 24, 1863, we were ordered to move, with twelve days' rations and a full supply of "rebel pills." At 9 o'clock, when we began to move, rain commenced falling, which made the roads very heavy, crowded as they were with wagon trains, artillery and infantry. Our brigade, commanded by General Carlin, moved out on the Shelbyville pike about six miles, when we turned off to the left, and took a course by cross roads and through fields of waving grain until about noon, when we halted for dinner. Heavy firing was heard to our right, and in a short time our brigade moved forward toward Gray's Gap, where a brigade of the enemy was. General Willich was hard at work driving the enemy from this stronghold. As soon as we came in sight of the field we were formed in line ready to take our share in the fight, but our services were not needed, as the gallant Willich and his heroes had completely routed them. We bivouacked there for the night and our regiment went on picket duty. We thought it rained about as hard that night as we ever saw it, and most of the bread in our haversacks was spoiled by the water. Early the next morning we moved on two or three miles and halted at a camp vacated by the enemy the day before. The boys went through it and came to the conclusion that they left in a hurry, as tents, cooking utensils, clothing, etc., were thickly strewed over the ground.

About noon heavy skirmishing began in sight of us toward Liberty Gap, and in a few moments the artillery joined in the fray, and the loud cheers of the combatants, as they gained ground or lost it, announced that the battle had become general. General Johnson sent to General Davis for a brigade, and in a few minutes our brigade was in line and pressing forward to the line. On arriving in full view of the valley in which the fight was raging we looked at a sight which was very exciting to us. The artillery on either side was belching forth shot and shell from the surrounding hills, while the infantry, with cheers and yells, swaying to and fro, could be seen stubbornly contending for the mastery. But the starry banner of freedom, mid smoke and blood, could be seen slowly advancing. We advanced down in the valley through a wheat field and formed in line of battle. The shot and shells were flying over and bursting all around us.



Our regiment behaved nobly, forming as coolly as if on dress parade, every man and officer in his place, and all anxious for the order to advance. In a short time the Thirty-eighth Illinois and the 101st Ohio were moved off, one to the left and the other to the right. In a few moments we could hear increased firing on our left, and we knew the Thirty-eighth was engaged. The enemy was driven back to the last range of hills, where they made a desperate stand. Our troops charged up to the top of the hill, but being met by superior numbers were compelled to fall back, which they did in good order. During that time the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, while stubbornly falling back, were met on the hillside by the Thirty-eighth Illinois, which was hastening to their support, and as soon as they got within hailing distance, the Thirty-eighth called to them to lie down so they could fire over them. The order was promptly obeyed, and a steady volley was poured into the enemy's ranks, and with a cheer the Thirty-eighth swept past, up the hill, and the enemy was soon in retreat, leaving their flags in the hands of the gallant Thirty-eighth as a trophy, and the hillside strewn with dead and wounded. In this gallant charge the Thirty-eighth lost some twenty men.

This ended the fight for that day, and our brigade advanced to the hill and bivouacked for the night, most of our regiment being on picket duty. During the night we moved to another point, and in the morning, after an early breakfast, the enemy was found to be in a strong position on another range of hills. Skirmishers were thrown out, and we advanced and were soon briskly engaged. The Thirty-eighth made a charge on the left and lost several men.

About 1 o'clock the Eighty-first moved around to the right of the Thirty-eighth, on a ridge, where we remained till about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We could hear rapid firing and heavy cannonading in our front, which we thought was from the troops sent around the night before.

A little before sundown the Thirty-eighth made an effort to bring their wounded from the field, who had lain all day in the rain between the two fires. A hospital flag with nurses was sent out, with permission asked and given, to bring them off. They went forward and had placed one man on the stretchers, when the treacherous scoundrels opened fire on them, compelling them to leave the field. One of the nurses had several holes put through him, and the others barely escaped. The wounded had to remain on the field till the next morning.

The firing we had heard in our front was at Beach Grove, where the enemy was completely routed. By that fight we opened Hoover's Gap, thus leaving the road open for our advance on Tullahoma.

In the morning the rain continued to come down. We took up our march for Manchester, which place we reached about 10 o'clock at night, having marched over a terrible road, raining most all the time, keeping the boys soaked. We went into camp for a day or so. The boys thought we were getting ready for a big fight at Tullahoma. While here, a compliment was sent to General Davis for the use of our brigade, and one to the brigade for their promptness and good conduct at Liberty Gap, which was read at the head of each regiment.

On July 1, 1863, at Manchester, we received orders to take three days' rations in our haversacks and leave all extra weight behind, and be ready to march at once, and to be sparing of our ammunition and use the bayonet freely in battle. On to Tullahoma was the order. In a short time we were on our way, passing through Manchester, which we found pretty well deserted. We passed Bragg's fortifications and saw his dismantled siege guns. We halted a few miles beyond the town and camped for the night, the rain still continuing to come down.

The morning of July 2, 1863, we struck out for Winchester, and after marching some distance, with more or less rain, we bivouacked for the night on Elk River.

The morning of July 3, 1863, the boys waded through Elk River and marched through a big thunder storm. After wading several creeks, some of them up to their waists, we reached Winchester in the afternoon and went into camp on land adjoining that of Mr. Loughmiller (whose brother lives in New Albany, Ind.), who had a beautiful place. A guard was placed over it from the Eighty-first. The whole trip from Murfreesboro up to this time had been a very severe one, the mud being most of the time from six inches to knee deep; but the boys have stood it nobly. Six or seven were left behind on account of sore feet. Owing to the state of the roads, our supply trains had not yet arrived; and from losing so much bread in the water by getting it soaked, our supply was scanty. The boys managed to keep a pretty good supply of meat by picking up bristle bears, horned rabbits, etc., with which the country abounds.

On July 4, 1863, the boys celebrated in a very quiet manner, being busy cooking rations, not knowing what moment we would move. It was predicted some time before that when "Old Rosy" did move he would keep on going unless he ran against a stone wall, and then he would look for some way to get around it, and the boys said he was looking for Bragg's last ditch.

Here we have Colonel Caldwell's report:

“HEADQUARTERS EIGHTY-FIRST INDIANA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.  
WINCHESTER, TENN., July 6, 1863.

“SIR—I have the honor to report the operations of my regiment since we left Murfreesboro. On June 24, we moved south on the Shelbyville pike six miles, and then turned eastward, leaving the pike. A heavy rain falling all day made the roads very muddy and rendered the march very fatiguing. We arrived at or near Liberty Gap, when my regiment was ordered out on picket duty. No signs of any enemy. On the 25th we moved forward through Liberty Gap, and about 10 o'clock halted and bivouacked on the ground that had but a short time before been the camp of the Fifteenth Arkansas (rebel regiment). A heavy rain was still falling and the roads very muddy. About 1 p. m. an engagement commenced in our front, and about 2:30 p. m. we were ordered forward. My regiment, by the direction of General Carlin, moved over the hill in line of battle and took a position near a battery then engaging the enemy, where we remained until the firing in our front ceased, when I was ordered forward to take position for the night. We bivouacked on the side of a hill west of the road and threw out our pickets, connecting on my right with the pickets of the Twenty-first Illinois, and on the left with those of the Thirty-eight Illinois, the picket lines of the enemy being only 600 yards in my front. Nothing of interest occurred during the night. At daylight of the 26th, I caused two companies to be deployed as skirmishers and advanced to a fence some three hundred yards in my front, when a brisk skirmish ensued, with what effect upon the enemy I am unable to say, my men being well covered. No casualties occurred. In the evening my regiment was moved, by direction of General Carlin, to the east side of the road, on a hill and partially behind the Thirty-eighth Illinois, the Twenty-first Illinois on my right, where I remained until 10 o'clock at night, when by direction of General Carlin, I withdrew to the valley some eight hundred yards in the rear. On the morning of the 27th, no enemy appearing in our front, we took up the line of march for Hoover's Gap and camped at dark near a small creek. It still continued to rain, in consequence of which the roads were exceedingly heavy, the march tiresome and the men much exposed. On the 28th we started for Manchester, which place we reached about 11 p. m., and camped for the night on the banks of Duck River. Here we remained for several days, and I left seven men there who were too sick to continue the march. On July 1st, we left Manchester for Tullahoma, which place we reached about 10 p. m. It rained nearly all night. On July 2, we started for Winchester and reached Elk River about 5:30 p. m. and camped

on its banks. On the third we resumed the march, fording the river, which was waist deep, and marched through a heavy rain, arriving at Winchester about midday and camped in an open field west of the town. No casualties. Both officers and men, on the march and before the enemy, behaved themselves in a becoming and soldierly manner.

Very respectfully,

“W. W. CALDWELL.

“*Colonel Commanding Eighty-first Regt. Ind. Vol. Inf.*”

July 12, 1863, still found us at Winchester, Tenn. It is a beautiful place, and the situation is also beautiful, but it was said to be a strong Southern town. One morning we fired a salute in honor of our victories at Vicksburg and Gettysburg, which made the citizens feel badly. When the boys heard the news of Morgan being in Indiana they wished they could be there to help catch him.

Our brigade and the army here were in fine condition. When we started out on this march we expected a big fight at Tullahoma, but were disappointed. The health of the regiment was remarkably good, “sick call” being very slimly attended in the morning, and but one case in the hospital. No regiment stood the march better than ours, as we left fewer men on the road than any other brigade, and camped at this place with only seven or eight men less than when we started.

The chaplain of the Twenty-first Illinois favored the soldiers with an eloquent discourse on the twelfth. He was a nice gentleman, and the soldiers all loved him. On the march or in camp he was always found speaking a good word to them. The attendance was generally large and very attentive. After the resignation of Chaplain Green, the Eighty-first had to depend on other regiments in the brigade for their preaching, and at the divine service our regiment was always well represented.

July 26, 1863, the regiment still held the camp at Winchester. The enemy seemed to be alarmed at the success of the Army of the Cumberland. Lieutenant Daniels had been appointed post quartermaster, and Lieutenant Huckleby, of Company K, filled his place as the regimental quartermaster in the absence of Lieutenant Daniels. Colonel W. W. Caldwell resigned. The officers and men were very sorry to see him leave.

The paymaster came once more, and we were paid up to June 30. From the looks of things we expected to move soon. We have been here in camp for some time and the boys are rested up.

On the morning of August 17, 1863, we received orders to cook three days' rations and have them in our haversacks and be ready to move at 2 p. m. When the bugle sounded to strike tents all the boys were ready and moved out with a firm tread on

their journey, passing through Winchester and out on the road toward Cowan. The heat was intense, the thermometer near a hundred. Some of the men were overcome by the heat and fell by the wayside. Very few of the Eighty-first fell out, and those that did were those that had been sick. About sundown we turned into a large field near Cowan and bivouacked for the night, with orders to be ready to move at 5 a. m. On the next morning, August 18, 1863, at the appointed time, the boys were ready. The trains moved out, but we received no order to move. Word soon reached us that the trains had camped, as the roads over the mountains were gorged with teams. Our brigade kept quiet and rested until near 11 o'clock, when we moved out, but very slowly. It is quite a sight to see a train like ours going up over a mountain. Just imagine a train of wagons stretched out for miles and a whole brigade of men in their shirt sleeves strung along on each side, tugging at the wheels, pulling at ropes, the drivers using the most emphatic language you ever heard of the mules, then you may form some idea of the scene. They kept us busy until some time in the afternoon, when the worst place was passed. About 6 p. m. we halted and went into camp for the night.

During the trip up the mountains the boys made the acquaintance of a number of beautiful snakes with six to eight little rattles on their tails, but they did not keep their pets long.

August 19, 1863, at 5 a. m. we were up and again on the move. Our route through the mountains was grand, with all the hard tugs we had getting the artillery and wagon trains over. The roads were good, but water was scarce, and, as the heat was intense, the men sighed for a drink of water from the spring at the old homestead in Hoosier. But, without murmuring, the boys pushed on. Few farms were to be seen, a few orchards, but little fruit, and what there was, was like the country, of a poor quality. The principal productions were rocks, poor peaches, apples, corn, rattlesnakes, old men and women, grass-widows and tow-headed children. About 11 a. m. we reached what might be called the jumping-off place, or where we began the descent to the valley below. For the first hundred yards or more the road was nearly perpendicular. In going down, all that had to be done was to lock the hind wheels of the wagons, turn the heads of the mules down hill, and trust to their sagacity, aided by the skill of the drivers, and "let-em-rip." It was rather trying on Uncle Sam's mules and rolling stock, but the job was at last safely landed and the march through the mountain pass resumed.

Some of the scenery through there was beautiful and grand. At times the pass was so narrow that two trains could hardly pass. There were lovely valleys and fields of fine corn. While

on the march some cowardly bushwhackers, true to their instincts, fired upon us and severely wounded an orderly, who acted as postmaster for the brigade. As he was riding along with the mail he was shot through the body. The wound, although dangerous, was not mortal. He belonged to the Thirty-eighth Illinois, and was a general favorite with the brigade. We went into camp, with orders to be ready to move at 5 o'clock.

On the morning of August 20, 1863, we started on our journey, which was the same routine, up hill and down hill, until we emerged from the mountain pass and came into another country.

Two Union soldiers were found a few days before hanging to the same limb on a tree a short distance from here. A detachment was immediately sent out to scour the country for that class of savages, with orders to bring none of the breed in as prisoners, and, as far as we know, none were found waiting for paroles or exchange.

The army worm prevailed to a considerable extent in this section of the country, even attacking the cornfields, orchards, etc. Sometimes in a single night a field of several hundred acres of corn will be stripped of every "roasting ear," and sometimes in an hour an orchard of peaches or apples would be stripped of their loads of fruit. It belongs, we think, to the class which our misguided Southern brothers sometime before sneeringly called the "Anaconda." At any rate, its ravages were very extensive, often attacking rail fences and such like. The people here were very much alarmed at its spread, and were anxious to know how its ravenous appetite could be stayed. The only way we could see was for them to appeal to "Uncle Sam," come back into his family, and no doubt he will stay its march.

We arrived at Stevenson, Ala., on August 21, 1863, where we remained in camp but a few days.

Our surgeon, Dr. Fouts, joined the regiment on the 20th. He had charge of a hospital at Winchester. The health of the regiment was good.

The Rev. F. A. Hutchinson was our chaplain at this time, and became both popular and useful.

Roley Holmes, our sutler, kept up with the procession in his usual grand style.

We were then under the command of Captain N. B. Boon. Our pickets were almost in speaking distance with those of the enemy. The Tennessee River was all that separated them. The barbarous practice of picket-firing has been discontinued, and they said they were merely watching us.

On August 27, 1863, we received orders to get ready to march at 6 a. m. The pontoon trains had been passing nearly all the previous day. The Third Brigade of our division was

with them as an escort, and had orders to cross if practicable and hold the southern bank of the river. On the morning of the 28th we marched out of camp and were soon on the road. About 10 a. m. we reached the banks of the river and found that the Third Brigade had crossed and was in possession, the enemy having fallen back. As soon as they began to cross they were followed immediately by the Eighty-first Indiana and the Twenty-first Illinois, the Third Brigade having moved to the top of the mountain.

We went into camp and remained several days. The pontoon bridge was a fine specimen of work, and reflects much credit upon the officers and men that composed the Pioneer Corps. By the way, we must not forget that Lieutenant John Schwallier, of Company I, commanded a company, and some twenty men from our regiment belonged to the corps, and they were all picked and good men who planned and superintended its building. It was over four hundred yards long, and was put down in about three hours.

While in camp here we fared sumptuously every day, the fare being beef, veal, mutton, bacon, honey, sweet and Irish potatoes, onions, roasting ears, geese, turkey, apples, peaches, etc., to which due honor was paid by all.

Monday, August 31, 1863, was the anniversary of our departure from Camp Noble, and great has been the changes since that time. Early in the morning reveille was sounded and the boys were soon up and prepared to move. In a short time the command was given and we moved forward and soon arrived at the mountains. It is needless to give a description of our trip up, as it had been up and down all the time, and there is but little variety in climbing the mountains with an army train. The view, however, from the top of this range was the most beautiful imaginable. Below was the smiling valley, with its fields of waving grain, while like a silver thread the Tennessee River wound between the high mountains, decked with the brightest foliage, and the bosom of the river was dotted with lovely islands robed in green. In the distance the pontoon bridges could be seen, with a steady stream of blue coats marching over them, their bayonets flashing back the sunlight and the Stars and Stripes waving over them; while the clouds of dust rolling up from the valley, with an occasional glance of a wagon train, or the glimmer of the guns among the trees, showed that the great Army of the Cumberland was in motion. Our progress was slow as we could scarcely get over one ridge before another was in view. The roads, if they deserve the name, were rough and rocky. We had to wait the movements of the trains, which were very slow.

A number of prisoners were taken during our march over the mountains, but with all our trials we have done one thing

and that is to give the inhabitants their first view of a live "Yankee." They seemed to enjoy it, and looked on with considerable curiosity. The guerrillas in small squads infested our front. While we were on picket the day before a number were seen and several shots were exchanged.

On September 1, 1863, we encamped in Willis Valley, at the foot of a high mountain, some of the boys being up on the summit of the mountain. As we came to this place we had quite a skirmish, in which five of Company C, under Captain Wheeler, were lost. The body of Elisha Stroud was taken into camp by his comrades, and the next morning, after a few appropriate remarks by our worthy chaplain, and the usual religious ceremonies, he was buried on a knoll in camp. A board, with his name plainly engraved on it, was placed at the head of the grave.

One year before that day (August 31, 1862) our regiment lay on the banks of the beautiful Ohio River, almost within sound of the voices of friends at home, but soon these ties were severed and the regiment took up its line of march and countermarch till we were then in Alabama.

September 8, 1863, we were still encamped in Willis Valley, but had just received orders to be ready to move in the morning with three days' rations. On the morning of the ninth we marched out, with a division or two of cavalry leading the way up the mountains, followed by the Second and Third Brigades of General Davis' division. The First Brigade was left in the valley to guard the stores. Our regiment was considerably reduced by Company H being detailed as provost guard at the corps headquarters. Captain Richards and Lieutenant Hewitt were two of the most efficient officers in the regiment, and their company in point of drill and discipline was second to none, and their absence was regretted by all. We arrived at the top of the mountains about 10 o'clock and halted for some time to wait for the train to come up, and then we resumed our march. After proceeding a few miles the column was halted and the train sent back, there being some misunderstanding in regard to the order by which it was moved. While here we learned that the enemy had evacuated Chattanooga. Our route the rest of the day was through a broken country with but few improvements of any kind. Just before sundown we crossed a creek near the ruins of an old milldam, and marched on until 9 p. m., having commenced the descent of the mountain. When nearly one-third of the way down we were met by an order to return back to the summit of the mountain and go on picket duty. Although tired and pretty well worn out by our march through the dust and heat, without a murmur the boys faced about and were soon on top in a lonely wood. The cavalry camped in the valley that



night where they were joined by our brigade, the enemy being reported in force ahead. General Davis, whose vigilance never tired, returned to the camp we had left that morning, in order to bring up reinforcements, and arrived the next day accompanied by his amiable wife, who had thus far in the campaign accompanied her gallant husband. In the afternoon we received orders to call in our pickets and move down into the valley and go into camp. We were soon on our way, but again, when part of the journey was made, we were met by an order to go back and remain on picket another night. The boys thought this was tough, but there was no use to grumble, so, with cheers that made the mountains ring, we once more faced about, and after reaching the summit resumed our picket duty on the mountains.

On the morning of September 11, 1863, we moved down in the valley and went into camp in a beautiful grove, with a spring of pure, cold water within fifty yards of our camp. While in camp here the boys received their mail, and you may be sure they were glad to hear from home and loving friends.

There were all kinds of rumors in camp, some saying the enemy would make a stand at Rome. Our movements had forced the enemy to evacuate Chattanooga, and we took up our march to that point, after remaining in camp for several days.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

On the morning of September 19, 1863, we found ourselves within ten miles of Chattanooga, and early in the morning we could hear the roar of artillery along our lines on the left, which announced to us that the struggle had commenced, and as it increased in volume our division was called on, and about 8:30 a. m. our brigade moved out on the road to the front. On we went with a quick step, without halting until we reached General Thomas' headquarters. Here we halted for a moment, and then pushed on until we came to a large spring, at which we filled our canteens and moved on again. By this time the roar of the artillery and the crash of musketry was deafening. In a short time we were ordered forward at a double quick, and for two miles we kept it up until we reached a cornfield, where we formed in line of battle. The enemy were advancing in heavy forces. The battery in our rear kept pouring a steady shower of lead into their ranks. At this junction the order was given to fall back and form in the rear of the battery. Owing to some misunderstanding, only part of the regiment fell back, and some confusion was the consequence, but a line officer of General Davis' staff soon had them to reform in about a hundred yards. The remainder of the regiment was then removed in good order. While falling back with this portion of the regiment Lieutenant Titus Cummings, of Company G, was severely wounded, being shot through the body. Captain Boon was at this time in command of the regiment, and after the regiment was reformed he asked to be relieved, and Major Calloway, of the Twenty-first Illinois, a brave and fearless officer, was placed in command. He assured the boys that he would stay with them as long as they would stay by him. We advanced, and in a few minutes the enemy moved forward, pouring a destructive fire into us, which was returned by us for some time, when the enemy proving too strong, we were forced to fall back, which we did in good order and halted behind a fence, firing all the time. Then the advance of the enemy was checked, and in a short time we drove them back, and regained our former ground. Another charge was made by them on our battery, but the boys gave them such a warm reception that they left, the Eighty-first losing but little ground. The enemy, being unable to stand our fire, fell back.

During the charge Captain E. R. Mitchell, of Company G, received a ball in the forehead, which proved fatal in a few days. The enemy having fallen back, and nothing but a little desultory firing occurring in front until dark, we bivouacked and made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

The regiment behaved in a splendid manner, and was highly complimented by Major Calloway for its good behavior. It went into the fight with 249 men and came out with 171. The men were much fatigued before the battle, having lost sleep for nearly a week.

Morning of the twentieth the sun rose bright and clear, and as it was Sunday some thought we would get to rest; but in this they were disappointed, for we were up early, and after having a hasty meal were in line of battle, ready for action. At 9 o'clock the enemy attacked our left wing. We soon got orders to move forward. As we advanced the roll of musketry gradually drew nearer. We were stationed behind some temporary breastworks, our men waiting patiently, and as the enemy came in sight over the brow of the hill, about a hundred yards in front, we poured a sharp fire into them, but they continued steadily to advance, and it was soon discovered that the support we had expected to find on our right had not arrived, and we observed that they were flanking us, and that they were triple our numbers. Seeing the regiment on our right was being flanked and giving way, and the one on our left also, Major Calloway gave the order for us to retreat, which was done on a double quick, the enemy pouring into us a perfect shower of bullets. Our regiment did not leave their breastworks until the enemy was within twenty feet of them. As there was no support behind us, it was found impossible to form anything like a line, although a constant fire was kept up by squads, who, taking all advantage of the ground, kept them in some kind of check until fresh troops came up, again driving the enemy back. After falling back about a mile our brigade was reformed, when we fell back to within four miles of Chattanooga, where the first division was concentrated. The retreat of our corps was pretty general, and was accomplished in a soldierly manner, for the enemy presented themselves in overwhelming numbers. General Carlin, our brigade commander, proved himself one of the most courageous, cool and self-possessed officers in the army. When we commenced to retreat, Major Calloway, fearing that our colors might fall into the hands of the enemy, as we were so closely pressed, took them and carried them in safety off the field. In the battle of the nineteenth and twentieth our regiment lost eight killed, fifty-nine wounded and twenty-two missing, making a total of eighty-nine.

We had had a pretty hard time of it, as we had been on the march or fighting nearly all the time, and the boys needed sleep and rest very much.

On September 25, 1863, we were still at Chattanooga, and our brigade was called the pick and spade brigade, as we were all at work throwing up breastworks. Some of them of a pretty formidable character had been thrown up. Our troops kept on the alert and were often called in line, both day and night, by demonstrations of the enemy, who were massing a heavy force along our lines.

General Rosecrans visited each regiment in our corps at this time, accompanied by Generals McCook and Davis, and gave a few words of encouragement and advice to each. He did not seem in the least discouraged, but assured the boys that if they would stand firm the question would soon be settled.

The Eighty-first and another regiment was ordered to the extreme front to fill the place of the Seventy-fourth Illinois and Twenty-second Indiana, who were ordered on a reconnoissance in the advance move. They soon succeeded in stirring up quite a nest of the enemy, when a brisk skirmish ensued; the artillery continually shelling the woods in advance. They returned about sundown. The reconnoissance developed the fact that the enemy had planted a battery on the side of Lookout Mountain, which exposed our works to an enfilading fire. As several shots and shells were thrown into our camp the next morning, we made some changes which would counteract all their plans. We expected to move shortly, as all our wagon trains had been sent across the river.

Dr. Fouts, our surgeon, was taken prisoner with all the wounded in the hospital near Crawfish Springs on the 20th, the enemy having captured the hospital.

On September 27, 1863 (Sunday), all was quiet and a stillness rested over all. True, there was the usual hurrying to and fro incident to the presence of large army trains with supplies moving around, and fatigue parties, busy with pick and spade, throwing up breastworks, and the guards walking wearily around. Otherwise all was tranquil, which is quite a contrast with last Sabbath, when we could hear nothing but the roar of artillery.

The regiment was lying in a line of rifle pits, on the outskirts of Chattanooga, in a good position, waiting and ready to take a hand at any moment and play their part whenever any struggle took place. The boys, what was left of them, were in good health and spirits. The regiment numbered about one hundred and sixty enlisted men and twelve commissioned officers for duty. Rather small say you, but then they are all as good

and true as ever pulled trigger to defend the Stars and Stripes.

There were a great many rumors, and some of the prisoners told us what great things the enemy would do to us, but we could not see it that way.

A fearful accident occurred in the Second Minnesota Battery on the twenty-fifth, by which a member of our regiment was killed. One of the men of Company D, who was detailed for service in the battery, laid down under one of the pieces, and went to sleep. The piece was unlimbered, bringing it nearly to a balance. A horse that was fastened to one end of it got his halter fastened, and in raising his head brought up the end of the piece so that the other end fell with force on the forehead of the soldier, crushing his head horribly.

The weather had been very dry. The following is Major Calloway's report of the battle of Chickamauga, on September 19 and 20, 1863:

“HEADQUARTERS EIGHTY-FIRST INDIANA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.  
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., September 28, 1863.

“CAPTAIN: In accordance with orders from headquarters, Second Brigade, First Division, Twentieth Army Corps, I have the honor to report that about 2:30 p. m., on the 19th instant, while with the Twenty-first Illinois, and hotly engaged with the enemy at a point about three miles north of Crawfish Springs, on a line west of and near Chickamauga Creek, and east of and parallel to the LaFayette Road, leading to Chattanooga, I received an order to immediately report to Brigadier General Carlin, commanding the brigade.

“Upon reporting, General Carlin directed me to at once assume command of the Eighty-first Indiana, of his brigade. I immediately obeyed the order and upon assuming command, I found the regiment lying about fifty yards in the rear of, and supporting the Second Minnesota Battery, the regiment not yet having been engaged with the enemy. They then numbered in fighting men present for duty, fifteen officers and two hundred and forty enlisted men. About five minutes thereafter, I received an order in person from General Davis, commanding the division, to move my command about two hundred yards to the right and in front of the Second Minnesota Battery and support a regiment there severely engaged with the enemy, saying at the time he thought it was the Thirty-eighth Illinois. Upon taking position, the right resting on the crest of and being covered by a slight elevation, I discovered a regiment, the Seventeenth Kentucky, to my right and a little to my front, slowly giving away to the right and steadily contesting the ground under a most destructive fire from a very heavy column of the enemy. Briskly advancing

and not over three hundred yards distant we immediately opened a well-directed fire, first by volley and then by file, causing the enemy to recoil and give way in much confusion, thereby relieving the regiment on our right. The firing had not ceased when a large body of the enemy was seen moving to our left, and soon attacked the Second and Third Brigades of Davis' Division. The enemy in our front again took courage and advanced upon our position, but being scattered, was easily repulsed. The brigades to our left and the Second Minnesota Battery, together with the Fifty-eighth Indiana, immediately joined the Eighty-first on the left, fought most stubbornly, and bravely resisted the terrible onsets of most overwhelming numbers, but were driven from their position, leaving the Eighty-first entirely without support on the left. I had, in the meantime, made a partial change of front to the rear by throwing back the left wing of the regiment, but continued our fire somewhat, enfilading the lines of the enemy and partially checking his farther progress. About this time, a vigorous attack was made on our front and right, causing the Seventeenth Kentucky to further withdraw. The Eighty-first, owing to the admirable position occupied, was not suffering greatly, but the position was so flanked as to endanger my entire command and expose it to capture. It was then withdrawn in good order, about two hundred yards, to a thin curtain of timber covering the road. After again halting and reopening fire, I was informed by an officer that fifty yards to our rear and across the road was a fieldwork that had been hastily constructed of rails. I accordingly faced the regiment about and took position within the works, when we again opened and continued a most galling and deadly fire upon the enemy, who had advanced within short range, and after long and hard fighting he was dislodged from his position with heavy loss. We immediately followed his retreating forces and took our former position at the front, that we had been compelled to abandon, and held it during the remainder of the day. The Fifty-eighth Indiana again came upon our left, and about the same time I observed General Carlin still to the left of the Fifty-eighth Indiana, most fearlessly moving forward a body of troops to the attack of the enemy, in double lines and well supported to our attack. The General and his command made a most gallant and heroic resistance, but, being overpowered, was shattered and driven back with fearful loss, leaving the colors of the Twenty-first Illinois in the hands of the color sergeant who was shot dead on the field. I immediately ordered the Eighty-first Indiana to open an oblique fire to the left, completely enfilading the lines of the enemy, and repulsed him with immense slaughter, recovering the colors of the Twenty-first Illinois, and protecting the One

Hundred and First Ohio, while it most gallantly recovered the Eighth Wisconsin Battery, taken by the enemy. The Third Brigade of Sheridan's division came to the relief of General Carlin, and formed at the left of the Fifty-eighth Indiana, and that threw the brigade together. The Fifty-eighth Indiana was twice driven from its position, the Eighty-first Indiana stubbornly holding its position, never losing an inch of the ground. The Fifty-eighth Indiana recoiled each time, but seeing the Eighty-first Indiana standing firm, would rally and return to our assistance. Hearing a heavy roll of musketry and much cannonading on our right and not knowing who occupied the position, I had fears that my position might be flanked, as the forces seemed to recoil and the firing was going to our rear. Upon making a personal inspection of the right, I learned that a brigade, commanded by Colonel Barnes, had been repulsed on our right, but the Colonel had so posted his battery as to command his front, and our right, enfilading the enemy's approach in attempting to turn our position. During the engagement, Captain Eaton and Lieutenant Gross with sixty men of the Twenty-first Illinois, either reported to me or were rallied upon the Eighty-first Indiana, and continued fighting most gallantly under my command, several of them being wounded. Being still on the front line and our ammunition nearly exhausted, I was endeavoring to obtain a supply, when about sunset an order came from General Davis, and immediately thereafter from General Carlin, to withdraw my command and join the division, about eight hundred yards in the rear.

"During the engagement on that afternoon, we fired on an average of fifty-four rounds to each man of my command, and suffered a loss of sixty-six men killed and wounded. In obedience to orders received, I joined the brigade about dusk with the Eighty-first Indiana, one hundred and eighty-three men: and three officers, the regimental colors and about fifty men of the Twenty-first Illinois, when we bivouacked for the night.

"At 3 a. m. next morning, on the twentieth, I received orders to move my command left in front, and follow the One Hundred and First Ohio. We marched about half a mile and stacked arms at General Rosecrans' headquarters, remaining until sunrise. At that hour we moved to the rear about six hundred yards and formed a line on an elevated ridge running west and parallel to the Chattanooga and LaFayette Road. At about 10 a. m. I received orders from General Carlin to form my command into double columns at half distance and follow the One Hundred and First Ohio, moving by the left flank. We moved steadily along

the apex of the ridge in a northeasterly direction about one mile, when we came into an extended glade and halted. The Twenty-first Illinois was ordered to deploy and move forward in line, the Eighty-first Indiana moving in column abreast with the Twenty-first Illinois, and deployed on reaching the apex of the hill in our front. We took position in line on the left of the Twenty-first Illinois. Having deployed my command, and the enemy not being immediately in range, though heavy firing was progressing on our left, I was ordered to form my command in close column by division right in front, and follow the Twenty-first Illinois. Following on this line, we marched about eight hundred yards, ascending to a somewhat elevated position, and was ordered to deploy my command and take a position on the left of the Twenty-first Illinois, behind some rude and ill-constructed field works, erected upon our line of battle. I then threw forward Company A, Eighty-first Indiana, Lieutenant S. H. McCoy commanding, and relieved the skirmishers of another command, then resting. While posting the skirmishers, I observed the Third Brigade on our left was heavily attacked and driven back. Before getting into position, in a few moments thereafter, the enemy appeared, emerging from a body of thick timber about one hundred and fifty yards in our front and moving to our attack without skirmishers and in most overwhelming numbers, massed by battalions, and, as near as I could judge from the battle flags exhibited, four lines deep. Our skirmishers came flying in, and, according to previous instructions, rallied on the right of the regiment. As soon as my battalions front was unmasked by the skirmishers we opened a terrible and deadly fire upon the advancing foe. The firing was continued with unabated fury on both sides, the enemy steadily advancing and our men determinedly resisting until only three men of the enemy's first line and about half of the second line were standing, their comrades apparently had fallen in windrows and their further progress seemed checked, perhaps impossible. Being near the right of the Eighty-first Indiana and the left of the Twenty-first Illinois, I saw to my inexpressible surprise and horror, the right of the Twenty-first Illinois was breaking and rapidly melting away. After a second and careful observation I noticed the enemy was actually crossing the breastworks on the right and extending his left flank far to our rear, completely flanking our position, at the same time pouring a deadly fire from the rear on the Twenty-first Illinois. Seeing that desperate and critical state of affairs, having no opportunity of obtaining orders, and knowing further delay would surrender my entire command, I gave orders for a hasty retreat, the firing being most terribly destructive. Our lines were entirely broken and the



command was temporarily disorganized. In company with Brigadier General Carlin, commanding the brigade; Captain Smith, One Hundred and First Ohio; Captain Varmer, Twenty-fifth Illinois; Captain Wheeler and several other officers of the Eighty-first Indiana, we made several efforts with partial success to rally our scattered commands. We made several stands; and on a rise, about twelve hundred yards to the rear of the field works, made the last desperate resistance with a few hundred men, checking the progress of the enemy and enabling our batteries to be taken safely from the field quietly and sullenly, with all the regimental colors and field pieces of the brigade. Then we retired about one and a half miles to the rear, reaching there about 2 p. m. and reformed our remnant of a command. We then, in company with the brigade and division to which we were attached, together with several other divisions of the army, moved to a position about two miles nearer Chattanooga and bivouacked for the night.

“Upon calling the roll of the Eighty-first Indiana, two officers and nineteen enlisted men were reported missing. We had good evidence for knowing that several among the missing were killed or wounded, but owing to the great uncertainty enveloping the case they were all reported on the sad list of the missing. We expended in the two days’ fighting about sixty-one rounds of ammunition to the man and sustained the loss of six officers and eighty-three enlisted men.

“It is due under the circumstances that I should speak of the conduct of the officers and men of the Eighty-first Indiana. With scarcely an exception they behaved in the most gallant and admirable manner, and, though comparatively a young regiment, conducted themselves with the coolness, steadiness and precision of veterans on the field of battle. Captain Mitchell, a brave and efficient man, was mortally wounded, and Lieutenants Northcutt, Cummings and Zimmerman were wounded while gallantly leading their men in the discharge of their duties. They battled as brave men, worthy of the best government ever instituted among men, and the Republic may feel confident when its interests rest in the hands of such defenders. I would be deemed little less than invidious were I to mention one officer or man as excelling another in gallantry and efficiency, but I cannot close this report without thanking Adjutant Shell for the aid and courtesies he has shown me in the discharge of my duties, and tendering all the officers and men my thanks for the cheerfulness and universal promptness with which they obeyed my orders.

“I desire to offer my eulogium upon the conduct of officers and men of the Eighty-first Indiana. I wish to say there could be no higher honor than that they fought in Carlin’s brigade of

the Army of the Cumberland, obeyed orders and did their duty in the great battle of Chickamauga, the creek of death, and when the long, sad list of killed, wounded and missing is published, the shadows of gloom that will gather around many of the hearthstones of our homes will show that there, also, they were loved and appreciated.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“JAMES E. CALLOWAY.

“*Major Twenty-First Illinois, Commanding Eighty-First Indiana Volunteer Infantry.*”

## CHAPTER IX.

## OPERATIONS ABOUT CHATTANOOGA.

On September 30, 1863, we were still in camp at Chattanooga. Rain commenced to fall in the morning, the first for many days. We were needing it badly to settle the dust. It made the atmosphere feel delightfully refreshing. The roads had been traveled so much that they were from four to six inches deep, and the movements of troops could be tracked for miles by the clouds of dust.

Our army was now concentrating at this place, and we laughed at Brigg's threats to annihilate the Army of the Cumberland, but nevertheless, the enemy still confronted us. Our ambulances had been out for the last day or two gathering up our wounded and bringing them in. If one-half be true that was told by our wounded, the very devils in hell are angels of mercy, compared with some of the enemy. They had not, even after more than a week's time, buried their own dead, and our wounded were stripped of their clothing, coats, boots, shoes, hats, money and knives, and every little trinket of the least value was taken from them; and, not contented even with that, the fiends took from those who were wounded and unable to move, their canteens of water and the scanty supply of rations in their haversacks and left them to die of hunger and thirst. Some of them lay for several days in this situation, the sun beating down on them by day, and the cold night winds, and heavy dew chilling their suffering frames at night. No doubt exhausted nature in many cases gave way and death came to them as a welcome relief.

Rations were very scarce, but in a few days everything was in regular working order. The health of the regiment continued good.

October 4, 1863, still found us near Chattanooga. A large number of our boys, owing to the constant long marches, skirmishing or fighting, had lost both shelter tents and blankets, and the only way they could make themselves comfortable was to build fires. Steps were taken to supply all deficiencies in this line, and in a very short time all were comfortably fixed for cold weather.

October 6th, found us on picked duty, while within a hundred yards lay the enemy's pickets, and here we were to all ap-

pearances, as harmless and inoffensive as doves, walking around with as much freedom as if in the streets of a city, always provided each party kept on its own side of the line. Firing on picket was not indulged in, only to a small extent, both sides coming to the same conclusion, that no good resulted from the practice. The enemy occupied the range of mountains in our front for one and a half miles, and at night their camp fires, dotting the sides and summit of the mountain, viewed from our camp, presented a beautiful appearance, and no doubt but that our fires presented as beautiful an appearance to them. But behind this view of beauty slumbered a volcano, which but a spark could turn so lovely a scene to one of carnage and bloodshed. The music from both camps could be heard from our picket stations, and it sounded beautiful.

On October 4th, the enemy captured and burned a large train on their way up from Stevenson, while crossing the mountains. We exchanged papers with the enemy's pickets October 5th.

October 7, 1863, we were still in camp near Chattanooga. On October 5th, about 10 o'clock, the enemy opened on us with their batteries for the purpose of finding out the position of our batteries, but, notwithstanding they rained a perfect shower of shot and shell at us until dark, they found out very little, as our batteries only replied occasionally, merely long enough to let them know that we were still there. They must have fired between three and four hundred shot at us of all sizes, varying from six-pounders to twenty-four pounders, and they made those in front hug the earthworks pretty closely. It was reported that was all the damage they did was to hurt five or six. A great number of shells burst in and around where the Eighty-first was lying, but with the exception of throwing a little dirt over us occasionally, no one was hurt during the night. In order to keep us awake, we supposed, they let drive at us a few shots about every two hours, but with the same result.

On October 9, 1863, the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps were consolidated into the Fourth Army Corps, under the command of General Gordon Granger, who, after the battle of Mission Ridge, was succeeded by General O. O. Howard.

We remained near Chattanooga until the morning of October 24, when we received orders to get ready to move, flying light, at a moment's notice, leaving what few tents and little camp equipage we had where it was. In a short time three days' rations were prepared. Sixty rounds of Secesh pills were snugly stowed away in each man's cartridge box and forty more apiece stowed in wagons, and all were ready. Time wore on until 9 p. m. when we were told to have everything ready to move at 2 p. m. next day. No one knew where we were bound

for, and various surmises got afloat, but all were of the opinion that a night attack was on hand, but we found out that orders were to make a certain point on the mountains by daylight. At the appointed time we started, and such a splashing and wading and almost swimming. We soon reached the Tennessee River, crossed on the pontoon bridge and started along the banks. At one time, just before daylight, the enemy's sharpshooters tried their guns on a portion of our column, but no one was hurt; the men pulled up manfully, but it was 10 a. m. before we reached the summit of the mountain. A halt of two or three hours was made here to enable the stragglers and teams to come up, when the march was resumed and kept up until dark. Our trip over the mountains was not so pleasant as might be expected, for it was mud and rain and rain and mud all the way until we reached Rankin's Ferry on the Tennessee River, where we remained about thirty-six hours, and then about dark we reached the pontoon bridges at Shell Mound, crossing at 10 o'clock at night. We remained at Shell Mound two or three days, and a great portion of the time it poured down rain, floating logs, men, horses and mules promiscuously. Finally we received orders to move to Bridgeport, and with light hearts and haversacks and muddy feet we started, reaching Bridgeport on November 14, 1863. Everything was quiet. Squads of the enemy were seen occasionally hurrying around in our front and acting like they would like to come down and take possession of the ground we occupied, but were a little afraid to attack us.

When our regiment arrived here they were without tents, and many of them were nearly out of clothing, but in a few days were well fixed. Quite a village had already sprung up and all hands were well fixed as far as quarters were concerned. The boys of our regiment had displayed a great deal of ingenuity, and had comfortable log huts daubed with mud and with sod chimneys, but we were kept busy on fatigue and picket duty, but, as rations were more plentiful and all in good health, it was cheerfully performed.

Captain Wheeler, of Company C, was promoted to colonel; Captain Wm. J. Richards, of Company H, was promoted to major; Sergeant Major Augustus Joycelyn was promoted to adjutant; Assistant Surgeon Wm. D. Fouts was promoted to surgeon, but at this time was rustivating at the Liberty House in Richmond, Va., he having remained at the field hospital at Chickamauga attending our wounded until the hospital was captured by the enemy; First Lieutenant Northcutt, of Company B, was promoted to captain; Second Lieutenant Schell, to first lieutenant, Company B; First Lieutenant Mathey, to captain; Sergeant Graham, to first lieutenant. All these officers were good men and deserved their promotions.

We were glad to again have our sutler, Roley Holmes, with us, he having struggled hard in following us around over the mountains and up to Chattanooga. On the 15th he came rolling in with a few packages containing tobacco, clothing and other provisions much needed by the boys. When he had half a chance he kept one of the best assortments to be found among the sutlers and sold very reasonable. The health of the regiment was good; there had not been a death in it for four months.

Sunday, November 22, 1863, the regiment was still in camp near Bridgeport, Ala. It was a beautiful day, and many of the veterans of the regiment could be seen sitting around wrapped in profound thought, and what do you think was the subject of their meditation? Home of course—their parents, wives and sweethearts. We had preaching there, but it was not like the old church at home, where from our earliest childhood, we had been used to hear the Word of God expounded. Home—that means mother, father, wife and sister. There is magic in these words that the toilsome march, the din and crash of battle and the sickening air of the hospital can not eradicate from the heart of the soldier. Go to him on the lonely picket post and tell him there is fresh mail in camp; visit him in the hospital, with a fevered brow or mangled limb, with a letter or message from home, and his toils and pangs and pains are all forgotten, and for a time he revels in dreams of happiness and home. If those at home but knew how much a kind cheering epistle is prized by our gallant boys many more would be written. Let them hear that a train has been captured, and the first question heard is, was there a mail with it? They can afford to go without hardtack for a day or two, but never consent to the loss of a mail.

October 24th the regiment was still busy on picket and fatigue duty. Our camp was at a railroad bridge across the Tennessee River, which was not yet completed, having been destroyed by the enemy some months ago. The paymaster paid us a visit a few days ago, and we assure you he was a welcome visitor. He settled up our accounts with the United States to October 30. Our Chaplain, Bro. Hutcherson, left for home a few days and the boys sent money by him to their families.

Our boys seemed to be case-hardened and iron-clad, with few exceptions, after the battle of Chickamauga. The enemy had possession of the battlefield and General Rosecrans asked permission to bury his dead, but the request was denied, the enemy saying they would attend to it, but they did not, and after the field was vacated by them our forces went and gathered them up and buried them. There was some five or six hundred. It does not seem hardly creditable that such brutes existed in the nineteenth century, yet such is the fact. God only knows how

the lives of our wounded wasted away in untold torture in sight of those inhuman monsters. There was our own Lieutenant Gordon, of Company D, who was struck by a shell, his left arm broken, his body mangled in several places, who lay for sixteen days on the field exposed to the chilling blast of night, the heat of the noonday sun, to rain and every variety of weather, before he was moved or attended to, although they were continually passing him, and all the food he got was what little he could pick up or some comrade less severely wounded would get for him. And then, to try and finish him, he was hurried off to Libby Prison: but, thank God, he survived it all.

Everything had been quiet for several weeks and nothing outside of our regular routine in camp life had transpired, so December 22, 1863, still found us at our camp near Bridgeport. There was but little movement in military matters. Our gallant army seemed to be resting on its laurels, while the enemy's army seemed to be hunting a place to gather theirs, but at the last account had not found the last ditch on whose banks they are supposed to grow.

Our gallant surgeon, Dr. Fouts, returned to the regiment December 21st, after having tried Libby Prison for a short time. He says it was four days after the battle of Chickamauga before they would permit him to go out on the battle field and attend to our wounded. He says they stripped the dead of every thing of any value. At the expiration of twelve days the surgeons and all who were able to bear the trip were started to Atlanta, and woe to the officer or private who had a good coat, hat or pair of shoes; he was stripped, and most of them had to make the trip without any of these luxuries. At Atlanta the ladies brought our men baskets of delicacies, and quite a Union feeling seemed to prevail. Numbers said they would hail the appearance of Rosecrans and his army with great joy. There were some three or four citizens arrested for trading in "greenbacks," they freely giving twelve dollars in Confederate for one of Federal. On reaching Richmond all were searched and all the money was taken from them, and a receipt was given for its return when exchanged. On applying for their money on leaving they were told it was unlawful to circulate the stuff, and were generously offered seven dollars of Confederate for one in greenbacks. One hundred and seventy-five of them were confined in a room forty-three by one hundred and two feet without fire or blankets. To add to their discomforts, the room was thoroughly saturated with cold water each evening on the pretense of cleaning it, but really with the idea of making them sleep on a wet floor, thereby engendering disease. Hundreds of them died from exposure and starvation. The condition of the privates at Bell Island, Andersonville and other more exposed places was worse.

Dr. Fouts says that while he was in Libby Prison there was a Universalist preacher who had been confined there several months, having fallen into their clutches. He said that he had for some time been preaching that there was no hell, but since his visit to Richmond he was satisfied that a "military necessity" existed for such an institution.

Christmas had passed and the boys were still in camp near Bridgeport. While there the army was reorganized and our regiment was in the First Brigade, First Division, Fourth Army Corps, Major General O. O. Howard commanding. General David S. Stanley commanded the First Division and Brigadier General Charles Cruft commanded the First Brigade, which consisted of the Twenty-first and Thirty-eighth Illinois, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-first and Eighty-first Indiana, First and Second Kentucky, Ninetieth and One Hundred and First Ohio. The regiments were all small, and some of them were nearly to the end of their terms of service.

On January 1, 1864, it was very cold and disagreeable, and if it had not been for our cabins, which made us such warm winter quarters, we would have had a hard time, yet under the circumstances the boys were expecting to have a good time, but, by the time everything was in order, marching orders came, and as usual they were hailed by the boys with cheers, for they had come to the conclusion some time ago that Bridgeport was a dry place. They had seen the bridge built that spans the beautiful Tennessee, and the music of the iron horse as he thundered along his way, drawing huge trains of army supplies, had become familiar to their ears, and a desire to see what was ahead possessed every soul. So on January 25, 1864, at 7 o'clock in the forenoon, with five days rations in our haversacks, we moved out of camp. Surmises were various as to our destination. Some thought Knoxville, and others that some other ville was to be out stopping place. The column, however, headed toward Chattanooga. The weather was delightful, though a little too warm for this time of the year, and the roads were in splendid order during the march until the twenty-seventh, when about 10 o'clock in the morning we passed Whitesides under one of the tallest trestle works in the world, which had been but a few days completed. This bridge crossed a gorge in the mountains over a small creek called Running Waters, and was destroyed by the enemy some time in September. It was about two hundred yards long and about one hundred and twenty-five feet from the bridge to the water below. In the afternoon we came in sight of Lookout Mountain. The next day, January 28, 1864, our journey was more tedious, as we had to cross Lookout Mountain, our regiment being detached to guard the train. But patience and perseverance will accomplish wonders, and by 3 p. m. the



last of the train being up, we began to descend and went into camp at the foot of the mountain. The next morning, with banners flying and music playing and an elastic tread, it being just three months from the time when at 2 p. m., in rain and mud, with the enemy's batteries frowning on us, we left and began our march, by flanking movements, as the rebs say, to Shell Mound.

We entered Chattanooga, marching past General Thomas' headquarters. After passing through Chattanooga we soon came to Mission Ridge and on to Tyners Station, on the Georgia and East Tennessee Railroad, when, after a few days halt, we moved on and went into camp at Ooltewah Station, arriving on February 10, 1864. There was but little going on. Small parties of guerrillas infested the country around there, and on the eleventh, as the First Kentucky was out on a reconnoissance, the rear guard was fired upon by these miscreants, but fortunately no harm was done. The people in this section of the country seemed to be for the Union and the old flag.

Just before going into camp here we were met for the first time since we left home by a young miss of sixteen summers waving the Union flag. A number of women came into camp, selling pies, cakes and corn pone for greenbacks. We lay in this camp several weeks, and during the time we were camped there we were on picket or doing fatigue duty. Every Sunday morning we had inspection in every company of the regiment, and generally a grand review in the afternoon. On Tuesday, March 1st, we were surprised at receiving orders to get ready to go on another scout at 6 o'clock in the morning, with one day's cooked rations in our haversacks. As usual the boys worked pretty briskly getting everything ready for the occasion. Long before daybreak the boys were up getting breakfast, and we left camp promptly on time. It was a fine day, and we left in good spirits, on a quick march, halting but very little on the way. We were under the impression that we were going after some cotton that the enemy had hid somewhere, and we expected to get it and bring it to camp, as we took wagons along with us to do so. We marched about fifteen miles, and halted near a house. We then filed to the left and went over some fields and up a narrow road and halted again. Pickets were thrown out covering our front and flanks, while the rest of the regiment hurried into some dead brush that was piled all around, and very soon "King Cotton" came to light. Wagon after wagon was driven up and soon loaded, our pickets called in and we hurried after our wagons. It was rumored that we were very close to the enemy. We were in the vicinity of a place called Red Clay, we saw no enemy. Our march back to camp was made faster than going from it. We traveled altogether thirty miles. It was more like a

forced march than anything else. The boys were stiff for nearly three days over it. We brought in eight wagons loaded with cotton. We were excused from picket and guard duty the next day, which gave the boys a rest.

Our daily life while in camp at this place was about as follows: Reveille and roll-call at 5:30 a. m.; breakfast at 6 o'clock; squad drill from 7 to 8 o'clock; then quarters had to be cleaned up; at 9 o'clock the bugle blew the assembly for guard and picket duty; at 10 o'clock company drill for one hour; at 12 o'clock, roll-call and dinner; at 2 o'clock p. m., battalion drill for one hour and a half; at 5 p. m., dress parade; at 8 p. m., roll-call again; at 9 o'clock, tattoo; taps, and then to bed.

About the first of March, 1864, we got orders to be in line of battle every morning at 4 o'clock and stand in line until daylight, as the enemy's cavalry was prowling about, and this was done in anticipation of an attack, the hour before daybreak being considered the best time to attack a camp; so we were held in readiness for such an event.

## CHAPTER X.

## MAJOR CALLOWAY PRESENTED WITH A SWORD.

The regiment had secured a fine sword to present to Major Calloway for his skill, coolness and his gentlemanly deportment during the few weeks he remained in command of our regiment. The presentation would have taken place at an earlier day, but soon after the battle he was prostrated by disease and for some time his life despaired of. So on Thursday, March 10, 1864, was the day finally fixed upon, and at 1 p. m. the Eighty-first, preceded by the splendid martial band of the First Kentucky, which had kindly volunteered for the occasion, we proceeded to the camp of the Twenty-first Illinois, where, in the presence of the two regiments and a large number of ladies and spectators, the presentation took place. The sword and belt was presented by Orderly Sergeant Edmond T. Bowers, of Company I, in the following chaste and beautiful speech:

“MAJOR CALLOWAY, LADIES AND FELLOW SOLDIERS—We have met here to-day to participate in a scene seldom witnessed in this department. Our number is but small, a little more than a fourth of the number we had when we crossed the beautiful Ohio, seventeen months ago, and commenced our march to lend our feeble aid to our Government in crushing out the armed treason that had reared its hideous head in our once happy and prosperous country. Some have fallen on the field of battle amid the din and crash of arms, many far from the loved homes of their happy childhood have wasted away by disease in hospitals until death placed his signet seal upon their brow. Others, mere wrecks of their former manhood, have been discharged and are now among friends at home, calmly waiting the summons of insatiate death, regretting that by sickness and disease they are deprived of the privilege of participating in the glorious and former scenes of their comrades in arms. But the few remaining will, while life lasts, remember your introduction to them on the glorious field of Chickamauga, made as it was under the roar of the cannon and the long roll of deadly musketry, while the groans of wounded and dying comrades resounded on every side. We then needed you to lead us in the terrible conflict raging around us, and for the gallant manner in which you discharged the arduous duty imposed upon you we tender you our sincere and heartfelt thanks, and as a token of our respect and esteem

the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Eighty-first Indiana Volunteers have deputed me on their behalf to present to you this beautiful sword and belt. May you always be victorious in all the conflicts in which hereafter it may be your fortune to engage, and the flash of this sword serve as a rallying point for the followers and defenders of the glorious Stars and Stripes which now waves in triumph over the greater portion of the United States, and may you never sheathe it until the last traitor shall be driven from our once happy land and the star-gemmed banner of freedom floats proudly from every traitor's stronghold,

‘For freedom’s battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Through battle oft, is ever won.’ ”

Major Calloway, on receiving the sword, responded in the following thrilling, soul-stirring remarks:

“SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTY-FIRST INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—It is with mingled emotion, gratitude, pleasure and embarrassment that I accept this beautiful testimonial of your esteem and confidence, and while tendering you my thanks for this very pleasant and unexpected compliment, and to you, Sergeant, for the kind and very flattering manner you have thought proper to mention my very humble name and yet humbler service in your eloquent address, allow me to express my own feelings of unworthiness to be the object of such distinguished regards. Most highly do I value your present, not for its intrinsic worth, but when I reflect it is bestowed by motives void of selfishness, not for vain glorious show or void and empty honors, but as coming from the non-commissioned officers and privates of a noble, brave and gallant regiment representing one of the greatest and best States: one that adds wealth, power, glory and renown to the glorious constellation of States composing the mightiest, the most liberal, free, virtuous and best government ever instituted among men, the gift to me is priceless. This is indeed no ordinary occasion. I feel its importance and acknowledge the obligation of this hour. It is to me a renewal of my vows to my country and the cause of humanity. The spectacle of soldiers of a regiment from one State presenting an humble officer from another regiment and State with this representation of power, an emblem of chivalry, of glory and virtue renowned, is perhaps without equal in the history of this eventful war. In the old days of knight-errantry the chivalrous lords raised their arm in defense of honor and virtue of the innocent and oppressed. May my right arm fall paralyzed and wither at my side if I raise this sword in other than the cause of justice, freedom and virtue, and with that sworn obligation yet lingering in your hearing let it be known

that I to-day in your presence with the knowledge of my countrymen and with an uplifted hand toward the throne of "Him who judges all things well," receive this sword as an officer of the United States Army, now engaged in the most sacred cause known to the cherished hopes of a virtuous and intelligent humanity. There are other scenes than those of this hour immediately blended with this occasion, touching the heart strings with patriotic pride and again with a note of tender sadness. It brings to the vision of the past the glorious field of Chickamauga and the heroism of those historic deeds, and with it there comes swelling up in our 'heart of hearts' the image of brave commanders who fought and fell with their faces to the foe, thus offering their life's blood to wash away the foul stain that traitorous hands have hitherto placed upon our fair escutcheon. We remember the patriotic fires in their eyes, and their stern unflinching bravery amid the thundering crash of loud-mouthed cannons and the rattling roar of the deadly musketry, that mockingly proclaimed to the world, 'Self-government is a miserable impostor,' and we write on his false brow eternal banishment from among men. In that hour I earned to love and appreciate the officers and soldiers of your regiment as 'among the bravest of the brave.' The long hecatomb of the martyred dead and the sad list of wounded from your ranks are sufficient eulogies for your actions on that memorable field. But in our triumph and amid our blessings let us not forget the valorous deeds of the heroic dead. We remember them as true friends in peace, and on our wearisome marches and around the bivouac fires and how like true heroes they, amid rolling waves of furious battle, were swept under and were 'gathered to their fathers' around them. 'There now reigns a dark, cold calm which nothing can break or warm or brighten.' The majestic and mournful pine, the lovely cedar and beautiful magnolia weep and sigh around and wave their evergreen boughs over the rude graves where our soldier brothers sweetly sleep, and 'when this cruel war is over' and you return to your pleasant abode of civil life, the many vacant chairs around the hearthstones of your homes will tell you in tones of love and sadness that their deeds and names are still green and fresh in the secret precincts of your own hearts. Then love and cherish their undying names and deeds of valor as a legacy beautiful and invaluable. Croakers and sycophants have pretended to lament the age of heroes and heroines as among the things that were, but he who makes such a declaration illy understands the spirit of the age more than all the citizen-soldiery composing this magnificent army, nor would he record in history so false a libel had he seen what was witnessed on every field of battle. Nothing has ever impressed me with such deep and sublime admiration as the quiet and patient endurance with which the

private soldiers have done the hardships of our wearisome marches; his cheerful self-denial, the sacrifices he daily offers at the altar of his country, his wondrous and cool courage on the red field of carnage, and the cheerful and unmurmuring quietude with which he bears himself, whether sick or wounded, in the hospital or on the field, with a rough blanket spread on mother earth for a bed and the vault of heaven for a covering; hence I would say, 'surely the age of heroes has not passed away?' Again when there came that example—delicious food for historians and to the imagination of the poet and novelist—when our little army, covered with laurels and wounds, was shut up among the rugged hills surrounding Chattanooga, and pressed back by the cordon of rebellious lines, I witnessed a spirit of determined endurance never surpassed in the annals of time. During those memorable weeks I saw many men of the gallant Carlin's old brigade subsisting for days on less than sufficient for a single meal; and often did I see them, with patient and industrious care, picking from the dust and breaking the little bits of half-sound bread from the corners of spoiled crackers thrown away by the commissary, and when I would halt and with breast overflowing with sympathy and say, 'boys this is a hard fate;' now you cowards and sycophants, think of the reply: 'Yes, it is a hard fate, but we will climb the mountains from Bridgeport to Chattanooga with boxes of crackers on our shoulders before the enemy shall have Chattanooga, if 'Old Rosy,' says stay!' Then I said the age of heroes has not passed away. This is the age of true heroism; these men are worthy to have fought with Washington. Such deeds of pure self-denial and such a spirit of patriotic resolve clothes our history with a luster unfading and gives our age a poetic beauty unequalled in all the romantic past. And, fellow-soldiers, let me say there is no more grand, sublime, magnificent spectacle written on the scroll of time than the mighty uprising of a great, vigorous and free people in defense of their common birth-right, their principle of action and their institutions and household gods of their fathers, exemplified by this nation struggling to preserve intact the Constitution of the United States and the supremacy of the laws. It is indeed a mighty struggle for a nation's life, involving all the cherished hopes of our fathers' and of the down-trodden and oppressed everywhere. There is a principle of moral ethics as well as political economy involved in this war that few understand, yet fewer appreciate. It is whether solemn oaths and obligations shall be held as sacred or broken at pleasure; it is a conflict between free labor or slave; aristocracy; between Union law and order on one side, division, malocracy and disintegration on the other. Most solemnly and faithfully, I do believe this wonderful contest will settle for all

time the immutability and immortality of the heaven-born rights promulgated in our Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and that, if by any strange devilish or hell-born machination this most accursed and treasonable of all rebellions should succeed, then all the sacred principles announced by our fathers and consecrated by their lives and virtues will be consigned to an 'eternal sleep.' Sage thinkers and students and political philosophers have reasoned with unbecoming pleasure that a republican form of government was a mere myth in the brain of enthusiasts and Utopians, a pleasing sophism, a beautiful and attractive but a worthless gem. Upon you, soldiers, and upon the loyal people of our country, devolve the responsibility of sustaining the only really republican government known to human code, by teaching the nations a lesson by which they may profit in all future cases. The world acknowledges to-day that our government was successfully instituted amidst revolutions, and for nearly a century has been successfully administered in days of peace and defended against foreign foes, and now alone remains for us to solve the problem whether, in days when treason stalks about, the government can defend itself against a powerful, treacherous and snakish monster within its own household. There is not another power among the nations of the earth that could have withstood for a single twelve months' period the foul stabs and blows at so gigantic and reekless a rebellion as that now waged against our government. The splendid monarchies of the Old World would have tottered and tumbled to ruin, and their beautiful crowns, with their sparkling jewels, would have rolled at the feet of some plebeian conqueror, with 'none so poor as to do them reverence.' But compare our government with itself now and when the first traitorous gun boomed around the walls of Sumter—who will say that it is not richer in all the elements of solid and enduring greatness to-day than then, though grown in the midst of war and the shedding of blood. The rebellion has brought forth our power, proving that in the cornerstone supporting our grand edifice are the imperishable truths and principles of justice, liberty, virtue and self-government. Let us remember that, as soldiers and defenders of such divine principles, we are engaged in the noblest cause that ever urged the lover of his country on to glory and honor. My faith teaches me that as the gold is refined by fire so will our country come forth from this dreadful ordeal, refined, purified, regenerated, 'revised and corrected.' Upon us and them rests a fearful responsibility, a trust as grand and sublime as it is righteous and just. You carry upon the points of your bayonets the dearest hope of all living freemen. The dear departed shades of our fathers point us onward, and posterity, from the womb of all future time, will hold this nation responsible for its action in this day and age.

"I know of what I speak when I say the soldiers of this army will do their duty. Your cause is just. The great loyal heart is stanch, firm and incorruptible; and even the little children in all the loyal land are taught to invoke a blessing, upon their bended knees, from the hand of the Almighty, to descend on the loved ones in the tented field. Morning, noon and night, yea every hour in the day, offerings are laid upon the domestic altar for our success. My faith is those prayers will be answered, and you will march on from victory to victory.

"When the last armed foe expires and the blood of our brothers are avenged, our rights maintained, and law and order reigns supreme, our government will stand forth purified and disenthralled, a splendid monument of human greatness, beautiful and imperishable.

"Now, fellow soldiers, my best wishes attend you, and, again tendering you my thanks for this grand token of your respect, let us remember there is much work yet for us to do and hardships to undergo before we reach that goal of safety and pluck the rich and delightful fruit of a sweet, blissful peace. And, in parting, let us adopt the sentiment, in view of future action, of Longfellow, one of the sweetest American singers:

' Let us then be up and doing  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.' "

The sword was an exquisite piece of workmanship. The blade was of the most superior quality and handsomely finished. The handle was of pure silver, and the hilt heavily plated with gold. On the blade was the following inscription:

"Presented to Major James E. Calloway Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Eighty-first Indiana Volunteers as a token of our respect and esteem for the gallant and skillful manner in which he commanded us at the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19 and 20, 1863."

On the blade is stamped "U. S." encircled in a wreath, and on the other side our national coat of arms. The scabbard is burnished gold. There are three plates of solid silver, each plate encircled in a wreath. On the lower plate is engraved the goddess of justice with her scales meting out "Equal Rights." Upon the upper plate our national coat of arms, and on the center plate the figure of the goddess of liberty seated on a throne. Just along the upper plate, engraved in letters of gold, is the following inscription: "Major James E. Calloway, Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863," The cost of the present was \$170.



## CHAPTER XI.

## GENERAL SHERMAN MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

On Tuesday, March 22, 1864, we awoke and were surprised to find the ground covered with snow, which was nearly a foot deep. The boys found their blankets covered with it, but they did not mind it.

On March 26, 1864, we were still at our old camp, and the boys seemed very much attached to the place. The next day was Easter Sunday. We had a general inspection of our regiment on that day, and also another grand review, and the boys voted it a bore and a direct violation of orders from the War Department, which said nothing shall be done on the Sabbath day which can be dispensed with, but early every morning found us in line of battle. It was pretty tough to stand so long in the cold. No talking was allowed in the ranks, and every morning an officer from the brigade headquarters would ride along the line to see if all the regiments were out.

About the first week in April we were surprised by the reception of "sanitary stores" from the State of Indiana. It was indeed a grand treat to the boys. It was the first of the kind our regiment had received, and they were doubly thankful for it. We received butter, dried apples, kraut, molasses, etc.

On Sunday, April 10th, we had another grand review, and were reviewed by General Thomas. We were all anxious to see the old hero of Chickamauga, and this time the boys did not think that reviews were a bore. The general looked remarkably well, and we were glad to see him.

On Monday, April 11, we received orders to commence the practice of target-shooting, and the next day we put it into effect. We marched about two miles from camp. Each company had a target, which was placed about 300 yards from the company. The boys seemed to like the fun very well, and judging from the well-riddled targets of our regiment, there was some fine shooting done.

On Monday, April 18, 1864, we had another grand review with General Howard, our corps commander. We passed in review before the general at 2 p. m. He made a deep impression on all of us for his fine and gentlemanly appearance. He was minus his right arm, which he lost in a battle in the East. He

said our brigade was a fine one, and the review the best that had taken place in the corps.

The weather was chilly and cold and in the evening it commenced to rain. Rumors were now afloat that we would soon make a move. It looked very much like it, as some regiments of our corps came down from Cleveland, a small town some ten miles above here on the railroad. Target practice was changed to drill every day.

On April 21, 1864, six new regiments of Indiana troops passed our camp and went into camp near us. The boys of the regiment at this time were all very lame in their left arm, as they had all been vaccinated—the smallpox having made its appearance in the brigade, and this was done to prevent the spread of the disease.

It had now come to the time when the boys were looking for the paymaster again, and were expecting him every day. We resumed target practice again on April 27, 1864; the weather began to feel warm for that time of the year.

We had felt for several weeks that the time to move would soon come, so on Thursday, April 28, we received orders to have all our surplus baggage packed and sent to the rear, an order that settled the matter in our minds that we would soon move from this place. It was reported that very little transportation would be allowed and that three days' rations was to do us for five, until further orders. On Saturday, April 30, we sent all our surplus baggage to the rear, and were now under marching orders, although we expected to remain in camp another week. We also sent the greater part of our cooking utensils away with our baggage.

Major General Sherman was then in command of the army, and we looked for stirring times soon. On Sunday, May 1st, we had inspection and another grand review. About dinner time a skunk made its appearance in our regimental quarters, and there was quite an excitement among the boys over it. They made a vigorous attack on the animal with clubs and stones, killing it and getting perfumery enough to last till the war closed. We again received orders on May 2d to send all our company books and papers to the rear. We still kept up a line of battle every morning. We were to have as few incumbrances as possible. Only four wagons were allowed to the regiment, the rest turned over to the quartermaster. The officers were not allowed any more accommodations than the men. The boys were wishing to remain here till they were paid off, but they were disappointed, for early on Tuesday morning, May 3, 1864, we received the long-expected order to be ready to march at 12 o'clock m. There was great excitement among the boys, and all through the brigade every one was engaged in packing up and fixing bundles,

so they would be easy to carry. Most of the boys had things of some kind that they would dearly love to have taken with them, but, as everything had to be carried on our backs, many an old companion in the shape of a bench, table or box had to be sorrowfully left behind. Indeed, some things the boys said they would carry were thrown away before they marched many miles from camp. Knapsacks having been packed, blankets rolled and canteens filled, the boys stood around in groups, talking and laughing by the fires that were fed by boxes, stools or tables that had done good service during our camp life, and some of which had been a labor of love to make. Most of the tents were still standing, and waiting for the sound of the bugle to "strike tents," a call familiar to their ears in times past, and at 12 o'clock sharp the brigade bugle blew the call, a long, wild hurrah went up from the whole brigade and the white tents were falling in all directions.

It was nearly one o'clock before the order was given to fall in line, and then our brigade marched out from our camp at Ooltewah, feeling sorry to leave it behind, but anxious to know the future. With music playing and flags waving to the breeze, we marched away, bidding it farewell forever. We marched about six miles and went into camp in a thick woods. In the morning, before the break of day, we were aroused by the bugle call, and soon everybody was getting their breakfast. Our camp was alive with the sound of pounding coffee with bayonets in tin cups, cutting wood, snatches of songs, jesting and laughing continually. Every one seemed to be in the best of spirits. Breakfast with the soldier on the march is soon dispatched. In a short time the bugle blew to strike tents, which was soon accomplished, and everything being ready we marched out from our camp in the woods to the road, it being then about 4 o'clock on the morning of May 4, 1864. We marched pretty steadily until about 9 o'clock, when we reached a place called Catoosa Springs, which was formerly a fashionable watering place for rich Southern people. We moved in on the grounds, halted and stacked arms and waited for further orders. This was a beautiful place and said to contain eighteen different kinds of water. Every spring had a name over it. We wandered around among them all, testing each, but we came to the conclusion that they were all the same kind of water. The buildings on the grounds were in very good repair and appeared very clean. We supposed the enemy had at one time made the place a hospital. Some of the enemy's officers had named some of the springs after themselves, which were written in pencil. We remained here about four hours. About 1 o'clock we fell in line and marched out rather slowly, as the troops in the advance were skirmishing with the enemy. After marching about a mile we

formed in line of battle on a high ridge to the left of the road. Shortly after taking up our position we witnessed quite a spirited skirmish between some of the enemy's cavalry and our advance line of cavalry, which was very interesting to some of us. Along in the afternoon we received orders to bivouac where we were. Early the next morning everybody was up, expecting to move, but no orders came, however, and we laid still all day. Everything was quiet on the front line except an occasional shot between the pickets to relieve the monotony of the scene. We remained in the same position all the next day. The boys called the place "Dolphin Ridge," because it was sharp on top. In fact, it was so narrow in some places that there was hardly room to spread more than one tent. We were up before daylight the next morning and made ready to move, as marching orders had been received during the night. About 5 o'clock we left "Dolphin Ridge" and marched out toward the front. Skirmishing commenced almost immediately, and Company A and B were thrown out as skirmishers. Our regiment pushed forward through some heavy underbrush, the road making a curve there, and further on we came to it again, and were considerably amused by finding ourselves in the rear of our brigade, and found the General and staff who were riding along the road. We pushed forward again at a rapid rate, the enemy's skirmishers having fallen back. After being out about half an hour, company B was called in, as one company was deemed sufficient at the time. We advanced quite briskly for some two miles, and every one appeared full of excitement. Our skirmishers were pushing the enemy back rapidly, allowing them no rest. Our line of march was strewn with blankets which had been too heavy for the boys to carry, the sun coming out pretty hot at the time, making them feel uncomfortably warm. The high hills and the valleys all around us were covered with a rich green verdure, which made the place look very pretty. Company B was again ordered out on the skirmish line, and we marched forward about a mile, and as we went forward we skirmished with the enemy all the way to Tunnel Hill. We halted at the tunnel until our brigade came up, and we then moved forward up the hill. The enemy being flanked and the hill taken, we bivouacked for the night on top of it. The place looked dreary enough, wood being very scarce. There were quite a number of log huts scattered around, it being a post of the enemy's camp during the winter, and from the looks of things was a cavalry picket outpost. We had one man wounded, a corporal in Company A, in that day's action.

The next morning, Sunday, May 8, we moved out at half past 5 o'clock, and marched in line of battle, our regiment being in reserve of our brigade. We marched slowly for a half-mile and

halted. Skirmishing was very brisk all along our lines. From the position our regiment occupied, we had a fine view of the field. The enemy occupied some very high hills on our left and front and away off on the right center, and rifle pits were thrown up in the valley in our immediate front. They had batteries placed at different prominent points, throwing shells in every direction. We remained all the forenoon in the same position. When we halted, quite a number were detailed from our regiment for skirmish duty. Late in the afternoon our artillery opened vigorously on the enemy, giving them plenty of shells, and at the same time our division charged them, driving them back some distance and advancing our lines. A heavy line of skirmishers was kept up all day. Toward night we returned to Tunnel Hill and bivouacked for the night in the same place as on the previous night.

About 10 o'clock in the night we witnessed a quick little skirmish between the advancing "Feds" and "rebs" on the top of a high ridge on our left front. It lasted but a few minutes. The flash of every gun was plainly visible on both sides. Our regiment watched it with interest. It was supposed to be the advance of Schofield's Corps working its way from the left. We were aroused and formed into line of battle several times during the night. We were ordered to strike tents, and, having done so, stood in line of battle until 12 o'clock. We then stacked arms. Being tired and sleepy, we laid down again, some of the boys putting up their tents. We did not have much time to sleep, for we were called up long before daybreak and ordered to get ready to leave immediately. After a hasty breakfast, everything being ready, we left our camp about 4 o'clock in the morning. May 9, 1864, and marched further to the front, in supporting distance, near the One Hundred and First Ohio, and we remained in this position all day, not being called into action as we had expected. It was reported that we were to charge the mountain in our left front, called "Rocky Face Ridge," but on account of it being inaccessible to a large body of troops, our brigade was not called on to perform it. During the day the heaviest skirmishing we had yet heard was going on in our front lines. Part of the day very heavy cannonading was heard on our right and left, which made us feel all right, as we knew the other corps of our army was getting in the enemy's rear, and would finally flank them. Just before night our skirmishers charged the "rifle pits" of the enemy's skirmishers and took them, the whole being witnessed by our corps, and was the best sight we had seen during the war. Our boys charged them very lively and the "rebs" could be seen going to the rear on the double quick. Our brass band struck up a lively tune to help them on, assisted by cheers, all mixed together. The boys were wild with excitement.

The enemy's batteries opened out from the distant hills, and were replied to by our batteries on the right. When night finally set in, all became quiet along the lines, except the pickets and skirmishers, who at short intervals, exchanged shots. During the day the sun was very hot and we pitied the troops who laid out in the open fields, and had no shade. The enemy thought so, too, because we could hear them plainly shouting from the top of "Rocky Face:" "Say, Yanks, come up into the shade," an invitation our boys gladly accepted a few days after, but "Johnny Rebs" considered it prudent not to stay to receive us. Our regiment and brigade were placed in such a position that we all had plenty of shade.

We remained in the same position all the next day, May 10, 1864, on the Dalton Road, in supporting distance of the brigade. Musket firing was not so lively as the day before, but the artillery firing was greater. The enemy on the ridge in our front opened on us with two guns, and shelled us pretty lively, but did not do much damage. Our batteries opened on them and after a short time silenced them. Our boys on the front line suffered considerably from the enemy's sharpshooters. On the afternoon we heard distant cannonading in the rear of the enemy, and it was supposed to be Schofield's Corps touching them up. We laid in the same position the next day until about 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, when we were surprised by receiving an order to fall into line without knapsacks immediately, which was soon done. Leaving our knapsacks in charge of a detail, we started on the double quick in the direction of "Rockey Face," reaching a skirt of bushes on the edge of an open field which lay between us and the ridge. We formed our lines in conjunction with other regiments of our brigade, and at the word "Forward!" we charged across the field with a yell, receiving a heavy fire from the enemy's sharpshooters, who were posted in trees and behind rocks on the side of the ridge. Reaching the base of the ridge, we hurriedly commenced the ascent, but owing to a heavy rain the night previous we found it hard climbing, with its perpendicular face and numerous cuts and gullies in its steep sides. When about half way up the hill the enemy opened on us a heavy fire of grape and cannister, which, if their guns had been depressed enough, would have actually swept us off its face. As it was dangerous to start up, we were ordered to lie down when nearly to its top. The solid rock rises to a great height, presenting a perpendicular front impossible to climb without ropes or ladders, which was a bar to any attempt to reach the top from its front. The One Hundred and First Ohio was in front of us about thirty yards and close to the base of the rocks. They lost several men killed and wounded, as did other regiments in line with them—some from rocks thrown

down from above by the enemy. We hugged the ground rather close as the shot passed over us, and it made us feel rather solemn for the time being. We laid there until it was nearly dark, when we were ordered to fall back. By this time the enemy ceased their artillery firing and only skirmishing could be heard.

As the shades of night began to fall on the ridge, it looked awfully wild and gloomy, and we were glad to get away from it. We did not lose a man in our regiment in that action. On our return we heard the charge was made to test the strength of the enemy in our front, as it was supposed that they were falling back.

We were aroused the next morning long before daybreak and ordered to get ready to move. The weather was very cold, and felt more like November than May. We left camp at three o'clock in the morning and marched in the direction of Buzzard Roost Gap. We took our position in front of it and commenced fortifying. The enemy seemed unusually quiet. Our batteries shelled them occasionally, but there was no reply. We remained in position behind our works all day. Everything appeared to be very quiet except the usual skirmishing. The day was cold and chilly and fires were comfortable. There were rumors among the boys in the evening that the enemy was falling back. It was set down by the boys as a "grapevine" dispatch, although some firmly believed it.

We had an early breakfast next morning, and about 5 o'clock our batteries opened fire on the enemy, but there was no response. Shortly afterward we received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice, without knapsacks or tents. Just as we had everything ready and piled away, orders came to get ready with all our things and to march immediately, as it had been ascertained beyond any doubt that the enemy had evacuated. So we started at 7:30 a. m. and passed through Buzzard Roost Gap. We thought it one of the strongest positions we had yet beheld, which caused a large amount of wonder and surprise among us that the enemy would give up without a fight, but flanking did the business for us nicely. We hurriedly passed through their late camps and quarters and found almost every point fortified. We marched out on the road in great haste toward Dalton, and passed through the town at 10 o'clock a. m. We passed several places that the enemy had attempted to burn, but did not succeed altogether, as they were in too much of a hurry to get away. We halted for a few moments in the town, and noticed several women standing at their doors, who from their conversation seemed to be full-blooded "rebs." They talked very sharply to some of the officers. They said they expected to see us coming back that way again on a run, and they

would be very glad of it. They said "Jo" Johnson was only drawing us on, and that we would soon see something. They never realized their expectations. Our advance came up with the enemy's rear guard south of the town, and skirmishing commenced immediately. We advanced slowly on their skirmishers and when about nine miles from town we formed in line of battle and marched through a dense woods and thicket and came out on a road that was made and graded for a railroad. We halted here and went into camp for the night, feeling very tired and weary. Our rations were about out, and we felt pretty hungry. The commissary was away behind, so the boys laid down and went to sleep, as there was no telling when it would be up. About the middle of the night we were aroused up by our commissary sergeant telling us to come and get our rations, but it was not very pleasant to crawl out of our warm blankets at that hour, and it was quite a trouble to get enough of the boys to go after rations, for they were so tired and sleepy they would rather do without than to go after them at that hour of the night. After a short time every one got their dues and quiet reigned in our camp till morning, only broken now and then by a shot on the picket line.

The next morning we all had a good breakfast and then moved out at sunrise and marched left in front till 12 o'clock, when we suddenly came upon the enemy in force. We halted, and General Stanley, commanding our division, ordered two companies of our regiment to be thrown out immediately as skirmishers, so Companies B and G were ordered out, and soon deployed on the left flank of our line. The ground was hilly and covered with pines. We found a Michigan cavalry regiment skirmishing with the enemy and there were pretty lively times. We soon joined in, the bullets flying in every direction, sometimes too close for comfort. Everybody was behind any cover he could find. The trees were very slim and would hardly cover a person. There was a large cornfield at the foot of the hill we were on, and some cavalry were down there skirmishing. Beyond the cornfield was a curtain of timber, and there the enemy seemed to be posted. Occasionally we could hear them shouting. In a short time they opened on us with a heavy fire and the cavalry fell back, and as the enemy appeared to be advancing on us, we retreated slowly. We went only a short distance and halted, reformed our lines and commenced skirmishing again. We now advanced slowly and drove the enemy, who were cavalry, about one and a half miles. Some of us had very narrow escapes from being hit. The balance of the regiment and brigade joined us there, and we marched up on a very high ridge and formed a line of battle. Cannon and musket firing was very heavy on our right, which told us that some heavy fighting was



going on in that direction. In forming our line of battle our regiment was thrown to the left, which put us off the bridge down in the valley. A road led through the valley in the direction of the enemy, and the center of our regiment rested on the road. The One Hundred and First Ohio joined our right, part resting on the side of the ridge and the balance on the top, uniting with the rest of the regiments of our brigade. A heavy detail of skirmishers from each regiment was sent out to cover our front. Several squads of cavalry also passed out through our lines to skirmish with the enemy. There did not seem to be anything on the left of our regiment; if there was, we could not see it. We rested on the rise of ground above to the left of the road.

Late in the afternoon a mail arrived for our regiment. After we had just time to open the letters and packages and look at them, skirmishing broke out on our front and every one was ordered into line quickly. Temporary breastworks were hurriedly thrown up by orders of our colonel, and as the bullets commenced to fly in our direction we were ordered to lie down. Nearer and nearer came the noise and the excitement among us all was wrought to the highest pitch, as we expected the enemy to charge in on us every moment. We were cautioned particularly not to shoot until orders were given to do so, as quite a number of our men were out on the skirmish lines and had not been driven in. Still nearer came the noise of battle, but the men kept lying low, each with his gun in his hand and his finger ready on the trigger, and faced to the front, ready to let fly a storm of lead on the enemy's first appearance. The boys were greatly alarmed for fear that the enemy might come in on our left flank and take the advantage of us, but the enemy advanced in heavy columns and drove in our skirmishers. They soon reached our lines, when we were ordered to rise up quickly and give them a volley and fall back, as our left flank was being turned, and the regiment on our right was giving away. In an instant all was confusion. Companies and regiments became scattered and mixed, all going to the rear as fast as possible. We had several fences to climb, but very little climbing was done, for all that could not jump them tumbled over them. Our woolen and rubber blankets never, it seemed, felt so heavy as they did just then. The enemy had a fair view to shoot at us from the top of the high hills on our left, and the balls flew through the air thick and fast. No one seemed to be hit, but there was quite a number of miraculous escapes from death. We fell back about half a mile from our front line, and our regiment rallied on the left of a log house in an old field. While we were forming our lines we were surprised by a scattering fire on our left, and we were ordered to fall back, as we were flanked again. We retreated a few hundred yards further, halted and again formed

our line, and were ordered to lie down while the Fifth Indiana Battery threw them a little grape and cannister over our heads into the woods beyond. Although the battery boys worked with a will, it was a terrible situation for us to be in. To stand up was to run the risk of having our heads blown off. The boys of the battery were afraid they would lose their guns and they implored and begged the infantry to stay with them, our regiment being without support on the flanks. The battery ceased firing and we fell back a few hundred yards further. We formed our lines and kept up a continual fire on the woods in our front. The other regiments of our brigade were reorganized as fast as possible and prolonged the lines. In the meantime the battery sent the shells as fast as ever. In a few moments after taking up our last position we were joyfully surprised to find a heavy reinforcement from General Hooker's Corps, which came to our relief with General Hooker himself. They were received with loud cheers, and in few moments they charged the enemy in our front driving them before them. The long agony was over, and we felt that Hooker had saved us.

One thing was noticed by the men during all the excitement, that none of our brigade officers nor the general commanding were to be seen on the field; only one staff officer, and he stayed with our regiment. The fight lasted until 7 p. m.

After the fight was over we marched inside the breastworks that had been thrown up during the day, and they were crowded with troops, all making preparations to camp for the night. Having found a place for our brigade, we commenced to make arrangements to camp, but we had hardly spread our blankets down before an order came to fall in, and, with weary bodies and aching bones, we marched out and away to another part of the lines, arriving there at 10 p. m. perfectly worn out with our day's work. Wrapping ourselves in our blankets, with the sky for our roof, we were soon asleep on the ground. This had indeed been a hard day's work for us, commencing at sunrise and lasting away into the night without one moment's quiet rest during the day. We had two men of our regiment slightly wounded.

The next morning we were up at daylight, had an early breakfast, and then received orders to be ready to move immediately, as we were detached from our brigade to hold an important point on the extreme left of the Second Brigade of our division. We moved out at 5 o'clock. In a short time we reached our destination, which was on the side of a hill facing the enemy, and commenced operations at once by building breastworks. We made them good and strong. Every few minutes shells passed over our heads, singing their peculiar song, while the bullets from the skirmish line flew lively. We

kept close to our works, as we had nothing else to do. About 2:30 o'clock Hooker's Corps moved forward on the enemy. Butterfield's brigade of that corps passed through our lines five ranks deep, with bayonets fixed. We spoke words of encouragement to the boys as they passed forward. One regiment in particular had never been in a fight, and as this was their first trial they looked serious. When the troops reached the crest of the hill, they halted, reformed their lines, and, with a yell, dashed forward on the enemy's works. The artillery on both sides worked with a vengeance. The musketry was a continual roar and the excitement in our regiment was intense. Not being engaged we had to lie very close, as the shells and bullets flew thick about us. The whole thing did not last over five or ten minutes, and then we heard a great cheer all along the line, announcing the glad tidings that the blow was successful. Every one felt jubilant, and there was no danger of standing up straight. We had captured four cannons. The boys charged so quickly that the enemy had no time to haul them away. We remained in the works we built until 6 p. m., when we were relieved and rejoined our brigade. We found the "old First" intrenched on the side of a hill, where they had a line of works built.

Shortly after our arrival in camp rations came up, and word was sent around to come and get them. While issuing rations, balls from the skirmish lines frequently passed over our heads, sometimes a little too close for comfort, one ball especially burying itself in a barrel of pickle pork on which one of our boys was sitting at the time, and another struck a box of crackers. Everyone seemed to take it rather coolly, but rations were issued quickly and with dispatch, and not one was struck.

About 11 o'clock at night we were aroused by heavy firing again, which lasted some time, the enemy having charged our lines, but were driven off. During the excitement at the time our sergeant major was wounded while lying in bed, being hit with a stray ball in both legs. The next morning we were rejoiced to find the enemy had retreated during the night. We did not leave camp until 8 o'clock, and then we started out on the hunt for the enemy. We passed through their works, and in some places found them torn up badly from the fire of our guns. Small arms were scattered in every direction, and here and there a dismantled cannon, with broken gun carriages. The destruction was terrible in dead horses and mules, and at the spot we passed were thousands of guns piled together. They got away in such a hurry that they left everything, even their dead and quite a number of their wounded. Our boys were very kind to the wounded, gave them water and shared with them their hardtack. A great many had been told that if we got them they

would all be murdered, but they were glad to find it was not so.

While marching over the battle field we had to halt often, as troops were moving in all directions by brigades, divisions and corps. It presented quite an animated scene, and was truly a war picture. When we got fairly under way we marched steadily until we reached the town of Resaca, at 12 o'clock, and, from our standpoint, we thought the place had been strongly fortified. Forts and rifle pits were in every conceivable position to defend the place, but our flanking did the business. We halted, stacked arms, got our dinner and remained until 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon. We then fell in and crossed the Coosa River on canvas pontoon bridges, the enemy having burned the railroad bridge as they retreated. After we crossed the river we marched slowly for about three miles, and went into camp, where we lay until the next morning at 8 o'clock, when we were ordered to fall in. We started out on a slow and tedious march, our advance skirmishing with the enemy's rear guard. We reached the town of Calhoun at 11 a. m. and passed through it almost on the double quick. Everything appeared upside down. The main street was full of papers of all kinds and scattered in every direction. They were taken from the Court House. The town was completely deserted, not a solitary inhabitant to be seen of either sex. Our march was lively, we soon arriving at the town of Adairsville. At 6 o'clock in the evening heavy skirmishing commenced along the front line, so we came to the conclusion that the enemy was going to make a stand, for they seemed to be in full force in our front. The firing of our skirmishers was very lively at this time and we were ordered into line of battle. We formed in an open wheat field, with a large house on our right, and in front of it was several batteries getting ready for action. We advanced a short distance from where we formed and halted again, several shells from the enemy passing over our heads. We continued in line till dark and bivouacked for the night. As we lay there they kept up a lively fire on the skirmish line away into the night. During the night we saw a bright light which made the heavens look bright. We laid in the same position until the next morning at 9 a. m. A large number of troops had been moving out since daylight. We left our position at 9 o'clock and moved out to the road. We had not gone far before we came to what had caused the bright light the night before. It was a large dwelling house built in the octagon style, which no doubt was a fine building. As we marched past there was nothing left but the walls. Our march was slow all day, and we went into camp about 7 p. m., feeling very tired, having kept up this kind of marching for some weeks. But still we were compelled to go on.

On the morning of May 18, 1864, we were up early and marched at 7 o'clock, our regiment and brigade being in front. Soon after starting, Companies B and G were thrown out as flankers for the brigade. It was pretty tough work at times, as we had to pick our way through swamps and thickets, quite different from marching on a level road.

We reached the town of Kingston on May 19, 1864, at 8:30 a. m., where we found the enemy drawn up in line and skirmishers thrown out. We advanced as skirmishers for a while and were then ordered in. As we passed through the town we went through a garden that had some strawberries growing in it, but the boys soon made a clean sweep of them. On the other side of the town skirmishers were again thrown out and advanced as far as an old milldam and halted. After remaining a short time they rejoined the regiment, when we took the main road. The weather was warm and the roads dusty. After marching a short time we halted again. In a few minutes some cavalry came along and reported the enemy drawn up in line of battle in our front, waiting for us. There was quite a commotion in the ranks. Those who were in any way sick were given passes to the rear. Artillery went past us at a lively rate to the front, and things began to look serious. We were ordered to fall in; then marched a short distance up the road, halted a few moments, filed to the right into the woods and formed in line of battle. A lieutenant and a few men were sent to reconnoiter a hill a short distance from our right flank to see if any rebels were there. Company B was ordered out as skirmishers, but the boys did not like it very much, as they thought their turn came too often, but they all went off through a thicket of pine woods. They found it hard work to keep their lines with those on the flanks. Orders were passed along the line to "guide right," and "guide left," "come round on the right," and such expressions, but they kept moving for some time, when they halted, and some of the boys commenced chatting with each other, when a few shots from the enemy's skirmishers, sent in their direction, soon silenced them and made them look sharper than they had before. They sent a volley in the same direction, and our artillery commenced pounding away on our left. When they reached the edge of the woods they found an open field, and our skirmish line continued across into the woods beyond. A short distance to the rear our division was drawn up in line; rank after rank stretched across the field. The old Eighty-first was in the front line, and the little that was left of our old, tattered and war-worn flag, begrimed as it was by powder and rent by bullets and storms until it was scarcely recognizable as a flag, fluttered there as gayly as any of its new and more gorgeous sisters of some of the other regi-

ments. As we entered the open field and looked back a scene of beauty met our eyes not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. With the old flag streaming in the breeze and long lines of blue stretching across the green fields into the forest on either side, where their movements could be traced by the glimmer of the bayonets in the dark green foliage, as they moved up quickly to our support; batteries hurrying hastily up to the front, and the long line of ambulances, wagons and ammunition teams hurrying to their places, made a scene of excitement that was truly grand. As a fit setting to such a glorious picture, right in our rear, close up to the army, was a railroad train puffing and blowing, carrying our supplies. The enemy's skirmishers could plainly be seen, their line being stretched along a rail fence which crossed the field, while some distance in their rear we could see their line of battle and their officers hurrying hither and thither, giving orders. But the scene did not last long, for our batteries opened a lively fire on them while we continued to advance. In a short time they were seen falling back, their skirmishers bringing up the rear, at a very lively gait, the reason for which, we afterward learned, was because they were Governor Brown's "Georgia Milish," which could not stand fire. We continued to advance till we were clear of the woods. One of our boys captured a bottle of soft soap and a haversack, which were suddenly left by a reb. After proceeding a short distance we were relieved and rejoined our regiment.

It was here we got our first view of General Sherman. He looked rather awkward to us, and very rough. He was smoking a cigar, but rode a good horse and seemed to be taking things rather coolly.

As soon as we reached the road we marched a short distance and then filed to the left, into a wood. After marching about half an hour we went into camp in a dense thicket of pine. This was a hard day's work to us and we were all pretty tired, for the day was warm. We remained in camp all the next day, May 20, 1864. It was understood we were to remain a while to take a rest and a clean-up, both being needed very much. It was now seventeen days since we left our camp at Ooltewah. Since that time we had been continually in excitement and on the move. We began to feel like we needed rest and were truly thankful to get it. Orders were received to make our estimate of shoes wanted, as some of the boys needed them badly. We remained in camp the next day. Most of the boys washed their clothing, as a very nice stream of water ran close to our camp. We also received orders to make out an estimate for clothing. We had all kinds of rumors in camp about moving, that we would have a twenty day's march,

and from the indications it appeared to be true. Our boys were in excellent spirits and health. The weather was very warm, and being camped in a thicket of pines it was close and sultry.

The next day, Sunday, May 22, 1864, still found us in camp without orders to move. The weather continued very warm. This was our third day in camp at this place. We were three miles from Kingston and close to the railroad. We had received plenty of rations, the boys were satisfied, and we began to feel the good effect of our rest, but it was rumored that we could look for marching orders at any moment. Our mail arrived as regularly as could be and all appeared contented.

The next morning our camp was full of excitement, as it was pretty well understood that we would move out at 12 o'clock, but we did not start as we were still expecting our shoes. They arrived shortly afterward and were issued immediately, everything being ready to march.

On May 24, we moved out at about 3 p. m. The roads were very dusty. Our march was in the direction of the Altoona Mountains, where it was supposed the enemy were fortified. Near sundown we crossed the Etowah River on a good bridge which the enemy failed to burn for want of time. We marched until near 10 o'clock at night, and went into camp in a large wheat field. Although we just had a good rest for several days, this march was a tiresome one, especially to the boys who had on new shoes, as they were not broken in yet. We were glad to go into camp, make fires, get supper and rest our feet. We left our camp next morning, May 25, about 9 o'clock, and started on the road again. Our march was very slow and tedious, owing to the hilly nature of the country and the difficulty of getting our trains and artillery along. Sometimes we marched on the road, and then again we would take to the woods or the side of the road and give the road to our trains. We reached the mountains about 12 o'clock, climbed them and continued on the march till nearly sundown, when we descended into a valley. As we saw some trains corraling, we expected to go into camp, and marched into a field and halted. We had hardly done so when we received orders to move ahead, as it was five miles further before we could camp. Just before we halted a heavy thunder storm came up, rain drops began to fall, and the situation ahead was anything but pleasant. By this time it was quite dark and we had a pretty steep hill to climb. The rain came down in torrents, and in a few moments it made the roads fearfully muddy. It was quite a job to climb up the hill, it being so slippery that several of the boys, when near the top, lost their balance and slid down again, the successful ones assisting them on their way with cheers and laughter. Everything looked terrible. The roads being blocked up with

the trains, we had to take to the woods again. One could not imagine a more wild and weird scene than this night's march was. But all things have an end, and so did the storm and our march. We got into camp about 12 o'clock completely covered with mud, wringing wet and hungry as bears, but we soon built fires, got our suppers and tried to dry out a little before we went to sleep. Some of the boys fell by the wayside and did not come in till next morning. We did not leave our camp next day until about 9 o'clock, when we started on the road toward Dallas. Our march was slow and tiresome, on account of marching through the woods, as we had to give the right of way to the wagon trains. A great many of the boys complained of being stiff and sore on account of their new shoes. Along in the evening we heard heavy firing of artillery and musketry in the direction of our left. The Eighty-first was marching in front of the brigade. In a few moments a mounted officer galloped toward us and we were ordered to move forward quickly. By this time the sound told us they meant business, and seemed to be only a short distance away. Sore feet and stiff legs were forgotten as we hurried forward. We began to meet musicians going to the rear—a good sign of a fight ahead. We soon met wounded men coming to the rear. As we got closer to the front we learned that some of our men had run into an ambuscade, where the enemy had a masked battery upon a high hill. By this time it was nearly dark, and we filed off the road to the right, and bivouacked for the night. We had hardly stacked arms before we were ordered to fall in and move out on the road toward the battle field. About the time we got in line it commenced to rain pretty hard and firing on the front lines had ceased. We moved over a portion of the battle field and began to meet the wounded in greater numbers than before. Our brigade was halted and we moved off the road to give them a chance to pass. We waited for nearly two hours for them to do so. They were in ambulances and on stretchers, and some were carried by their comrades. It was a sorrowful sight. Over four hundred wounded men went past us as we waited. As soon as they had passed we took the road, and moved forward a short distance, filed to the right into some woods and camped for the night. A heavy rain was falling, making everything very unpleasant.

The next morning we moved forward a short distance, halted, formed in line of battle and lay in reserve all day. Rations were issued to us here, which we were all glad to get, as our supplies were pretty near out. There was very heavy skirmishing in our front all day. We camped for the night in the same place.



The next morning, Wednesday, May 25, 1864, our brigade moved out to the front lines to relieve another brigade of our division, but as we only had three regiments of about nine hundred men, we could not relieve all of the brigade. After remaining in the breastworks for about half an hour we were relieved by another brigade larger than ours, and we retired a few hundred yards and lay in reserve the balance of the day, expecting orders at any time to move forward to assist in a charge on the enemy's lines. Happily, however, it did not take place, and we were not disturbed. We lay in the rear of a battery which kept a continued firing on the enemy. They replied quite briskly, which kept us in continual excitement on account of the shells flying over us, some of them coming a little too close for comfort, some bursting close to us, but none of our regiment were injured. We remained in the same position until about 2 o'clock the next afternoon, when we got orders to fall in and move out, our regiment being in front. We marched several miles to our extreme left, when we halted and commenced throwing up fortifications, our regiment being on the left of our brigade. We supposed this move was to place us in reserve on the flank to prevent the enemy from turning our left. We worked until 12 o'clock at night on our breastworks, making them good and strong.

We had received no mail for several days.

The next day, Sunday, May 29, 1864, we expected to get a rest, but instead of a day of peace and quiet we heard nothing but the noise of war. We laid all day in the same position, with our usual detail for picket and skirmish duty. All day the firing on the skirmish line was heavy, and on the right of our army some heavy fighting was going on. We were looking every hour for a general engagement along the whole line. We remained in the same position until 10 o'clock the next morning, May 30, 1864, when we were ordered to fall in quickly and be ready to move immediately. We moved out from our breastworks shortly after the order was given, our regiment leading the brigade, and marched about one and a half miles, bringing us to the extreme left of our infantry lines. We were supported by Stoneman's Cavalry on our left flank, and part of the command was dismounted and deployed as skirmishers in front of us. We were placed as a support to the cavalry, and took up our position on a high hill which was pretty well covered with rocks. We laid quiet all day, not being disturbed, and the boys amused themselves by turning over rocks, hunting lizards and scorpions, and finding some of the largest ants we had ever seen. About 6 p. m. we were relieved by another brigade, we then returned to our fortifications, and the boys felt glad of it.

There was a regiment in the brigade that relieved us that was a very large one; in fact, larger than our entire brigade. It was a new one, only out a few months.

Just as we had about made our arrangements for a good night's rest, orders came to get ready to move at a moment's notice. We soon learned that our little brigade of four regiments had been detailed as a train guard to go back to Kingston. The boys felt jolly at getting a chance to go to the rear, to be out of the sound of cannons, guns, shells and splinters for a while. In a short time everything was in readiness. We soon moved out, receiving, as we started, special orders to keep our accountermerts close together to prevent any noise being made while marching, to have no talking in the ranks, but to move along quietly and quickly. The night was very dark, and we appeared to move toward the rear, and very close to our skirmish lines. We could see every flash when a gun was fired, and quite often a bullet from the enemy flew over our heads with the old familiar whiz. At one place as we moved along the firing from the enemy's skirmishers was very lively, which was quickly replied to by our skirmishers. For a moment we thought an attack was about to be made. The bullets flew thick and fast, but they all went over us. The quick firing brought out the big guns, and they joined in the fray, but in a few moments all was quiet and things settled down to an occasional shot. After a short march we reached our hospitals in the field, which consisted of large white tents. They were filled with wounded. Fires were built outside, which gave light all around. We could hear the groans of the wounded as we passed near some of the tents. The ambulances were bringing in more, and the doctors and helpers were moving about in great haste. It was a sad-looking place, and we passed hurriedly by. We marched seven miles, then halted and camped in the woods on the side of the road about 1 o'clock at night, feeling pretty tired, and, as some of the boys said, "played out." It was said that the train under our charge contained over three thousand wounded men.

We moved out in the morning early, our train being ahead of us. Before we were many hours on the road, marching became tedious; in fact, very tiresome. As we moved along we could hear heavy cannonading at the front, telling us that times were lively out there. We marched about twenty miles, finally reaching camp on the Etowah River, the wagons being corraled just before dark. The weather was warm and the roads very dusty, which was worse on us, as we marched in the rear of the wagons and got all the dust they made. Some of the boys took a good bath in the river.

The next morning, May 31, 1864, we left camp about 8 o'clock. Company B was detailed to guard some prisoners on their way to the rear. Flankers were thrown out on both sides of the road, part of the company in advance and part in the rear, the prisoners in the center. We treated them kindly while they were in our charge. We found some of them to be very nice men. Two of them were commissioned officers, the balance privates. We conversed with them on the march. Some of them appeared glad at the change in their condition, others looked gloomy and morose, especially, one of the officers. They said they had about eighty thousand men at the Altoona Mountains, well entrenched, and intended to make a stand there.

We made a quick march and reached Kingston about 11 a. m. on June 1, 1864. Our prisoners were turned over to the post commander. Before leaving, some of them expressed a wish that we were going all the way through with them. Some of us wished so, too. We went into camp in a very pleasant place on the side of a hill in front of the town. The ground was dotted here and there with young pine trees, with a creek flowing near. All of us took advantage of the creek for bathing purposes. We found quite a number of troops stationed there. We were all glad to get back to Kingston, because it gave us a chance for rest and quiet for a short time. Our brigade was very small at times owing to several of the regiments being home on furlough, and we were looking for some of them back every day. The boys enjoyed their rest and the little change in diet. They got soft bread and fruit. Some of the boys laid in a little supply of fancy stores for the future from the sutler. We washed our clothes and had a general cleaning up, which we needed badly. Shoes and socks were issued to those who needed them.

Our third day in camp was a rainy one, but that did not make much difference to the boys. Our sutler arrived with a full stock of good things, and was hailed with delight. Our commissary also came up and issued rations, so for a rainy day in camp we had plenty of excitement.

On the morning of the fourth day of our sojourn in camp, which was Saturday, June 4, 1864, orders came to be ready to move some time during the day. If the boys could have had their say, they would have been in favor of staying at Kingston a few days more, but at 12 o'clock came the sound of the bugle to fall in, and that settled all controversy. In a short time we were moving out of camp in advance of the wagon train on our way to the front. We marched about eight miles and reached Etowah River, halted and bivouacked for the night. Being in the advance, we got into camp early, about 4 o'clock p. m., while

the rear of our train did not leave Kingston until 5 o'clock, and reached us at 12 o'clock at night. The weather was cloudy and it rained all day, making the roads muddy and disagreeable.

The next morning, June 5, 1864, was Sunday. Yes, it was Sunday at home, but very little of it could be seen here. We had no clean linen to put on, no blacking to use on our shoes, no church bells to listen to and we were about camp the same as any other day of the week. We remained in camp until the last wagon of our train had passed out, our regiment bringing up the rear, so it was 12 o'clock in the day before we got started. It rained all the forenoon, all the men getting wet and feeling very uncomfortable. We marched about five miles and halted. We expected to go into camp, but just before dark orders were received to fall in and bring up the rear of the train. The road being so bad, the train could hardly move. We got along very slow, so many of the wagons getting stalled. Companies B and G were detailed to stay with them till morning. It only wanted two hours to daylight, yet the boys were glad of the chance to rest, as they were very tired from marching and helping the wagons over streams and up hills knee deep in mud.

Some of our boys were afflicted with a disease of a strange nature, called by some "moonblindness." As soon as the sun went down they became perfectly blind. During the night's march they had to be led by the hands, as they were perfectly helpless.

During the night we had more rain, and when morning came a more wet and miserable looking set of men could hardly be found anywhere. Still the boys were all in good spirits.

On June 6, 1864, when day dawned, we started on the road again in the rear of the train. The mules, having had a few hours' rest and something to eat, started on, and by our help, pushing and prying them out of mud holes, some of them below the hubs of the wheels, the drivers yelling, whipping and swearing, they moved on. The day was warm and we had a few showers of rain. We got into camp at dark, full of mud, wet and tired, but thankful for our chance to rest. Our brigade was divided and scattered all along the road, escorting the train.

General Cruft, our brigade commander, was sick, and Colonel Kirby, of the One Hundred and First Ohio, commanded the brigade.

On June 7, 1864, we remained in camp until 8 a. m. We then moved forward. The marching was more pleasant than the day before, because we did not have to halt so often. We had all of our regiment together, but our brigade was divided along the road and most of it away in the rear guarding the train. The wagons we were with went along without any trouble or delay, for which we were truly thankful. We arrived at our

division headquarters at 11 a. m., and were surprised to find the remainder of the division in regular camp. Shortly after we arrived we received orders to do the same. We thought we were going to stay for a while. We were glad, for we needed rest after such a journey as we had. We put up our dog tents in regular order in a nice grove of trees. The ground was covered with grass, and the boys were delighted with the situation. The weather was very sultry during the day; no air was stirring. The remainder of the brigade all got in toward night, and were assigned to their places. The front of our lines was several miles from us. It was rumored that we were to have dress parade twice a day and roll-call five times. The boys thought that was rather tough on us.

The following day, June 8, 1864, was spent in fixing up our quarters, arranging our tents and preparing to have a good time while we stayed. Rations were issued to us in the morning and in the evening, and we were told that it was to do us for four days. We had dress parade about 5 p. m., for the first time for over a month. Orders were received to have dress parade twice each day and roll-call five times as long as we remained in camp. The boys thought our orders were a little tight, but they said orders were orders and must be obeyed. After roll-call in the evening we were quite surprised at receiving orders to be ready to move at 6 o'clock in the morning, reveille at 3 o'clock. Some had gone to considerable trouble fixing up their quarters, and felt sorry to leave them so soon, but the regrets were soon forgotten in the anxiety to know what the next move would be.

June 9, 1864, reveille at 3 o'clock, roll-call, and the usual excitement attendant preparatory to a move. After an early breakfast, we commenced getting ready to move out, when we were surprised again by hearing the marching orders countermanded, so we got to stay another day in camp. During the day we had dress parade twice and roll-call five times. There was no chance to be absent from camp then.

We had a visit from some of our old friends in the Twenty-third Indiana, and they spent a nice time with us.

## CHAPTER XII.

BRIGADIER GENERAL KIRBY—MORE OF THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

On June 10, 1864, General Kirby took command of our brigade. About 7 o'clock the bugles were blown to strike tents. As we had been expecting it we were not surprised. We were soon in line, and shortly after moved out from our pleasant camp and took the road toward Marietta. It was a very pleasant morning. When we had marched a few miles our advance came in contact with the enemy, and skirmishing commenced very lively at the start. Our brigade was in the advance of our division. We drove the enemy some distance till we came in sight of their camps, then halted, but kept up skirmishing till night set in. We bivouacked for the night where we halted. Some of our regiments threw up fortifications during the day. We had heavy rains, with thunder and lightning, which made it very disagreeable. We remained in the same place until 9 o'clock the next morning, June 11, 1864. We then changed position to the right and remained until sundown, when we were ordered to advance through our works about a half-mile and form; we then threw up another line of fortifications. The boys worked well into the night on our works. We had learned the trade of making breastworks by this time. This was a bad night for work, as it rained all night. Being so close to the enemy, we could build no fires. The rain was very cold for this time of the year.

On June 12, 1864, we remained in the same position behind our works all day, with the rain pouring down upon us, which made it very disagreeable in the trenches. Our skirmishers in front kept up a heavy firing along the whole line, doing and receiving considerable damage, as quite a number were wounded on both sides. As no orders were received looking toward a change of position, we fixed ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night. It rained hard all night.

The next morning, June 13, 1864, still found us in a damp condition, but in good spirits. Our skirmishers kept hanging away all night. There appeared no let up to the rain, but it lasted until 5 p. m., when the clouds broke up and it cleared off, which made us all feel glad. It was the same old routine during the day, and we prepared ourselves to remain another night.

The next morning, June 14, 1864, found us in the same position behind our works. During the day there was heavy fighting on our left. About 2 p. m. we received orders to strike tents and get ready to move. We did it very quickly, and were soon in line ready to move in any direction. We remained in line for nearly two hours, expecting to move at any moment, but orders to move did not come till 4 o'clock, and then the order was to put up our tents again. In a short time most of the regiments had their tents up. Some of the boys did not put up any, as they believed we would yet move. The tents were hardly up, however, before orders came to take them down again, and prepare to move at once. We then moved through our works, and marched by the left flank for a mile, and then faced to the front and went forward about a quarter of a mile. Our front was protected by a heavy line of skirmishers, who had their hands full, but they finally drove the enemy back. We then took up a new position and fortified it in double-quick time, as we expected the enemy to assault us. They were very strong in front of us, and had given us considerable trouble during the afternoon. We were in position in front of Pine Mountain. Big Shanty Station, on the railroad, was off to our left. We were near the center of our line of battle. We remained near our works, waiting an attack, but night came without bringing further trouble. The boys who were not detailed for picket made preparations for a night's rest, hoping not to be disturbed till morning, June 15, 1864.

We were up at daylight next morning, and very much pleased to find the enemy had abandoned their position on the top of Pine Mountain, and had gone. We had breakfast in a hurry and started in pursuit, passing through their works, which we found very strong. Their position was a good one, and of considerable importance to us as a signal station, being in the center and considerably advanced between Kenesaw Mountain and Lost Mountain. Shortly after we entered their works one of our boys found a rebel sound asleep. His slumbers were rudely disturbed by one of the boys prodding his bayonet through his haversack and informed him to get up and go North. He said the enemy fell back during the night, but he was too tired and sleepy to go with them. He also said a piece of shell from the Fifth Indiana battery had killed General Polk; that Polk, Hardee and Johnson were standing close together when the shell exploded, hitting Polk. This we heard was afterward confirmed by captured officers who came into our lines and gave themselves up. It was said that General Sherman was riding along the line in the afternoon, and when passing our brigade he noticed a group of officers on the mountain top, and ordered Captain Simonson, commanding the Fifth Indiana Battery,

to throw a shell at them to disperse them. It was done, and that shot caused many a sad heart in the enemy's ranks and among men both North and South. General Polk, no doubt was a good man, but, like the rest of the leaders of the Confederate Army, he took up the wrong cause when he drew his sword against his country. It would have been better for himself and the whole country had he remained a minister of the Gospel, as he was before the war. The enemy had one line of breastworks which was very strong, strong enough, in fact, to bid defiance to shot and shell. From the work done it looked like they never intended to leave them without a hard struggle, but a high knob something over half a mile from their main line rendered their works of but little use to them. They could not stand the shells that were hurled at them from our batteries the evening before from the north, east and west; in fact, most of the firing was in short rifle range east and west, so as to enfilade them and cut them out, but they fell back under cover of night. We maneuvered on the field until 5 p. m., with considerable skirmishing going on in our front, which caused a great deal of excitement among the boys. The country all around was heavily wooded and interspersed with undergrowth. We all had anxious looks as we gazed through the dark woods in our front, expecting to see the enemy's column advancing toward us. We were formed in double-line columns at half distance, our whole division being formed in the same way. In a short time orders were received to move forward, with a heavy line of skirmishers in our front. Soon the balls of the enemy were flying around us. Our skirmish line pushed the enemy's skirmishers back to their first line of works, and we followed close behind them until within a few hundred yards of the same, when we reformed our lines and were ordered to throw up breastworks quickly. The underbrush was very thick, making it almost impossible to see a man a hundred yards away. While throwing up breastworks, Lafayette Walker, of Company C, was killed. He was a new man in the regiment, but was a good soldier and well-liked by his comrades. He was the only man killed in our division, but three others were wounded. There was heavy fighting on our left. General Maepherson had carried a high hill on our left by assault, capturing a thousand prisoners. Just before dark the Fifth Indiana Battery took up its position in our front, and during the night sent a good many shells toward the enemy's works. All night long our skirmish lines kept up a heavy fire. We slept upon our arms behind our works. As we were kept pretty busy during the day, we were very tired and glad to rest. During the night the battery was moved further to the front and very close to the enemy's works and continued to shell them.



The next morning, June 16, 1864, we were up early and had a hasty breakfast, the enemy still firing lively in our front. On the skirmish line the firing was heavy. Our position was on a large hill. It was covered with a heavy growth of pines, and the underbrush was as thick as the hair on a dog's back. Our brigade was on the front line, with our regiment in the rear. Wood's division of our corps was in the rear of us. The skirmishers were busy, and the artillery kept shelling the woods. Along in the afternoon the enemy opened a battery on us and shelled our works, but the boys laid low. No one was hurt in the regiment except Lieutenant Hargis, of Company G, who was wounded in the right arm by a piece of shell. At 6 p. m. Captain Simonson, of the Fifth Indiana Battery, who was chief of artillery in our division, was killed while directing the fire of his guns on the skirmish line. He was shot by one of the enemy's sharpshooters. His death was a great loss to our army, and we felt at that time that 'most anybody else could be spared but him. At night we received orders to lay down and be ready to move at any moment, but we lay all night in the same position.

In the morning, June 17, 1864, we were up before daylight. The first thing we heard was that the enemy had fallen back, so we moved into their works at the peep of day and found everything cleaned out, nothing left behind but the works. The trees for a great distance around their works in the rear were considerably cut up and marked by our balls and shells. One oak tree in particular was split right through by one of our solid shots. Limbs of trees lay in all directions. We remained in their works until 4 p. m., when we were relieved by a brigade from Wood's division, our brigade having been in the advance since we left our camp at Acworth. We retired to the rear and bivouacked for the night.

On June 18, 1864, we were ordered up at 3 p. m. We had a hurried breakfast, as orders were received during the night to advance at daylight and support Newton's Division. At sunrise we moved out, and in a short time heavy firing commenced along our whole front. According to previous arrangements, Newton's Division charged and captured another line of the enemy's works. The enemy fell back to another line, about two or three hundred yards in the rear of the one taken, and made another stand, both sides keeping up a heavy firing with small arms, the artillery occasionally joining in. During the fighting the rain came down in torrents and kept it up the entire day, but the boys were all in pretty good spirits. We bivouacked for the night in line of battle.

The next morning, June 19, 1864, was Sunday. When we got up we found the enemy had left their works in the night. About 8 o'clock we started to hunt them up. When we had

marched about two miles, our advance came upon their skirmishers, and hard work commenced at once. We kept pressing them and they fell back slowly until about dark, when operations ceased. It rained hard all the morning and the boys were wet from head to foot. It was impossible to keep dry, as we had to march through such a dense growth of underbrush that was saturated with water. We remained where we halted and bivouacked for the night.

On June 20, 1864, shortly after daylight, we moved about one mile to the right and relieved a brigade of Hooker's Corps. Just before we moved we had one man wounded by a stray ball. He belonged to Company A. Stray balls did considerable damage in the way of wounds, in a great many cases ending in death.

When we relieved Hooker's Brigade we commenced to throw up temporary breastworks, as we did not know how long we were going to remain. Our position was on a high hill. In our immediate front the enemy occupied another hill several hundred yards away. They also had rifle pits a short distance in advance of their works, and troubled us a great deal while we were throwing up our works. Our breastworks had a gradual slope or decent to the left on the side of the hill that we occupied. A short distance in front of us was a small curtain of timber, in which our skirmishers were posted behind trees. Beyond that was a clear open field in our immediate front, with a stream of water pouring through it in the shape of the letter S several times repeated. About four hundred yards in front of our brigade was the high hill occupied by the enemy. On our left was a dense woods on low ground. The Thirty-first Indiana joined on our left and occupied the lowest ground on our brigade line. The formation of our lines at this point was rather singular. It was in the shape of a horse-shoe, the bend to the rear of our brigade, we occupying the bend of the shoe, while the brigades on our right and left occupied the sides of the shoe further advanced. The hill occupied by the enemy projected into us, thereby preventing our brigade from forming a line parallel with the brigade on our right and left. There was heavy firing all day between our skirmishers and the enemy's rifle pits, varied every few moments with shells from the enemy's battery in our front. A great many of our boys on the skirmish lines were wounded, some pretty badly. About 3 p. m. orders were received for our skirmishers to move forward and clear the hill in our front of the enemy's rifle pits. Companies A, B, C and H of our regiment were detailed to support them. Shortly after the orders was given we formed in line in the rear of our skirmishers, in the curtain of timber, just outside of our breastworks. As soon as the command was given

we moved forward. We were hardly outside of the timber and in the open field, in full view of the enemy, before the bullets commenced to play lively on us, but we moved forward as quickly as the nature of the ground would permit us to do. It was raining hard at the time. When we had reached a short distance in front, Company B was deployed as skirmishers to fill up a gap on the left of the advancing line. As we moved forward to a dense thicket of timber and undergrowth, right in front of us, we had to wade up to our waists through a creek to reach the timber. As soon as we got there our boys posted themselves behind trees and commenced pouring in a heavy fire toward the enemy's works. It was here we met with our first casualty. Joseph Kenner, of Company B, was shot through the left thigh and badly wounded, just as he stepped out of the water and was running for a tree. We placed him in as safe a place as we could find, behind a large log, which protected him from any bullets that might come in that direction. For a while the enemy fired shells at short range that bursted over our heads and cut the limbs of the trees, which fell about us. There appeared to be no place of safety anywhere. The left of our lines were in a more exposed position than we, as they were on open ground, studded here and there with dead trees, all of which they took advantage of at times. The noise was terrible from guns and cannons, bursting shells and the shouts of the men. We were very close to the enemy's works, but could not see a man about them, although their firing never ceased. We remained in our position several hours, but could not go any further, as our force was not strong enough. We had captured their rifle pits, took several prisoners and held our ground so far. Toward evening our ammunition commenced to give out, and the boys kept calling for more. Some of them were very near the enemy's works, but after a short time we were compelled to retreat, our ammunition giving out, and we fell back behind our works. A heavy fire was kept up on the enemy from our picket line, which kept the enemy in check till we received a supply of cartridges, and then our killed and wounded were brought in—all but Joseph Kenner. We felt sorry to leave him behind, but it was impossible to get him away at that time. Rain fell nearly all the time the fight was in progress, which made it very disagreeable for us, but to the wounded men it was a blessing. Although we were driven back we accomplished what we were ordered to do. We drove the enemy out of their rifle pits, captured several prisoners, took the hill the enemy held and held it for three hours, but we were not reinforced, our ammunition gave out, and under the circumstances it was impossible to hold the place any longer. The enemy had eight pieces of artillery playing on our lines, which threw solid

shot, shell and cannister, and at the same time had been reinforced. Our loss in this day's fight was one killed and fifteen wounded. Company H lost Hiram McCane, shot through the heart, killing him instantly.

Rations were issued to us after dark, and after supper we lay down, wet, tired and sleepy. There was heavy firing on the picket line until after the middle of the night. It then ceased to some extent, but they still kept up an occasional firing to remind us that they were still there and of what we might expect on the morrow. On account of the firing the boys did not get the rest they should have had after their hard day's work, but they seemed a little refreshed and were up before daylight. On June 21, as the day began to break, the firing on the picket line commenced quite briskly and continued until about 12 o'clock, when we were ordered to fall in and get ready to assault the hill we took and lost June 20. A heavy fire was opened on the enemy's rifle pits, while a strong skirmish line moved forward quickly under cover of the fire, and were within a few hundred yards of the rifle pits before the enemy saw us. They made a feeble resistance. Our boys kept on going and gained the pits, some of the enemy retreating back to their works, while about twenty of them surrendered and were brought into our lines. As soon as our skirmishers had captured the pits and taken the hill our whole brigade moved forward, regiment after regiment, to their support. It was a grand sight to see them as they moved forward on the double-quick, with cheers and colors flying to the music of shot and shell, the enemy's fire at this time was very heavy and mostly at short range. Our skirmishers and pioneers advanced to the brow of the hill and commenced to throw up works. The enemy had their guns so well trained on the hill that every shot told with effect. Trees were felled and rolled by our boys to the top of the hill, while others were behind them with shovels to throw up dirt against them to make the first foundations for breastworks. For a while it seemed as if the enemy would have their own way, for as soon as a log reached the brow of the hill a shot from the enemy would whirl it back again, but with all this our boys soon had good breastworks springing up right in front of them. The work was done under the hottest fire we had been in yet, shot and shell actually raining over the rise of the hill. Several of our men were killed and wounded before the works were half done. Elijah Dome, of Company K had his head taken clean off by a solid shot just as he raised his head to look over a log he was assisting to roll up to its place.

As soon as they were completed each regiment moved into its place in line behind the works. The battery boys got a good position for their guns and soon began to make it lively for the

enemy. A heavy musket fire was also kept up on them, as we were then only a few hundred yards from their main line of works. As our guns were doing good work, we kept them pretty quiet. Rain fell all day, but the boys were used to that. Most of the companies worked on their breastworks far into the night, making them still stronger.

That was considered by the boys to be about the hottest day's fight that our regiment had been in yet. The regiment had two men killed and eleven wounded, one mortally.

On the morning of June 22, we were up early and at work on our breastworks again, making them as nearly shell-proof as we could. It was well that we did so, for about 4 p. m. the enemy opened on us with several batteries and shelled us for nearly an hour, our batteries replied vigorously. During that time the noise of the cannons and screech of the shells as they passed over us was terrible, and made us hug our works closely. We expected the enemy were going to charge us, but we were prepared for them. The way our batteries were placed was excellent. A space large enough for a gun was dug into the hill and just deep enough to bring the mouth of the cannon on a level with the top of the hill, this protected the whole gun and the gunners were not exposed. Every gun was placed in the same manner. It was almost impossible for the enemy's fire to dislodge them.

The men of Company B felt anxious as to the fate of poor Jo Kenner, so his friends and comrades in the company were determined to learn his fate, believing that he was still alive and on the field. Just after daylight Lieutenant Schell called for volunteers to go out on our front line to see if he was still where they left him when the enemy drove them back. Several volunteered to go. Two of his most intimate friends were chosen and started out. Our picket line was not as far advanced as it was on the evening of our first day's fight, so they told the boys on picket to let them pass through the lines. In a few moments they returned on the double-quick, bringing the joyful news that he was found and alive. The greatest excitement prevailed among the boys, and his whole company, to a man, wanted to go out after him. Four men were immediately sent with a stretcher to bring him in, and in a short time returned, carrying poor Jo. He was greatly changed and almost gone. Hot coffee and whisky were given him and his hands and face were washed, and he said he felt like a new man again. The company felt happy and relieved in mind that Jo was alive and with them again. He said that after we were driven back, the enemy's pickets took the log where he was laid when wounded and used it for their breastworks. He begged them to move him to a place of safety, as he was in danger of being struck by balls

from our guns, but they would not do it. He laid there two nights and one day without any shelter or anything to eat or drink, they having taken his canteen, haversack and two blankets. He begged them for a drink of water, but they would not give him even that. He was indeed happy to be with his friends again. When he told us of his bitter treatment by the enemy, we all felt that no merey should be shown them. Poor Jo was sent to the hospital, as his wound needed immediate attention. We all bade him farewell and wished him a safe journey and quick recovery. He was sent to Chattanooga, where he died in a few weeks.

We remained close to our works all day. The fire from the enemy's batteries was pretty regular, and at times lively. We remained in the works all night.

June 23, 1864, shortly after breakfast, we were relieved by a brigade from the Fourteenth Army Corps. We felt rejoiced at the chance to get away from the place that had caused us so much trouble for the last few days. We were soon in line and marched out to the right, bidding farewell to a place that none of us are likely to forget as long as we live. We marched some two or three miles and took a position on the ground where Hooker's Corps fought the day before and was repulsed. As soon as our lines were formed and shortly after our arms were stacked, orders came to fall in, leave our knapsacks to a detail to guard them and be ready to move. Our regiment was detailed as skirmishers for the brigade. Half the regiment was moved forward in command of the major while the balance was held in reserve. Our skirmishers were soon engaged and the firing was quite heavy. In a short time the reserve was ordered up, and the whole line moved forward under a heavy fire, which lasted until 4 p. m. Our artillery then opened on the enemy with shot and shell for half an hour; then ceased. Our skirmishers were ordered to move forward on the double-quick, which was done, taking their rifle pits and three prisoners. The formation of the ground at this place was a succession of rolling hills or ridges heavily timbered and with considerable undergrowth. On the top of the ridge which we charged the enemy had rifle pits, and away in their rear, on another ridge, were their regular breastworks. Our whole division was in this charge, our brigade supporting our regiment. As soon as we reached the top of the ridge our regiment scattered, getting behind trees and occupying the pits which the enemy had left. It was not safe to be exposed a moment, as we were in full view of the enemy's breastworks. A good-sized tree was in demand and had from one to three men behind it. While we were engaged in skirmishing our brigade had not been idle; they soon had a line of works under way. At night our regiment was relieved

and went back to the second line of works that had been put up while we were on the skirmish line. Late in the night our commissary arrived with rations, which were issued to the boys, who were almost too tired and sleepy to go after them. They were too glad to get a chance to lay down to rest, if not to sleep, after such a hard and exciting day's work. We had been up to this time twelve days on the front line, and we had lost in the regiment since we left Ooltewah, Tenn, fifty-seven, killed and wounded, the greater part of them being lost to us during the last four days' fighting.

On June 24, 1864, we remained all day behind our several lines of works. We had to keep pretty close to them, as stray balls were continually flying over us, making it unsafe to move very far from them. The nature of the ground in our front and rear was one ridge after another. Our second line of works was at the foot of a ridge, while our front line was a few hundred yards from us on the brow of the ridge. Beyond that the ground descended to a hollow and rose again, forming another ridge, on the brow of which was the enemy's works. Judging from the direction of the shots that passed over our works, it was plain most of them came from the enemy's sharpshooters posted in trees in the rear of their works, which gave them a good view of our lines. Directly after dark we received orders to fall in. In a few moments we moved out to the front line of works and relieved the Twenty-first and Thirty-eighth Illinois regiments of our brigade. The regiments had to be relieved at night, as they were not exposed to view as they would be in daytime. It was considered a risky undertaking going and coming from the front line, but it was done by keeping down low and moving out or in as quickly as possible. A constant firing was kept up all night by our advance pickets, and returned as vigorously by the enemy's pickets. We remained behind our front line, keeping pretty close. The day was warm and clear. After dark our regiment was relieved by the Ninetieth Ohio and we returned to our second line of works. After getting our supper we tried to get some rest.

Lieutenant John Schwallier, of Company B, returned on the twenty-fourth. He was detailed while the regiment was at Edgefield, Tenn., to command the men from our regiment to compose the Pioneer Corps. He was gone some eighteen months. The Lieutenant was given a hearty welcome by both his company and the regiment.

On June 25, 1864, we remained all day behind our second line of works, and we had to keep ourselves very close, for there appeared to be no difference between the front or rear lines, for it seemed that men were wounded in the rear line as frequently as in the front. In fact, it was dangerous to stand up straight

or step out a few paces to the rear of the trenches. No place was safe, but the best place was close to the works. We had men wounded while lying in their tents and cooking their meals.

At daylight on the twenty-fifth, the enemy sent in a flag of truce, telling us to move our dead, which was done, then the "yanks" and "rebs" met between the works, and we gave them sugar and coffee for tobacco and cornmeal. We also exchanged papers. When dark came again our regiment fell in line and moved out for the front line of the works and relieved the One Hundred and First Ohio. We had the usual picket firing all night on our front. Being an every-day and night occurrence, none of the boys noticed it.

In the morning of June 26, we were relieved by one of the regiments in the brigade, and we returned to the rear. We were surprised to find considerable commotion going on among the troops. We found regiments marching and forming in the rear of our brigade, and soon learned that Newton's Division of our corps and Davis' Division, of the Fourteenth Army Corps were massing for a charge on the enemy's works in our front. The men looked serious, and with cause, for it was a serious undertaking. Mounted officers were riding in haste in all directions. Generals and other officers were congregated in groups talking about the attempt. Regiment after regiment commenced to move forward past us toward our front line of works, forming in close column by divisions behind the works and hills, hiding what was going on from the enemy, although the enemy were well aware of what was going on, because regiments and brigades were forming, marching and countermarching in the rear of our second line of works in full view of the enemy before they moved forward to take up their position. We noticed a woman marching with a Kentucky regiment alongside of the colors. She was plainly dressed and looked like she had been with the regiment for some time. We supposed her husband was with her. It looked sad to us indeed to see a woman at that time and place and under such circumstances.

At 9 a. m., on June 27, 1864, the bugle sounded the charge and the men moved forward with yells and cheers, and the charge commenced. The balls came from the enemy quite lively, and as our regiment was inactive just then we could do nothing but lie low; in fact, we had to do so to escape the balls that came in our direction. Wounded men commenced coming back from the front, and in a short time there was a constant stream of them. We noticed the woman that we saw go into the fight returning alongside of a stretcher in which was a wounded man. She was crying. We were told that it was her husband, who was the color-bearer of his regiment. He was wounded almost as soon as the fight commenced. The fight



lasted only about ten minutes. Before it was over, our brigade was ordered forward to support Newton's Division. We were soon over and outside of our front works, moving forward on the double-quick, but before going very far we were ordered back again to the front line of works, our regiment occupying that part of the line that we were relieved from in the morning, the other regiments of the brigade going back to the rear lines. Our brigade lost about sixty men and did not get to fire a gun. The reason was that in advancing to support Newton's Division, which was in front of us, owing to the situation of the ground, we were at times under fire and in the line of all stray balls that came toward us. The whole thing was a miserable affair and cost us nearly three thousand men. Our men charged right up to the enemy's works, some of them getting inside of the works, but the enemy were so well fortified and had strong abatis extending all along their front that it was impossible for a body of troops to get to them. Toward evening, under a flag of truce, the enemy allowed us to remove our wounded to a place of safety, as they were in danger of being burned to death from the brush and leaves in the woods, but they would not allow our men to remove our dead. Shortly after dark our regiment was relieved and returned again to the second line of works.

On June 28, we remained in our rear line of works all day. Every day so far had been about the same alternately from front to rear, each regiment taking its turn. A little before dark the enemy sent in a flag of truce, saying they would allow us until dark to carry off our dead. Details were made in the regiments and sent forward to do the work. The smell over the field was terrible, as the dead had lain so long on the field. The enemy would not allow the guns and equipments of the dead to be removed by us. Firing was light on our front all day, but steady firing was kept up through the night.

General Howard visited our front line while our regiment was on duty. He kept down pretty low until he got into the trenches. When he sat down he asked who was commanding the regiment; also what officer had charge of the picket line. He had him called in and wanted to know why all this constant firing was kept up. He ordered it stopped, as it was a great waste of ammunition. He ordered that no shooting should be done unless something was seen to shoot at or an advance made by the enemy, or unless the enemy was seen strengthening their works. He was accompanied by a staff officer whom he called Charles. He remained but a short time with us. He took a careful peep over our works at the enemy's lines, and having satisfied himself he retired as he came. The boys were considerably surprised at his visit, as it was rather an unusual thing to see a general officer at the extreme front. We saw General

Howard, though, at different times on this campaign, well up with our skirmish line, on several occasions, and one time in particular he went in advance of it and came very near being gobbled up, only saving himself by some of the hardest riding a cavalry man ever made to the rear. After he visited us we had more quiet times at the front than we had before. The enemy seemed to adopt the same tactics, and there was not half as much firing as formerly between us. On the morning of June 29, 1864, we took our usual turn on the front line. Our boys and the rebs were on the most friendly terms that day, and the spectacle presented itself of two hostile lines, opposite each other and not a shot exchanged. Large numbers on both sides met together in a large field between our picket lines and seemed to have a pleasant time. Sugar and coffee were exchanged for tobacco and cornmeal. All were glad on both sides, no doubt, for a cessation of hostilities, as it gave us a chance to stretch our limbs, and walk upright, a pleasure we had not known for many weary days and nights. It was a strange and pleasant feeling to walk up and down outside the trenches without being shot at. Some thought the truce should not be allowed, as it gave the enemy a chance to view our works and arrange a place of attack.

During the night the enemy attempted a charge on our lines, but the boys were ready for them and they were soon driven back. For a while the small guns and cannons made things hum, but in a short time quiet reigned in our front with the exception of a stray shot now and then, but it made everybody wide awake while it lasted. It was reported that the enemy retreated as soon as they started on the charge, as they lost considerable in the attempt. The place they made the charge was only about seventy yards from their works to ours and all open ground. On our right in Davis' Division, the works were so close together that they got to throwing stones over the works at each other. Several men were badly bruised, by being struck with stones thrown by the enemy, and had to be sent to the hospital.

On the following morning, June 30, about 3 o'clock, Davis' men having filled a number of cracker boxes and barrels with dirt for the purpose of advancing on their lines, rolled them to within thirty yards of the enemy's works. When they were discovered a pretty severe fight took place, which aroused our entire line. As we were not aware of what was going on at the time, and judging that the enemy were making another advance on us, we opened fire from our works, and for about an hour the noise of musketry was terrific, but as both sides were safely ensconced behind breastworks very little damage was done. It was, however, quite a scare to both sides.

During the remainder of the day our men and the rebs in our immediate front were on friendly terms, the pickets agreeing among themselves not to fire on each other. While we were enjoying peace opposite each other, it was not so on our right between Davis' Division and the enemy. In his part they were so close together that the men could not raise their heads to shoot, but had to resort to various devices to pass their balls to the rebs, one of which was to sit with their backs against their works toward the enemy and hold their guns pointing to the enemy's works. A small piece of looking-glass was attached to their guns back of the trigger, and whenever they saw an object moving in front of the glass they fired at it. But it was too close for both sides, and this condition of affairs could not last long.

The next morning, July 1, after Davis had his little skirmish with the enemy, the enemy as well as our own men were quietly engaged in strengthening their works, being in full view of each other and only about 200 yards apart, and not a gun was fired from either side. It was certainly a singular spectacle after the encounter they had the day before. Yet both sides watched each other closely.

Our boys were beginning to feel pretty tired of their situation and thought they ought to be relieved, and allowed to go back to the rear out of the sound of guns for a few days or weeks. Up to that time our regiment had been up at the extreme front line for twenty-two days, being under constant fire both night and day, with the exception of an occasional truce before mentioned.

Early the next morning, July 2, our batteries opened out on the enemy, and continued for about two hours to drive into them a large amount of shells and solid shot. Then all became quiet again.

Our Adjutant Jocelyn having resigned, Sergeant Gallagher, of Company B, was duly elected in his place.

During the afternoon we were all taken by surprise by the resignation of our major, W. J. Richards. The boys felt sorry to lose him, but he said he was compelled to act as he did, as he could not get a leave of absence and his mother was at the point of death; so he bid us all good-bye and then left for "God's country," as the boys called it.

Major Richards came to our regiment from the Thirty-eighth Indiana before the battle of Stone River and was appointed captain of Company H, and in the course of time became major.

Shortly after dark orders came to fall in quickly and move. This was the tenth day that we had occupied this piece of ground alternately from front to rear, and we were not sorry to leave it, although it had associations connected with it, both pleasant and

sad, which we never would forget. We moved to the left about half a mile and took up our position behind works previously held by Newton's division of our corps. Moving after dark into strange quarters made it unpleasant for us. Pickets were sent out shortly after we got there. We noticed that we were only a single line, nothing in front or rear of us, so it was talked among the boys before we lay down that Old Billy Sherman was stretching his lines as far as he could so as to get around Jo Johnson (flanking as usual).

At daylight the next morning, Sunday, July 3, 1864, we were considerably astonished to learn from our pickets, who had just come during the night, that the enemy had disappeared during the night. We were glad of it, for we were tired fighting so long in one spot.

After breakfast, about 7 o'clock, we got orders to march, and soon started out in pursuit of the enemy. A march of a few hundred yards brought us to the breastworks which they had defended so long and well. The works were very strong and well built. Some of their rifle pits were built of hewed logs matched together in a V shape the point of the V toward us, with a narrow opening to shoot through. It seemed impossible that any of our balls could harm any one behind them. The whole front of their works were protected by abatis well laid, which proved plainly why our men failed in the charge on June 22. It was a wonder they got as far as they did. We halted for a few moments for inspection, and then hurried forward. We soon reached the town of Marietta, which was two miles from our first line of works. The approach to the town was very fine. We were glad to see houses again, it being some time since we had seen any. Our line of march brought us straight through the Military College, where General Sherman taught school many years ago. We entered the place by the back garden, marched right through the main hall of the building. We suppose that the Fourth Army Corps did the same. As we went through, a good many of the men went up stairs and took a view from the cupola. We wondered what General Sherman thought to see his boys marching through his old school house, but time makes wonderful changes, and it did most emphatically with General Sherman. We did not tarry long, but pushed ahead. Marietta was a nice-looking town, the houses mostly surrounded with gardens, and the general appearance was good. It seemed to be a fine place to live in during times of peace.

After going a short distance our advance came up with the enemy and heavy skirmishing commenced immediately, the enemy gradually falling back to a line of earthworks, which they seemed to have every few miles. We camped in line of battle. We were then within sixteen miles of Atlanta.

After we went into camp, and shortly after supper, a meeting of officers of the regiment was held for the purpose of electing a major in place of Richards, resigned, which resulted in the election of Captain O. P. Anderson, of Company K.

About midnight nearly all the regiment was aroused by a squad of mules dashing through the tents, creating a big excitement for a short time, some thinking that the enemy's cavalry was charging down on us. When the boys got wide awake and found out what the trouble was they had a good laugh and crawled back into their tents to finish their nap. We were up early the next morning, which was the glorious Fourth of July, 1864. The morning was bright and clear, but warm. Early as it was, the day was being celebrated by our pickets on the skirmish line constantly firing, which in a short time increased to a pretty lively fire all along our lines. Our artillery joined in sending their compliments in honor of the day. This was continued till noon, and then our skirmishers were advanced on the double quick toward the enemy's rifle pits, which they captured, the enemy falling back to their works. Our regiment was ordered forward on a double quick to take a position near our skirmishers and to support them. While advancing on the run we were exposed to the flanking fire of the enemy, but we reached our position, losing in the action one man killed and five wounded. We crossed an open field in full view of the enemy's works on our right flank, when they shelled us. We got over the field pretty lively, down to a ditch and came up on the other side, where we commenced to throw up works. Some of our boys had narrow escapes. The enemy threw a shell close to us, and it was a wonder that more of us were not hit when it exploded. It looked exactly like the pictures we have seen of shells bursting, but lasted only for an instant. We were indeed fortunate to escape so well. It was the hottest and noisest Fourth of July we ever saw or ever expect to see. Those who were there will never forget it. We remained behind our works all night.

On the morning of the fifth we found that the enemy had retreated during the night. In a short time we were moving forward after them. We marched on the railroad track and finally reached the Chattahoochee River, which the enemy had crossed during the night, posting their pickets on the other side. When we reached the river we turned to the left and went into camp on a ridge close by the river and posted our pickets along the bank. In a short time the pickets commenced to exchange compliments by shooting at one another.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE ADVANCE ON ATLANTA.

Atlanta was our objective point, and was said to be some nine miles distant from here. Some of the boys went up on a high hill near our quarters and could see the city very plainly. Some signal corps officers were up there and with a glass could see men and women moving about the streets and sidewalks; also soldiers and wagons going in every direction. We could see long trains of wagons going on the run from the river on our right, that part being still held by the enemy. Everything seemed to be moving toward the city. Even if the city was only nine miles away, we were all of the opinion there would be considerable trouble to get there. If we were only there, we thought, the campaign would be over, and then for a glorious rest, for everybody was tired out. We had passed through a long, weary and exciting march to get that far and confidently looked for the end at Atlanta. At that time the weather was extremely warm, making one feel like doing nothing but hunting a cool place to sleep. There is no doubt but we marched and fought on just as warm days, but in the excitement we did not feel it.

On the sixth we remained in our camp, which was situated close to the railroad track, not far from the railroad bridge that the enemy destroyed when falling back to the south side of the river. We were now on the extreme left wing of our army composed of Howard's Corps, Stanley's division and Cruft's brigade.

On the seventh we were still in camp. The boys spent the day in washing their clothes and cleaning up generally. As this was the first chance they had to do so for twenty-seven days, it was hailed with joy, and for a short time we had a good, quiet rest, with but little picket duty and no fighting. The sound of the cannon was heard day and night, shelling the woods on the other side of the river.

On the eighth we had inspection in the morning. The weather was still hot.

On the ninth our artillery opened on a large force of the enemy, who were throwing up works opposite us on the other side of the river. There were fifty guns in all, and for about half an hour they kept up the heaviest bombardment we ever heard.

Our regiment was nearly worn out. Since we started on this campaign, from May 3 to July 10, 1864, our loss had been: Commissioned officers wounded, three; non-commissioned officers killed, two; wounded, eleven; privates killed, ten; wounded, fifty-six, making a total loss of eighty-two killed and wounded. Twenty-six men were sent back sick, who were lost for this campaign, making a grand total of 108 men, which was a pretty good percentage from a small regiment.

As there is always something doing on Sunday, this day was no exception to the rule, for at 11 o'clock the bugle sounded the general call, and in a short time afterward we were in line and on the march, having had a rest of four days in our pleasant camp. Rations were issued just as we were starting out. We hardly had time to get them. We moved out on a line with the river to the left. The weather was very warm, and at 3 o'clock a heavy rain storm came on us, drenching us completely. We marched until sundown and went into camp.

July 11 was another warm day, almost impossible for us to keep cool. Orders came in the afternoon to fix up our camp. All hands were soon at work cleaning up and putting things in order. When the day was over and the boys were enjoying nature's sweet restorer—sleep—at 10 p. m. came orders to be ready to march at daylight. The boys said they were thankful that it was not midnight instead of daylight.

On July 12 everybody was wide awake at 3 o'clock and bustling around to get breakfast. After breakfast, preparations were made for marching, and shortly after daybreak we moved in the same direction as the day before. In a short time we reached the river, and found a bridge of canvas pontoon boats laid to the other side. We crossed over and found ourselves marching up some of the steepest hills or ridges that we had met with yet. We marched down the river several miles and took up a position on a very high ridge near Powers' Ferry. The country as far as we could see consisted of high and sharp ridges, one after another. The one we were on seemed to be the tallest and steepest of all. The river lay at our back and at the foot of our ridge. It was quite a severe undertaking to go down the hill after water, and a great deal worse to climb back again. The brush that grew on the sides of the ridge served the purpose of pulling us up to the top. Blackberries were plentiful in the neighborhood of our quarters, and we all had a chance to partake of them. The river at our back was used for bathing purposes, which was quite refreshing during the warm weather, as it was not very deep near our camp, but ran very swift. We covered the regiment's front with breastworks soon after our arrival.

On the thirteenth everything remained quiet. We did not hear a shot. The weather was still hot, although we had every advantage to keep cool, being on top of such a high ridge, and the river at our back. The only objections we found was going to the river and climbing back again. Still, it was a great pleasure to slide down the hill, throw off our clothes and tumble into the river when we felt warm.

On July 14, we still remained in our camp and everything was quiet. Sergeant Gallagher was mustered as adjutant of our regiment. Shortly after dark we had a severe thunder storm which lasted about an hour and cooled the atmosphere a little.

On the fifteenth all was still quiet in our front. The boys that were off duty kept themselves and the rest of the boys supplied with blackberries, which were quite abundant outside of camp.

On July 16, we still held the camp on the ridge. There was nothing new outside of the regular routine we had every day. The weather was cooler and refreshing. Sunday, July 17, we were still in camp. In the morning a brigade was sent out to reconnoiter in our front. Two days' rations were issued in the evening, which, with the one on hand, made three. The boys thought this was a prospect of an early march.

On July 18, the bugle sounded reveille at 3 o'clock. Every one was up and hurrying to get an early breakfast, striking tents and packing up. As usual, after staying in a place long enough to get used to it, we felt sorry to leave it, for we had spent some very pleasant hours there, hardly a shot being fired, and our bodies and minds felt grateful for the respite from the noise and carnage incident to fighting.

At 6 o'clock the bugle blew forward, and we marched out on the road toward Atlanta. We marched but a few miles when we encountered the enemy's pickets, and skirmishing commenced at once, the enemy falling back gradually. We marched slowly until 2 p. m., when we bivouacked for the night. As we advanced from the river we found the country more open, and not so hilly or rough. It was rumored among the boys that we were about to flank the enemy out of Atlanta.

On July 19, we remained in bivouac until 4 p. m., when we marched out, taking the road toward Atlanta, crossing Peach Tree Creek. We halted at sundown and threw up breastworks. We were in hills again, and some very rocky places. Heavy firing had been going on all day to our right, and from reports during the day it was expected that the enemy would attack us there. The weather was terribly hot, but we remained behind our works all night.

On July 20, got ready early in the morning and moved at 7 o'clock, taking the road in the direction of Atlanta. The day



was spent maneuvering in the field, and just before dark our brigade formed a line of battle. At the same time there was heavy skirmishing and cannonading going on in the right front all day. A charge was made by our men during the night, and one hundred and ten prisoners were captured. At 12 o'clock, orders came to be ready to move at any moment, as it was reported that the enemy were surrounded and might try to cut their way out.

We remained here all night, and on the morning of July 21, still found us in line of battle, where we remained all day. Heavy skirmishing was kept up day and night all along our front. During the evening we had rain.

On the morning of July 22, we found that the enemy had fallen back during the night toward Atlanta. As soon as it was daylight we were in motion and pushing forward after the enemy. Everything seemed deserted. There was no one about the houses that we passed. We moved forward to within half a mile of the enemy, when we found them strongly entrenched in a good position on the outskirts of the city. After maneuvering awhile to get into a position, our batteries took up a position on several hills on the right of the road we were marching on. We formed in line of battle and moved forward through some heavy timber and thick underbrush. The undergrowth was so thick that we could not see the regiment on our right. While we were maneuvering around, several shells and solid shot passed over our heads, the enemy desiring to find out if we were in the woods. The boys' mouths were watering because there were plenty of large, ripe blackberries all around them, yet none had time to pick them. The wood was only a thin curtain of trees between us and the enemy, but they hid us from their view. As soon as we got into position we began to put up breastworks for protection, for as soon as the trees were cut down we expected the enemy's batteries in our front to open on us with a lively fire. Our batteries in the rear of us had already been at work sending shells toward the city, but the enemy's guns replied slowly. While the Seventeenth Army Corps on our left was getting into position during the afternoon, the enemy came out of their works and charged on our left wing, principally the Seventeenth Corps, and for several hours there was very hard fighting. We were in line, ready for action, expecting to be called at any moment. The firing approached so close to us that it looked as if we were about to receive their fire. They swung backward and forward, but came no further. It was confined to the left wing entirely. Toward evening the enemy were repulsed and driven back into their works. The loss on both sides was heavy. We heard with sorrow that General Macpherson was killed. We were very glad we had breastworks, for in case

we had been attacked they would have been just the thing to fight from. Constant firing was kept up by our artillery on the enemy's works, sometimes throwing shells into the city.

On July 23, we still occupied our works. After we had put them up Company B was ordered to vacate the works they had built and turn them over to the Fifth Indiana Battery. They were the maddest set of boys just then in the army. Some of them swore they would never build another, and were very angry, because they had taken a great deal of pains to put them up. Nobody blamed them much, but the matter was settled by the regiment moving a little to the right to make a space for the company to build again. Most of the boys put their tents in the rear of their works, as nearly all of the enemy's shells went over our heads, bursting far in the rear of us. During the fight several solid shot came very near us and buried themselves in the ground just in the rear of our regiment.

On Sunday, July 24, we received orders to put our tents up in regular order, and we thought we were going to stay awhile. Part of Atlanta was in full view from our camp. The boys keep things lively day and night on the skirmish line, and our artillery constantly sent shells and solid shot into the city. The enemy replied with vigor, so we could not complain for noise.

On the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth nothing unusual occurred on the lines in our immediate vicinity. Constant firing day and night seemed to be the order on both sides, our skirmishers gradually closing up until we were within four hundred yards of the enemy's works.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh we received orders to move and change our position. In a short time tents were struck and we moved out toward the rear. We marched about three miles and took up a position in a line of old breastworks which the enemy left on the morning of the twenty-second, thus facing the rear. The supposition was that we were faced to the rear to guard against a cavalry attack and to protect our trains. The works were soon put in good order and a strong abatis built along our front. It rained in the evening, which cooled the atmosphere some. It was a good thing, for it was terribly hot. We remained quietly in our works. The regiment had but little to do except light picket duty. All the trains coming from the rear passed through our camp, so we were not lonesome.

On the twenty-eighth we lay in our works till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Heavy fighting had broken out on the right of our front lines, and orders came for our regiment and the Thirty-first Indiana to fall in quickly, move forward and take up a position in the front line of works to strengthen the line. Several regiments that occupied the works were out as skirmishers. While we were there quite a number were brought in,

and the same sad scene of wounded and dying men was witnessed again.

While occupying the works we were surprised to see a citizen approaching us along the line of our works, carrying a satchel in his hand. On a closer view, it proved to be Captain Northcutt, of Company B, who had just arrived from the North, to renew his acquaintance with his company. His journey was under rather exciting surroundings, for he ran considerable risk of being wounded even behind our line of works by exposing himself. We were very glad to see him, and he was glad to get back.

We remained in line until dark, and as the enemy's attack was repulsed we withdrew and returned to our camp. We felt like we were having a rest where we were, although we were not out of the sound of guns, and always in uncertainty of what the next move would be. The weather was still warm and sultry.

On July 29, we were still in our camp. Everything was quiet, the enemy not moving, but lying looking at us. The boys said it was no use to worry or grumble or whine, for every mortal must drop out of line, so they were jolly and gay, and laughed while they could and always acted the part of men.

On the morning of July 30, while we still lay in our camp, the enemy commenced to move. Heavy fighting began on our right. The enemy made repeated charges on our lines, but were finally driven off with great loss. We then received orders to strengthen our works and make our abatis stronger. The men went to work on them and soon had everything in good order. About this time it commenced to rain.

On Sunday, July 31, we still held our position and everything remained quiet all day. The boys seemed well pleased and enjoyed the rest. On the morning of August 1, 1864, we received orders to strike tents and get ready to move as soon as possible. We moved out at 9 o'clock and went to the right of our brigade and pitched our tents, but then received orders to strike tents again and hold ourselves in readiness to move at 12 o'clock. We moved only about a hundred yards, returned again and remained here until dark. We then moved to the left of the front line of works and took a position in a place formerly occupied by the Twenty-third Army Corps, which had moved to the right. Everything was quiet on the line. This seemed to us to be a singular move. When we got to the front line it was quite dark, and we became jammed up together and remained so until morning. The place was a small hill and full of "gopher" holes to hide from the shells, which made it unsafe to move around much till daylight.

On the morning of August 2, we shifted our position a little and the boys commenced to put up their tents and put their camp in order. We found there was no end to the "gopher"

holes, but the works were very strong. In our front all seemed quiet on the line.

August 3, everything was quiet most of the day, and remained so until 4 p. m., when heavy fighting was heard on the right. A portion of the troops were ordered forward to make a demonstration for the purpose of keeping the enemy from massing their forces on the right. As soon as the movement commenced the enemy opened on us with a heavy fire from their rifle pits, but we charged and carried them with but slight loss on our part. The enemy lost many killed and wounded and four hundred prisoners. Our forces then fell back after dark, having accomplished what they were ordered to do. We still held our works, and lay quiet all night.

The morning of August 4, still found us behind our works, where we lay all day, with heavy firing going on in our front.

August 5, we lay quiet in our works until 4 p. m., when we made another "feint" on the enemy's line for the purpose of drawing their forces from the fight that was going on on our right.

Early in the morning of August 6, the enemy made a dash on our pickets and our regiment was ordered out to reinforce them, but when we got to the line the enemy had disappeared. We returned to camp at 12 m. At 4 p. m. the enemy made another dash on the pickets, but were repulsed with heavy loss. At night rain fell and made our works very disagreeable.

Sunday, August 7, was the first quiet day we had for some time. There was very little picket firing on either side and no cannonading in our front. We spent rather a quiet day.

On August 8, we remained in our works all day. Everything remained quiet. There was no firing on the front lines. Rain fell all day, making it very uncomfortable for us in the trenches, but under all the circumstances we managed to get along.

On August 9, the regiment still remained in the works we had been in for some time. Our adjutant left on that day for Bridgeport to bring up the regiment books and papers, as the boys began to need clothing and other things. After a stay of two weeks, with many ups and downs, with the railroad track torn up in several places by Wheeler's cavalry and other bands of roving troops, he arrived safe at the regiment August 25, and found the regiment in the same camp, but with marching orders. We struck tents and got ready, but did not move till night. The march was supposed to be on the extreme right of the army. We marched till 11 o'clock, and then halted and the brigade went into camp. Our regiment was detailed for picket. We were nearly played out, but had to go. The Twentieth Corps fell back to the Chattahoochee River and threw up intrenchments to protect themselves. The enemy's cavalry cautiously pursued them.

thinking the siege of Atlanta had been abandoned. In the meantime General Sherman, with the bulk of his army, was moving rapidly south.

Early in the morning of August 26, while our regiment was on picket, the enemy advanced with a strong line of skirmishers, pushing them vigorously. They succeeded in driving our pickets off the ridge. The Thirty-eighth Illinois was immediately deployed as a support. The Eighty-first rallied and charged the enemy, driving their lines back handsomely. If we had not fallen back we would have been captured. We lost one man, mortally wounded. After charging the hill we were ordered to follow our brigade and act as rear guard, which we did, the enemy following us up closely for several miles. We marched all day until dark, and went into camp more tired than we ever were in our lives. The boys said it was the hardest trip we ever had, and when they got to lay down they were ready to give up the ghost.

On August 27, we did not leave our camp until 8 o'clock in the morning. It was a very warm day. We marched about eight miles, reaching the vicinity of the West Point railroad near Fairburn. The army destroyed twelve miles of the track. We halted and commenced throwing up breastworks. Slight skirmishing was going on in our front, but we went into camp for the night.

On Sunday, August 28, we lay in camp until 10 o'clock. Most of the army was moving east, with the right wing approaching the Macon railroad. We marched out in the rear of the Fourteenth Army Corps. Our regiment was in front of the brigade, division and corps. We marched some three or four miles and went into position for the night in a large field and threw up works. Our position was a fine one.

On August 29, we remained in the same position all day. Everything was very quiet. There was plenty of corn forage around us. Our regiment had been in the service just two years, and the boys thought it a long two years.

On August 30, we had orders to move at 6 o'clock, but did not get away until 12 o'clock. We marched very slowly, only going three miles, and halting very often. We arrived near our position about 3 p. m., but it took us till night to get into line. When we were placed in position we had to move again and take up a new position on the right of our brigade in a thicket of woods. Works had to be built, and some of the regiments worked nearly all night fixing up their works. Two regiments in the brigade were sent out on a skirmish.

On August 31, we left our camp early. After proceeding a short distance we formed a line of battle, as we were close to the enemy's works. Skirmishing began, and we commenced throwing up breastworks out of fence rails, but we had to leave before

completing them, as our regiment was ordered out on the skirmish line to support it. The enemy's works were soon taken, as there were but few of the enemy in them. The works were very strong. We remained on the road until the troops in our rear passed. We then moved on and got into position about night. There was heavy firing on our right all night.

On September 1, 1864, we started out early in the morning for the railroad, our brigade in front of our division and our regiment in front of our brigade. When we got to the railroad our regiment was thrown out as flankers and skirmishers, while the rest of brigade tore up the railroad. We moved along the road until we came to the enemy's works. We were then ordered to fall in and form a line of battle, our right connecting with the Fourteenth Army Corps. We soon advanced on the enemy through a heavy fire, losing a good many men. The brush was so thick we could not keep our lines and all was confusion. We soon threw up temporary works, and held them under fire all night. It was about as hot a place as we had ever gotten into. Colonel Wheeler was wounded here. September 2d we lay all night behind our rude fortifications, and in the morning we found the enemy had evacuated their works and fallen back. We followed them up closely, our advance keeping up sharp skirmishing all the way. We passed through the town of Jonesboro about 10 o'clock. Our brigade was in the rear of our corps. After marching four miles the enemy were found strongly posted in our front. Our brigade was ordered up as a support to the skirmishers of the second brigade, and finally got into a position in a thick woods and threw up works, the enemy keeping up a heavy fire on us all the time. Toward night we moved to the right on the side of a hill behind the second brigade and threw up works again.

September 3, we had to lay behind our works and keep very close to them as the balls came thick and fast. This place was counted as bad as Kenesaw Mountain. It was cloudy and rained all day, which made it very uncomfortable in our works. We had one man from Company K killed by a stray ball while getting his supper. It was very dangerous to stand up outside of the works, as we ran a great risk of being hit. The enemy threw several shells in our direction, but they did not hurt any one in our regiment.

Colonel Wheeler turned the command over to Captain Everitt this morning. Our headquarters tent was put up about three hundred yards in our rear and we had to run the gantlet when we went back and forth.

The morning of September 4, was cloudy and very disagreeable, with plenty of mud. There was heavy picket firing in our front. Our brigade was relieved from the front line and sent

to the rear, out of the range of the battle, as they were losing a great many men for nothing.

About 11 a. m. official orders were read to us that Atlanta was captured, which caused great rejoicing among the boys.

Corporal Anderson, of Company K, was killed by a stray ball just before we started back from Lovejoy's Station.

Colonel Wheeler left on the eleventh for home on a leave of absence.

On September 5, we laid all day among the pines, out of reach of the enemy's balls, but not their shells. At night, after we got through drawing rations, we got in line. It was raining hard at the time. It was 5 o'clock before we marched, and then only a short distance across a road, and halted to let a portion of the Twenty-third Corps go in advance of us. At 8 p. m. we moved forward. The roads were in bad condition from the heavy rains, and the march was very hard. We went along the line of our army to the right. There was heavy skirmishing going on at the time, but we kept on till we got to the railroad, and then made for Jonesboro. We passed through the town at 2 a. m., tired and weary. We finally halted on the battlefield of September 1 for the balance of the night, occupying our old works. We were tired and hungry and went to sleep on the wet ground.

On the next morning, September 6, we were feeling sick and tired, not having rested much by our stop. The Fourteenth Corps left in the morning and passed us: the impression prevailed that we were to be the rear guard, but at that time heavy skirmishing commenced in our front. As the enemy's cavalry had followed us up closely, we got orders to fix up our works and make them stronger. Our boys charged on the enemy and drove them from the town. After that there was not so much skirmishing. It was cloudy and raining. The boys got their mail in the afternoon and that was calculated to cheer them up a little.

Just after breakfast on September 17, we received orders to fall back. We left our works at 7 o'clock and marched along the railroad several miles and passed part of the Twenty-third Corps on our right. The enemy's cavalry kept following us, but at a safe distance, for several miles, but did not trouble us. We then went into camp within six miles of Atlanta. At this time the boys began to feel in better spirits than they had for some time, as they expected to go into camp and have a good rest.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## ATLANTA IS TAKEN—A BRIEF REST.

On September 8, we had reveille at 4:30 a. m. and marched out at 6 o'clock, the boys feeling good. We reached Atlanta at 11 a. m., and marched through it with colors flying and music playing. We were in advance of our corps. After marching about a mile from the city we went into regular camp, the boys expecting to have a good time, and also a good rest. The mail came in again, and the boys thought that was very encouraging.

Captain Everitt, of Company I, had command of the regiment, as we had no colonel, our lieutenant colonel having gone home. We had no major with the exception of our surgeons.

In the morning of September 9 all was quiet in our camp, but the boys were busy fixing up their camp in good style, as they thought the campaign was over for awhile. We were at last out of the sound of guns and the noise of war.

Orders were read to us from the President, Generals Grant and Sherman, congratulating the troops on our great success. It sounded like good news all around, and the boys said this was the beginning of the end. The campaign had been a long one. It commenced on May 3 and ended on September 8, lasting one hundred and thirty-seven days. We were fighting or marching most of the time, day and night.

September 10 was a nice day. All was quiet. Clothing was issued to the boys. They cleaned themselves up and put on a little style while they lay here in camp so close to a city. The officers also got out their clean uniforms and fixed up for dress parade; so the boys said.

On Sunday, September 11, we had nothing out of the usual routine of camp duties. Captain Mathey was promoted and mustered as major of our regiment, Captain Everitt retiring.

On the thirteenth, we still lay in our camp resting.

On the morning of the fourteenth, we received orders for regulating our camp. We had guard mount every morning, and each captain tried to excel the other in sending up the cleanest and neatest men for guard duty. The weather was mild but cool of nights. All kinds of provisions were plentiful except salt rations.



On the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth, all was still quiet in our camp. We had dress parade nearly every evening. The boys were beginning to get somewhat rested and felt like they had some life in them.

On the nineteenth, Major General Stanley, the commander of our corps, inspected our regiment. The weather was cloudy and damp but the boys looked remarkably well. One year before that day the battle of Chickamauga was fought, and the boys said they do not want to see any more days like that. There has been nothing new in our camp for three or four days.

Captain Northcutt resigned and left for home.

On Sunday, the twenty-fifth, most of the officers and men went to church in the city. After that for several days everything remained quiet in camp.

On October 2, 1864, rumors began to reach us that we were soon to receive marching orders, but as it was the Sabbath some of the men attended church.

On October 3, we received orders at 1 o'clock in the morning to be ready to march at daybreak, with forty rounds of ammunition, two days' rations and all our camp equipage. No one knew where we were going. We had plenty of grapevine telegrams, but none were reliable. At daybreak we started and soon reached the Chattahoochee River, where we halted and cooked dinner. We then crossed the river and marched several miles and went into camp near our old battle ground of the Fourth of July, some four or five miles south of Marietta. We had light showers during the day, which made the roads very muddy.

On October 4, we laid in our camp until 11 o'clock, when the bugle blew "strike tents." In a few moments all was commotion, but we did not move out until 12 o'clock, and then marched out, our brigade in the rear of the corps. We passed over the battlefield of July 4 and reached Marietta at 2 o'clock, marching through to the public square, where we halted, stacked arms and rested for a few moments. We then crossed the railroad and marched west of the town for several miles. Kilpatrick's Cavalry was with us. A great many rumors were afloat. Some said Big Shanty and Acworth had been burned and the railroad destroyed for twenty-five miles. We being the last of the corps, we did not get into camp until it was dark. We camped in a large, hilly field, full of high weeds, and in the shadow of Kenesaw Mountain.

We left camp on October 5, at 9 a. m. and started on the road toward Pine Mountain. We marched through the old battle ground of June 20 and 21, right through the place where we had so many wounded, and we were astonished to see how close we were to the enemy's works that day. Our march was slow, owing to the cavalry skirmishing with the enemy in our front. We

then came to some of the enemy's breastworks, halted for a couple of hours and marched again about a mile and went into camp on a high ridge, part of Pine Mountain, and within a stone's throw of where Lieutenant Hargis was wounded. We heard there that General Thomas had a fight with the enemy in the morning at Kingston and repulsed them.

October 6, we laid on top of Pine Mountain all day. It rained in torrents all night and all day (the boys said that it came down in bucketfuls at a time), which made it very uncomfortable in camp.

General Sherman spent nearly all day on top of the mountain, surrounded by the boys, who followed him wherever he went. He seemed in the best of spirits and good humor and talked to the boys. They were delighted with him. He was a tall, slim man and his appearance was rather rough. He had on an old hat, a shirt collar that was starched about two weeks before, one end sticking up, the other down; a white vest, dress coat and pants filled with mud; had on one boot and one shoe and an old cigar stuck in his mouth. That was Sherman's appearance that day.

Up on the mountain we had a splendid view of the country this side of the Altoona Mountains. Just before sundown it cleared off with a glorious sunset.

On October 7, we laid in the same position all day, and could learn no news of the enemy. It was a fine day, and we enjoyed the view we had from the mountains. About 2 p. m. we heard heavy cannonading, which sounded to us like as if they were fighting between Lost Mountain and Dallas, but we did not know who it was. Late in the afternoon it began to turn cold.

On October 8, we left our camp at 3 a. m. and started on the road toward Big Shanty. We marched directly toward the railroad and went into camp about dark. The regiment was strung out for several miles, and some of the boys were late in getting into camp. The evening was very cool; overcoats very comfortable. We camped in a large field full of rocks, which did not make a very pleasant bed to sleep on.

On October 9, we struck tents at 3 o'clock in the morning and waited a long time before we moved. We then marched toward the west, halting often. We marched a few miles and went into camp in the wood alongside of the railroad. It was a dreary-looking place. The boys were very much disappointed with it, and would rather have been nearer the railroad, so they could see something, but it was Sunday and the boys said it would do for a Sunday camp.

On October 10, we lay in our camp nearly all day, some of the regiment being quite busy fixing up houses as if they were going into regular camp. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the

bugle sounded to "strike tents" and we moved out through Aeworth, marching along the railroad, arriving at Altoona Station just before dark. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but the air was very cold during the day. We marched twelve miles and went into camp near Cartersville, on the railroad. We did not get into camp until 9 o'clock. We were very tired and out of rations. They finally came up and were issued late in the night.

On October 11, early in the morning we "struck tents" and marched out along the railroad toward Kingston, reaching there at 12:30 o'clock, and halted for several hours to get dinner. At 3 p. m. we moved out again and took a road leading toward Rome. We marched about a mile and went into camp for the night in a very thick wood.

We received a large mail on the eleventh, and the boys were jubilant over the news from home. The draft had taken place and some of our friends at home would have the esteemed privilege of becoming a soldier for our Uncle Samuel.

On October 12, we left our camp at 8 a. m. and marched to all points of the compass, and for the greater part of the day it was slow marching. The Fourteenth Corps was blocked with trains. We had to march in the wood most of the time to give the road to them. At 4 o'clock the road got clear and we moved rapidly for some distance, and did not go into camp until 10 o'clock. It was a severe march, and the road was strewn with men that were tired out. Our brigade was in front of our corps. We went into camp about two miles from Rome. Late in the afternoon we heard heavy cannonading in the direction of Rome.

On October 13, we laid in our camp until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We then moved back in the direction of Resaca. We heard that the enemy had cut the railroad at that place. We had been lying within two miles of Rome, and expected to remain there and rest, but were disappointed. The march was slow and tedious, which worried the men more than marching fast. We went into camp at 11 o'clock, having made ten miles. The night was a beautiful moonlight one, but the air was cold and chilly, which made it very uncomfortable to us. Orders were received to move at half-past 4 o'clock the next morning, which was not very pleasant news to tired and sleepy men.

On October 14, we struck tents at 7 a. m. and started on the road to Calhoun. We heard the enemy had been at Calhoun and robbed the sutlers there. When we got there we found the place deserted, so we marched on to Resaca and halted for about half an hour. We then crossed the river and marched outside of the town and halted to get our dinner, then marched about three miles and went into camp for the night on the old battlefield where the Fifth Indiana Battery did so well. We found

that the railroad had been destroyed by the enemy between here and Dalton and everything in a bad fix.

On October 15, we struck tents in the morning and moved out in a hurry on the road toward Dalton. After marching a mile we turned off to the left and went through the wood. We heard some brisk skirmishing away off on our left. After marching nearly three miles we halted and made preparations for a fight, as we heard the enemy were in Snake Creek Gap and getting out as fast as they could. One of our brigades was sent out on a reconnoissance. We remained in position about two hours and then started for Snake Creek Valley. We marched four miles over the tallest and steepest hills we had ever seen. We reached the valley at dark. We were just two hours behind time; a little sooner and we would have captured the enemy's train. We bivouacked here for the night. Trains and troops were passing us all night long.

On October 16, we expected to move out early, but did not move until 10 o'clock. The Fourteenth Corps was ahead of us. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth passed us and the Twenty-third followed in our rear. The enemy cut down a great many trees in the valley to retard our trains, but our pioneers soon cleared the way. We marched about five miles and went into camp in a large field in Pigeon Valley. At 4 o'clock the boys got plenty of forage of all kinds. We were now within five miles of the Chickamauga battle ground. We had plenty of everything to eat, and the boys of the regiment were in a jolly good humor.

On October 17, we did not move but laid in camp all day, resting ourselves. Foraging was all the go while here, everybody out, and there was plenty of it. We lived on the fat of the land. Word came in the evening that the mail would go out, as communications has been re-established with Chattanooga. Orders came to stop all trains going south and prepare for a long march. We thought we were having plenty of long marches. Shortly after we had laid down orders came that we must be ready to move at daylight.

On October 18, we struck tents at daylight and moved out. We marched northwest, but in a short time changed our direction toward the west. We marched very fast for a long distance, but finally we came to a halt and rested for an hour. We then started and turned to the left, off the road, through the wood, and marched east, then south until near night when we went into camp on a high hill or ridge. We had been marching in the direction of Rome. Some said we were only five miles from the town. We had marched twenty-five miles. The boys did some foraging.

On October 19, we did not leave our camp until 1 p. m. We then marched about six miles to Summerville, a new little town,

but entirely destitute of inhabitants. We marched about a quarter of a mile beyond the town and went into camp in a cornfield surrounded by a dense pine thicket.

On October 20, our regiment struck tents early in the morning and moved out at 6 o'clock, our regiment in the lead of the brigade.

Orders were now strict about foraging. The day's march was very hard; the roads were dusty and the marching was rapid, with very few halts. We marched nearly twenty miles before we camped. We crossed the State line into Alabama, and the boys were glad to get out of Georgia for a while. We went into camp near a little town called Galesville.

On October 21, we remained in camp all day. We were very glad to get to rest. We camped in a rich valley for forage, so the boys had plenty of everything in the way of hogs, chickens, etc. The nights were very cool. We also received our mail.

October 22, found us still in camp, where we remained all day. The men washed their clothing. As they were somewhat rested they thought it a good time to clean up. This seemed to be a rich country around us.

On October 23, everything was quiet. We remained in camp all day. Lieutenant John Schwallier went home on a leave of absence.

On October 24, we received orders to fall in. We moved nearly half a mile further to the right, went into camp and fixed up in regular style. This was a nice place for our camp. Some of the boys got hold of some leather and made themselves haversacks.

October 25, we rested all day. Captain Crow, of the commissary department, had charge of our foraging parties. Orders were very strict against private foraging parties. The boys did not like the arrangement, as they preferred foraging on their own hook.

October 26, we were still in our camp in the valley, but received orders to be ready to march at 8 o'clock the next morning. We were bound for the road again.

On October 27, we left camp on time in the morning and marched about fourteen miles. We went into camp on the otherside of a town called Alpino. While here we met the second division of our corps which had been at Chattanooga. While on the march, and just before going into camp, a shower came on us. Pretty soon the sun broke through the clouds, and one of the most beautiful rainbows spread itself over us, and appeared to be right close to us. We sincerely hoped it was a harbinger of peace and happiness for us. It was a glorious sight to see the troops, with banners and flags marching under it, their guns glistening in the sun. We shall never forget it.

On October 28, we left our camp at 6 a. m., our brigade being in the advance of the corps. We marched over twenty miles and went into camp at a town called Lafayette. That was a hard day's march, and nearly run the men down. We went into camp at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

On October 29, we left camp at 8 a. m. our brigade being in the rear of the corps. The roads were in good condition. We marched through Lafayette. This was another hard day on the men. Their feet gave out and some of them limped all the way. While on the march we came in sight of Lookout Mountain, and on through the battlefield of Chickamauga. It was a dismal place. We did not get into camp until near night, and when we were within three miles of Chattanooga. It was a very poor place. We could hardly get wood enough to build our fires. It was held by the enemy during the battle and was used as a slaughter house during the time they occupied Mission Ridge. It was anything but a pleasant place. We could hear the trains running all night.

On October 30, we struck our tents at 8 a. m. and marched into Chattanooga. The boys were glad to see the place again. We halted at the railroad station and stacked arms. The boys thought they were going on the railroad, as some of our corps were on the cars, but we were ordered to fall in line. We marched to Lookout Mountain and halted at the foot of it and stacked arms. We then received orders that we might remain half an hour, or maybe until the next morning, so we remained just as we were until night, when we put up our tents. We got our mail on the thirtieth. We had been shifted around so in the last few days that we could not tell what would happen. The boys felt certain they were going to have a railroad ride, but found out different. Our surgeon, Dr. Fouts, met us here.

On October 31, we awoke in the morning to find ourselves beneath the shadow of old Lookout Mountain, with no orders to move, but some rumors were that our brigade was to guard our corps train through.

Colonel Wheeler and Captain Schell arrived at the regiment on the thirty-first. We were glad to see them.

It was now settled that we were to guard the train through, so we had another long march before us. Orders came to strike tents and fall in, and at 3 o'clock we started and marched up Lookout Mountain and went over it. While on top we had a splendid view of Chattanooga. We marched about five miles and went into camp near a station called Wauhatchie.

On November 1, 1864, we struck our tents and left camp at 6 a. m. with our regiment in advance of the train. Major Truax, the paymaster, was along, and if we had had our rolls made out we could have gotten our money. The boys thought it funny

to have a live paymaster so close and yet so far, for if they could not get their money it did them no good. After marching several miles we halted and our regiment was ordered to fall in and leave off the ammunition train. We passed Whiteside Station at 11 o'clock. The roads were bad. Our regimental wagon broke down. We reached Shell Mound Station at dark, and went into camp close to Nickajack Cave. The weather was cloudy and it began to rain in the night. Some of the boys went into the cave, where it was dry.

On November 2, the rain that set in the night before continued all day, and it was a very cold rain. It made the roads very bad. We marched twelve miles. Our regiment was in the rear of the ambulance train. Colonel Wheeler left us and went back to Chattanooga. We got to Bridgeport at noon and halted to let the trains cross the bridge. Our regiment was scattered a good deal. When we got across the river at Bridgeport, we went into camp outside of the town. As we went in we passed our old camp at this place. Our log houses were over run with weeds, which had grown higher than the houses. Colonel Wheeler came back to the regiment on the second.

November 3, we started out and left our camp at 8 a. m. Our regiment was in the center of the train, five companies ahead and the rest divided among every ten wagons. The roads were all in a terrible condition, which made our movements slow. We passed through Stevenson and camped about one mile north of the town in a dense woods. Several trains loaded with soldiers passed us bound for Nashville. Some of the boys tried to get some fresh bread and pies, but could not make it.

On November 4, in the morning, we struck tents and moved out to the railroad, halted and waited for over an hour before we moved on. The weather was cold and rain set in, which made it very disagreeable for the men, and the roads so bad that it gave them more work getting the wagons along. The rain continued all day and we moved very slowly and went into camp at 4 o'clock on the side of the hill. We had plenty of wood. Just at dark it cleared off and looked like the next day would be clear.

November 5, we left camp at 9 o'clock and marched left in front, but it was slow, with a great many halts. The day was beautiful and it seemed to revive the boys' spirits wonderfully. We marched till dark and went into camp very tired. Owing to some misunderstanding we could not find a proper place. At last we camped on the side of a hill close to the railroad.

November 6, was Sunday, but the army had to move on, as there was no exception in our case, and we left camp at 7 a. m. and moved up to the foot of the mountain, where we halted

a short time, and then commenced to climb it. The roads were awfully bad and rocky, but we kept moving on, resting now and then, until we got to the top. We halted there a short time to help the wagons along, then started down, and kept going until we got to the foot of the mountain, when we went into camp. Only a few wagons came down the mountain. The weather was cloudy and cool, with a shower of rain, but when we got down in the valley the wind blew a perfect hurricane and in the night it rained very hard and flooded us out. We passed a miserable night of it, and the boys thought this was hard work getting over the Cumberland Mountains.

On November 7, when we awoke in the morning it had quit raining, and the regiment was ordered back to the top of the mountain to help the wagons along. The boys did not fancy that kind of soldiering, but, nevertheless, they went up to the top of the mountain again, and were scattered all along the road in companies and remained there until relieved by another regiment. Then they came down the mountain again, and after marching several miles went into camp for the night.

On November 8, we did not move out of our camp until 12 o'clock, and then marched for Deckerd Station, where we arrived at 3 p. m. The weather was very disagreeable, as it rained all the time. After a short halt we went into camp.

On November 9, we struck tents in the morning at daylight, and started out on the road, passing through Winchester at 8 a. m. We passed the town of Salem at 12 m., and along in the afternoon passed through Branchville at 3 p. m., marched some three miles beyond the town and went into camp in a damp, flat woods. It had been raining hard all day and the mud was knee deep. The boys put in a miserable day.

On November 10, we marched again at daylight. The marching was a little more pleasant. The weather had cleared up and the sun shone bright, but the air was cool. After marching some distance, and along in the afternoon, we halted and went into camp for the night in a beautiful place, where we got plenty of forage, the boys having more chickens and hogs in camp than they had for a long time, which put them in excellent spirits. Added to this, the paymaster, who had been with us on this trip across the mountains, paid off some of the boys. We got in the habit of moving at daylight and this morning, November 11, was no exception to the rule, we passed through a rich country and found any quantity of forage of all kinds for man and beast. The boys commenced foraging early and kept it up all along the march. The day was fine for marching and we got along very well. We passed through the once pretty town of Fayetteville. There were still some nice residences in the place. We were met here by a brigade of cavalry, who came



to escort us through. We crossed a nice bridge that spans the Elk River just outside of the town, where we went into camp.

November 12, we moved again at daylight, our regiment being in the advance. No foraging was allowed, as we were getting in close proximity to the enemy. We had a pleasant march and reached Pulaski at 3 p. m. We found a lot of our friends already there who were glad to see us, as there had been rumors that we were captured by the enemy, and our train burned. As we arrived in town we heard the news of Lincoln's election as President again. As part of our corps was already there, we rejoined them and went into regular camp on a high hill overlooking the town.

## CHAPTER XV.

## OPERATIONS ABOUT THE BASE WHEN SHERMAN STARTED TO THE SEA.

On November 12, General Sherman gave his last orders to us, and cut loose from Atlanta and started for the sea, leaving Major General Thomas to look after Hood and all the rest of our enemies in this section of the country.

We spent November 3, in camp washing and cleaning up, and glad of the chance to rest, but the boys missed the good things they had on the march. We again subsisted on sow-belly and hard tack once more.

On November 14 and 15, there was nothing new in camp, raining nearly all the time. Lieutenant Sehell was mustered as captain of his company.

Everything was still quiet on the seventeenth, but it still continued to rain hard. The boys got eight months' pay, so they were all flush with greenbacks.

On November 18, everything looked dismal in camp, on account of the rain and cold. The fire was the best place the boys could find. Wood was not so plentiful here, and had to be brought some distance. It kept the boys hustling to keep a supply on hand.

On November 19, the weather turned colder. There were rumors that we would move soon, although the boys preferred remaining in camp awhile, rough as it was, for we had been on the march almost continually since we left camp at Ooltewah, Tenn.

On November 20, 21 and 22, we were still in camp, with the weather cold and everything quiet. Some of the boys were working on their houses, but the logs had to be brought such a distance they could not do much.

At 12 o'clock m., November 23, the general call was sounded and we hastily got ready to move. It was said Hood was marching on the town with his whole army and we had to fall back. We marched at 3 p. m. After a steady march of eight hours, we halted and bivouacked for the night near Linville, Tenn. Shortly after leaving our camp we heard heavy skirmishing on our left, which we supposed was the enemy's cavalry feeling for the railroad.

On November 24, we struck tents at 2:30 a. m. and moved out immediately, but halted again near the road, and waited

for over an hour before we started. We felt badly on account of our loss of sleep. The air was cold, but we marched rapidly, with very few halts. Our train was in the rear. When within six miles of town, we halted and let our trains pass us, which delayed us several hours. We arrived at Columbia at dark. We lost our brigade and had quite a time trying to find it. After marching around a great deal, wearing out the patience of the men, we found the brigade and went into camp at 9 o'clock. The boys were pretty well played out, several Negroes of both sexes, with their children, accompanied us to town. Some of them presented a pitiable sight.

November 25, was pretty much a day of excitement. We took up a position about 11 a. m. and commenced constructing works, but fell back after dark to a new position north of the town and worked all night on our fortifications. The men were very tired and sleepy, the enemy having been on our heels pretty close for the last forty-eight hours.

After our works were completed, on November 26, the enemy made several charges on our right, but were handsomely repulsed. There had been heavy skirmishing all night.

Everything was lively in front on November 27, and heavy skirmishing was going on all day. Just at dark we were ordered to fall in. We retreated through the town, crossed Duck River and burned the railroad bridge behind us. After marching some distance we went into camp in a cornfield. Troops were continually passing us all night.

We moved early in the morning of November 28. After marching in a circuit for some five miles we got to a point half a mile from where we started, formed a line of battle and threw up works, but this was hardly done until we had to move some fifty yards and take up another position, which we also fortified. Our artillery kept up a heavy fire all day, thus preventing the enemy from crossing the river in our front.

We started to fall back the morning of November 29, but before we got far from our works, our brigade was ordered to take up a position on the left flank, on a high ridge running parallel with the road, and remain until further orders. As usual our regiment was thrown out as skirmishers. We remained here until dark without encountering the enemy. We were relieved by regular pickets and then joined the brigade. We hardly had time, however, to get our supper before we were ordered to fall in and continue our retreat. Colonel Wheeler left us and went to Franklin on November 30.

In the latter part of September the Fourth Army Corps marched from Atlanta to Chattanooga, after making a reconnaissance in force to Alpine Valley, with many exciting episodes. They left Chattanooga, and thence to Bridgeport and

Pulaski. Following this came the hard marching, virtually a race on parallel roads with Hood, which resulted in the bloody battle at Franklin and Nashville. When Sherman cut loose from Atlanta, Hood also cut loose from Sherman, and started, as he stated, for the Ohio River, and the impetuous Southern leader had reached Florence, on the Tennessee River. Jeff Davis and Hood had both made speeches to their army to encourage them in the undertaking; and with his compact, confident army of thirty or forty thousand veterans, expected to have no trouble annihilating General Thomas, with less than half that number of available troops to oppose his march on Nashville. The Fourth Army Corps, under General Stanley, was camped at Pulaski, only a few miles distant from Hood when he started on his march from Florence to Columbia. General Stanley was soon advised of his movements, so he advanced toward the same point. Hood had the start and the shortest route, as well as much the larger force, but the Union forces won the "first heat" in the race by a hair's breadth. From the twenty-third to the twenty-seventh of November, the two armies confronted each other just south of Columbia, lying close together, and neither seemed disposed to make an attack. Hood finally decided to march to Spring Hill, twelve miles north, without offering battle at that point. Schofield was in command of the Union forces, and they crossed Duck River at Columbia on the night of the twenty-eighth, and early on the morning of the twenty-ninth Stanley took up the line of march for Spring Hill with the First and Second divisions of the Fourth Army Corps, with a train of eight hundred wagons and ambulances, and about forty pieces of artillery. No fires were allowed, owing to the close proximity of the enemy. It was a night of terrible suspense, as the whole of Hood's Army was encamped in the immediate vicinity. As early as 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth, Hood was within two miles of Spring Hill with two corps and one division, in all thirty thousand infantry compactly located, while Schofield had less than twenty thousand scattered on the road from Columbia to Spring Hill, a distance of twelve miles. We continued our retreat all night. On our way we passed a corps of the enemy encamped only five hundred yards from the road, they lying quiet while we passed by. Arriving at Spring Hill, we halted for ten minutes. We left Waggoner's Division of the Fourth Army Corps here and kept on our march to Franklin. The day's work was over at dark, but the night's work came on, and it was one of the most critical, important and perilous ever performed by soldiers. Before starting we received orders not to speak or make any noise, but to move forward as silently and as quickly as possible, and if the enemy fired on us we were not to return the fire, but to

trust in Providence to assist us in getting through. As He helped the prophets of old, so did He help us, for they all slumbered and slept as we passed by, although only a few hundred yards from us. There was not a shot fired. By 9 o'clock that night Hood's Army was lying in line of battle two and a half miles long, parallel to the turnpike leading from Spring Hill to Franklin. No great distance—less than half a mile from it along the turnpike, Schofield's entire force, with its trains and artillery, marched in order to reach Franklin, twelve miles north, where it was hoped the Harpeth River could be crossed in time to save the army and its supplies. Before midnight Stanley's men marched along this road, all except Waggoner's Division. General Stanley said it was like treading upon a crust covering a smoldering volcano. At any moment this line of soldiers might spring to their feet, advance a few hundred yards and pour destruction into our retreating columns. But the day's work had been hard for them as well as us, and while we marched they slept. Nearly a thousand teams crossed one bridge only wide enough for one wagon at a time. Between midnight and 5 o'clock in the morning our supplies and teams were all across the Harpeth River. If the Second Division that we left at Spring Hill with the troops there had been defeated, our entire train and everything else would have been in the hands of the enemy, for at 3 p. m. General Cheatham advanced his entire corps to attack one brigade of the Second Division, and after several unsuccessful efforts enough troops were brought into the fight by the Confederates to dislodge our forces, but the fire of the six batteries stayed the enemy's onset and Cheatham waited for reinforcements. When Hood came up he bitterly reproached both Cheatham and Clebourne, because, as he claimed, they had lost the whole advantage of the campaign by lack of dash and courage. When General Stanley arrived at Franklin we commenced throwing up works as soon as we got to town. The boys, although very tired after an all-day and all-night march, worked with a will and soon had good works thrown up, as General Schofield desired to hold the town long enough to cross his trains in safety over the frail bridges that spanned the stream. Hood was close behind him, chagrined and exasperated over the mischance of the past twenty-four hours. A fierce battle was highly probable, though none of the commanding generals seemed to realize the fact. The Harpeth River makes a sharp horseshoe bend around the town. Across this bend Schofield's defensive lines were drawn, facing southward. It was about one mile long, inclosing the town, both flanks resting on the river, and was composed of two divisions of the Fourth Army Corps and one division and

two brigades of the Twenty-third Army Corps. They arrived in the outskirts of Franklin about 2:30 p. m. For the first time since leaving Columbia, the men had a brief respite from unremitting duty, and permission was given them to make coffee, if they had any. With their arms stacked and their little fires burning they enjoyed the pleasure of anticipation, but their felicity was of short duration, for at 4 o'clock we saw the swarming hosts of Hood's Army rapidly approaching. The onset came and they were scattered like chaff, though not without brave resistance, being driven back on the defensive line. This part of the line was held by new troops of the Twenty-third Army Corps, who had never faced an enemy's charge. They fled in disorder when the victorious Confederates charged on the lines, and a wide gap was thus opened in our lines. The day seemed lost, but the old veterans soon filled up the gap and regained the lost ground. These veterans of many battles, aroused from the frugal cookery by the approaching stampede which bade fair to overwhelm them, took in the gravity of the situation, their own peril and that of the army. In the uproar and confusion few of them heard any orders, but by a common impulse, instinctively and spontaneously, they seemed to recognize that the breastworks over which the enemy was swarming was the safest place in all the wide world for them. Going to the rear certainly meant drowning or capture; going to the front might mean deliverance. They seized their guns from the stack, faced about toward the advancing foe and charged two or three hundred yards. Many of the retreating soldiers returned with them, drove out the enemy and reoccupied the abandoned trenches after twenty minutes of perhaps the cruelest fighting our war beheld. The enemy charged on our works eleven successive times but were repulsed with great loss. The Carter House was just in the rear of the breastworks, and around it the contest was fierce. We had a battery and one section of another stationed there. These had been captured in the wild rebel rush, but were recaptured during the remainder of the engagement. But Hood did not yet abandon his desperate attempt, for at least five distinct charges were made in rapid succession on the lines occupied by this brigade, each of which was gallantly repulsed. It was recognized on all sides that this was the key to the position. The fighting was much harder here than at any other point. The brigade front was so short that many men could not get into the trenches, and they lay flat in the rear, loading guns and passing them to comrades in front, thus doubling their efficiency. There was no question that in many places in front of our breastworks, the enemy's dead lay in more than threes and fours.

Our regiment was advanced on the skirmish line at the close of the fight, in front of our works, and remained there until the troops and trains were well across the river, when we were quietly withdrawn, crossed the river and proceeded on our way to Nashville, leaving there at 12 o'clock at night, feeling greatly relieved when we were safe on the north side of the Harpeth River. The sleepy, staggering, stumbling heroes, who had scarcely slept or eaten for three days, plodded along all night and until 11 o'clock the next day, December 1, 1864, when they marched inside the defences of Nashville utterly exhausted. They threw themselves on the frozen ground and slept a dreamless, welcome sleep, lasting in most cases from twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

After our regiment left Franklin at midnight, we stopped a short time for breakfast, but it seemed the boys would rather sleep than eat. After reaching the outskirts of Nashville the regiment bivouacked in column by brigade.

A Confederate soldier writing of the thrilling events at Spring Hill and Franklin some years afterward, said:

"We outmarched them. We slept near Spring Hill, and when we bivouacked we knew that we had Schofield in a trap and that he was ours, but while we slept Schofield marched by and came within half a mile of our camp fires. I have never seen more intense rage and profound disgust than was expressed by the weary foot-sore, battle-torn Confederate soldiers were when they discovered that their officers had allowed the prey to escape. As has been stated, the Second Division of the Fourth Army Corps stood fast while all the rest of Schofield's Army marched by during that fateful night. The order of march to Franklin was for two regiments of one brigade to form in battle line opposite each other on the pike, the right of one joining the left of the other, both facing south. The remaining four regiments of the brigade formed in the same manner, the second two several rods in the rear of the first two, with a third two several rods still further in the rear, all facing south or toward the Yankees. This movement was constantly repeated until the vicinity of Franklin had been reached. There was almost continuous skirmishing between the rear line thus facing the Federals, our line advancing all the time. The firing several times during the day became quite lively. Franklin had already been the scene of several considerable conflicts during the war. Even far back of that it was a fighting town, a favorite dueling ground for the old slave-holding chivalry. We charged the Federal lines time and again, only to be repulsed by them, but still the battle-torn Confederates were formed into charging columns and launched against the Yankee works. Our dead lay in windrows, the wounded shrieked as we trod on their mangled

limbs. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, and we were still fighting, still dying, still trampling our dead and wounded into the earth. Then we gave it up. We had made five desperate charges. Pat Clebourne's men had made six charges, when he fell dead while leading the last one. Every general officer in our army except Hood was killed or wounded. Our loss had run high up in the thousands. We stacked our arms and laid down. One Confederate major general and his horse fell inside of the Union lines, both horse and rider dead. Such was the desperate valor displayed."

General Carter, a brother of the occupant of the Carter House, was killed within a few rods of his house. In many instances it was brother against brother. For the number engaged, that was one of the most sanguinary engagements of the war. Some general, in speaking of it, said if our lines had been broken our whole army would have been lost, Nashville captured and the whole state of Tennessee lost to the Union, for the time being at least. It is true we left the field at the close of the fight and left it to the enemy, yet it was one of the greatest victories achieved by the Union forces during the war. Our loss was very light compared with that of the enemy, but to the rank and file of the army it seemed quite a mystery that General Schofield, who was at the time of the engagement on the north side of the Harpeth River, almost out of sight of the battle, is given the honor, while General Stanley, who was in the thickest of the fight, and whose prompt action when the line was broken saved the day, and who, in so doing, received a very serious wound, is scarcely mentioned in the reports of the battle.



## CHAPTER XVI.

NASHVILLE INVESTED—OUR REGIMENTAL FLAG THE FIRST PLANTED  
ON HOOD'S WORKS.

On December 2, we rested part of the day. At 1 o'clock the enemy appeared in our front and skirmishing commenced. We were hastily deployed, and commenced throwing up a line of works. When we got them about half finished we fell back about half a mile and took up our position near Fort Casino, where we commenced fortifying again. We received orders during the night to keep the men constantly at work, as it was expected the enemy would assault them in the morning at sun-up.

On December 3, General Stanley having been wounded at Franklin, General T. J. Wood assumed command of the Fourth Army Corps. Under the reorganization of the army General Kimble still commanded the division, and General Kirby the brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first and Thirty-eighth Illinois and Thirty-first and Eighty-first Indiana, Ninetieth and One Hundred and First Ohio. We remained quiet all day in our works. Skirmishing was constantly going on. We had orders to strengthen our works and form abatis in front of them.

On December 4, we moved to the right, about the length of a regiment, and constructed new works and put up our tents.

On December 5, skirmishing was lively all day between the pickets. Nevertheless some of the boys got passes and went to the city.

December 6, 7 and 8, the weather turned very cold and everything was very disagreeable, but we still kept to our works. The enemy made a dash on the picket line of our brigade at 11 a. m., and our regiment went out on double-quick to reinforce them, but the enemy fell back.

December 9, 10 and 11, found us still in our works and keeping very close, as it was still very cold. Everything on the lines was quiet except an occasional shot from our artillery, the boys hugging the fires closely.

December 12, we were having heavy firing all day on our picket lines, and the night before it was kept up all night. It looked to us as if we would soon have a fight, as we got orders to be ready to move at moment's notice.

On December 13, we were still watching the enemy closely.

Our orders were to have all our surplus baggage packed and ready for storage. The weather had moderated some, but it was snowing and sleeting. There was not so much firing on the lines as the day before.

December 14, was a muddy, sloppy and cloudy day. Our orders were to be ready to move on the enemy.

History has told how Hood closed up around Nashville, aggressively investing it, creating consternation throughout the North and at Washington, yet few realized how bad his army had been crippled and disheartened by his fatal experience at Franklin. General Thomas deliberately prepared to attack him, and it was effectively and completely done.

We had reveille at 4 a. m., December 15. Troops were moving early and passing to our right. We received orders to fall in line. After receiving words of encouragement from Colonel Kirby, commanding the brigade, to hold the post of honor, our division marched toward the right one and a half miles, halting outside of our main works. Troops were moving in all directions. We formed a line of battle, three regiments front. All this time heavy cannonading was going on at our right, and it kept coming down the line. We advanced slowly, driving their skirmishers and taking their pits. At 4 o'clock our brigade was ordered to charge a high hill in our front, close to the Hillsboro pike, called Montgomery Hill. We did so capturing part of the Thirty-fifth Mississippi. Our loss was twenty-two killed and wounded in the charge. Among the mortally wounded was Captain Schell, of our regiment, a brave and gallant officer. Our regiment was in the front line, and the Eighty-first was the first to plant the flag on the enemy's works. We camped on the battle field.

On December 16, in the morning, it looked like we would have a fine day, but in the afternoon it clouded up and some rain fell. Some prisoners brought in reports that the enemy was not far off. The Second Division took the advance, so that they could have a hand in the pie, but we followed in supporting distance. Before proceeding very far we found the enemy entrenched near Brentwood Hill. The Second Division charged the enemy's works and was repulsed. We threw up works, and shortly afterward were ordered to the left, in the rear of Whittaker's Brigade. There was very heavy cannonading and musket firing along the enemy's center, but it was only a feint, for in a short time their flanks were turned by Smith and Schofield, and just before night the enemy beat a full retreat. Our regiment lost only two men, severely wounded. We followed the enemy a few miles and went into camp on a high rise of ground alongside or close to a large house and outbuildings.

On December 17, we marched out early in the morning through mud and rain until 4 p. m., and went into camp near Franklin, on the banks of Harpeth River. We passed a great many prisoners on their way to Nashville, that were taken by our cavalry. We had to wait here until our pioneers provided some way to cross.

On December 18, we crossed the Harpeth River in the morning, on a new bridge built by our pioneers, and passed through Franklin. There was a great many wounded rebs there as well as our own wounded. We marched rapidly and passed the enemy's graveyard, which was just outside of the works we occupied during the battle there. This was the place they charged us so often, and were repulsed. They were buried where they fell, mostly in front of our works, and in many places the graves were very thick. In one place, all in the same row, we counted twenty-seven privates and three commissioned officers, all belonging to the same company. It was an Alabama regiment. That was a terrible day, and will never be forgotten by us as long as we live.

We continued our march and went into camp south of Spring Hill. The day was damp and the roads muddy. It was Sunday, and we spent the day marching through the mud.

On December 19, it having rained all night before, it was not very pleasant when we marched out from our camp at 7 o'clock. After marching a few miles we turned off the pike to the right and camped for the night. Several regiments of cavalry passed us after we went into camp. Late in the afternoon it turned very cold, but we built good fires of rails and made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

On December 20, it was still cool, cloudy and looked like snow. We did not move out of our camp until 9 o'clock, being delayed a great deal on account of a bridge across a small creek. Finally a temporary one was thrown across and we moved out. It was a muddy crossing. We had a terrible time getting horses and mules over the creek. We then marched to Duck River, but as there was no bridge to cross, we went into camp on its banks and built our fires, which made everything all right.

December 21, in the morning, a light snow fell and made it look winterish, but with large fires we kept comfortable. We remained in camp all day and the boys hugged the fires closely.

December 22, we spent all day in camp and kept close to the fire. In the evening we received orders to be ready to move at 7 p. m. The "general call" was sounded and the regiment fell into line and we marched across Duck River on Pontoon bridges. We marched through Columbia. Everything looked dark and gloomy. We marched across some very rough fields and up some high hills. The brigade went into camp, and our regiment was

ordered out on picket. The night was cold, and, as the pickets could have no fires, they suffered considerably.

December 23, was cold all night, but the boys on the reserve kept up good fires, as the enemy was reported not to be near. We did not leave our camp until 1 p. m. We then started on the march, but moved very slow on the pike toward Pulaski for about five miles, and went into camp on a high hill. We fixed up our tents and built good fires. The enemy had left a small force to check us for a while, but it did not last long. It looked like their whole army was played out.

December 24, we had reveille at 5 a. m. It was a beautiful day for winter, being clear and cold. We struck tents at 8 o'clock, but did not march until 12 m., on account of troops passing on ahead of us. After we marched some distance, we went into camp at 7 p. m., at the little town of Linville, the enemy still retreating as fast as possible.

December 25, was Christmas, but we did not stop for that, for we had Hood on the move, and we kept him moving, or, you might say, flying. We arose early and spent the day marching. we passed through Pulaski in the afternoon. It rained which made it very disagreeable. We marched several miles south of Pulaski, and went into camp on a high hill at the mouth of a gap, where our cavalry and the enemy had quite a fight. To make it more unpleasant for us our rations were nearly out, having hardly enough for supper, but we had the promise of plenty next day. That was the way the boys spent Christmas, but they expected, or hoped at least, to spend the next one under more favorable circumstances, and in a pleasanter place.

December 26, we remained in our camp all day waiting for rations, as we were out, and needed them badly. We received our mail, which kept the boys in good humor. It was cloudy and muddy, and that was a miserable-looking country. When we came here the night before there was plenty of rails, but they soon disappeared.

We received orders to have reveille at 4 o'clock in the morning, December 27. We were up in time and marched at 5 a. m., our division in front. This marching was very severe on the boys on account of the bad and muddy condition of the road. We went into camp at 3 p. m. on a small creek.

December 28, was fine over head. We left camp at 9 a. m. and marched through a very bushy and timbered country, going into camp at 5 p. m. near Lexington, Ala. Our brigade was put in a thick brushy woods. As the troops were crowded together, our regiment did not have room to camp, so we were placed in an open field, where we had plenty of room. We heard that the enemy had crossed the Tennessee River and were still going south.

December 29, we remained in camp all day, the boys being glad to get a little rest. We received the news of Stoneman's success in East Tennessee. The account was read to the regiment. Everything was quiet in our camp. Some of the boys went out after forage, and they had extraordinary good luck, getting lots of honey, cornmeal, sorghum and chickens, so for one day the boys were living in style.

December 30, we still remained in camp. Rations were issued, as the enemy were across the Tennessee River. The boys thought we would go into winter quarters. They still went out foraging to keep up their supply of extras.

About this time Major General T. J. Wood superseded by Major General Stanley, who, having recovered from his wound, assumed command of the Fourth Army Corps. General Wood in his report says that it closed for the Fourth Army Corps one of the most remarkable campaigns of the war. The following is Major E. G. Mathey's report from the fifteenth to the thirtieth of December:

“NEAR LEXINGTON, TENN., December 30, 1864.

“SIR—I have the honor to report that on December 15, 1864, the Eighty-first Indiana was ordered to advance against the enemy at about 4 p. m. It charged up a hill and took the works in its front, capturing at the same time about sixty-six prisoners. The loss of the regiment was three commissioned officers and nineteen men, killed and wounded. One officer (Captain E. M. Schell) was mortally wounded and four men instantly killed. On the sixteenth the regiment was in reserve, and in following up the front line a cannon ball struck into the regiment wounding three men, one severely, his leg having to be cut off. Since the above date we have been pursuing the enemy, but have not participated in any engagement.

“I am, Sir, very respectfully yours, etc..

E. G. MATHEY,

*Major commanding the regiment.”*

## CHAPTER XVII.

## CLOSING INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

December 31, we left our camp near Lexington at 9 a. m. The roads were in better condition than we expected. We marched about eighteen miles and went into camp near sundown in a dense thicket of briars. As this was New Years Eve, we hoped, with the help of the Lord, to spend the next one in a happier and better place. Snow fell the night before, but with good fires we made things look cheerful.

January 1, 1865, we had reveille at 3 a. m. We had a good breakfast and wished a happy New Year to all, for the boys felt in good spirits. At half past 5 o'clock the Second Division passed us, going ahead. There was a rumor that our division was to garrison Athens, Ala. The old Fourth Army Corps was quite jolly, cheering and shooting their muskets to welcome the New Year. The boys seemed to be in a good humor at the prospect of going into winter quarters. We did not leave our camp until 1 p. m. The delay was caused by a bridge over Elk River being swept away. We marched about two miles and went into camp on a hill.

We expected to move January 2, but did not. Everybody was trying to go out foraging. Any kind of an old horse or mule was in great demand. Captain Hewitt and several of the boys went out, although orders were issued against it, and guards patrolled around the camp to catch the boys as they came in, but the captain returned with a fine lot of hams, chickens, etc., and all the boys did well. They were living at the "top of the pot;" so they said.

January 3, was another disagreeable day. It was pretty cool in the morning. We left camp at 12 o'clock and crossed Elk River on a temporary bridge built by the pioneers of the Fourth Army Corps. We then marched through a flat, muddy country. We reached Athens, Ala., about dark, and went into camp north of the town.

January 4, was a fine day, so we marched out at 8 a. m., and took the road leading to Huntsville, Ala. The country was of the same character as we were in the day before. We went into camp at 5 o'clock on the left of the road, within seven miles of Huntsville, with orders to be ready to move at 5 o'clock the next morning.

On January 5, we struck tents and marched out at daylight, with our regiment at the head of the column. We reached Huntsville at 9 o'clock. The road we marched on sloped down to the city. It was a beautiful sight to look back at the long line of boys in blue, with their bands playing and flags flying in the breeze. Huntsville is a pretty place, in fact, one of the nicest towns we had been in. We marched through the town, the bands playing the "Star Spangled Banner," with all the arms at a right-shoulder shift and the bayonets of a good many of the boys loaded with pork, etc. It looked gay and funny. We went into camp some two miles from the town in a beautiful valley. We lay in this camp for some time, the boys fixing up winter quarters. They had a nice place for their camp and were well pleased.

January 9, 10 and 11, it rained and the boys were all trying to get furloughs. Life in the camp there seemed so dull, as the boys did not have much to do except fixing up winter quarters. With all the little extras that is necessary to camp life there was one thing the boys were proud of, and that was the water.

January 12, found us still in our camp near Huntsville. We had a heavy frost the night before. The boys were still working on their houses. Some of them had very nice places to live in and they looked quite fashionable.

During the balance of the month we still continued in camp. On the Nineteenth, our baggage arrived. We lay in our quarters until March 13, 1865, when we struck tents about noon and marched to the cars, that being the first time the regiment had the pleasure of riding on the railroad since it left Camp Noble, in August 1862. We left the same day, passing through Stevenson, Bridgeport, Chattanooga, Knoxville and on to Strawberry Plains. On the morning of the fifteenth, we went into camp in a beautiful place. We lay here till the twenty-third. Our wagon trains arrived next day and we moved out up the Holston River, then on to New Market, and went into camp on Mossy Creek.

On the twenty-fifth, we again resumed the march, passing through Moorsville to Russellville, and bivouacked. The next day we arrived at Bull's Gap and went into camp.

On the twenty-eighth we again broke camp and marched through the Gap some six miles and went into camp, where we remained until April 3, 1865. We were then ordered to have three days' rations in haversacks and seven days' rations in wagons, leaving our baggage behind. We then took the North Carolina road, and after marching fourteen miles we halted for the night. The next morning we were on the march early, crossed the Chuckey River, and went through narrow passes in

the mountains and along the French Broad River into North Carolina.

April 5, we were on the march up the river. At 10 a. m. we halted and drew rations and left the wagons and artillery behind. After a march of seventeen miles we reached Marshall.

On the sixth, we moved out early and arrived at Alexander at 10 a. m. After destroying a bridge we moved on up the river. We arrived at Ashville at 3 p. m. Here we found the enemy. Lines were immediately formed, and a sharp skirmish ensued, which continued until night, the enemy using a battery. Just at dark the right wing of the regiment was placed on picket, but at 8 o'clock they were drawn off and we marched about ten miles and went into camp for the remainder of the night.

On the morning of the seventh, we were on the march early, and after marching nine miles halted on Clear Creek for breakfast. The next day we marched fifteen miles.

On April 9, we took up the march early and reached Hot Springs about 10 a. m., and went on over the mountains, a distance of ten miles.

The next day we continued the march, taking dinner near Chuckey River and went into camp near Greenville.

We continued to march on the eleventh, and reached our old camp on Lick Creek about 2 p. m.

April 12, it was a rainy, disagreeable day, but the next was clear and delightful, and all the boys, and every one else, were rejoicing over the news of Lee's surrender.

On the eighteenth we received orders to get ready to march at once, and at 2 p. m. we marched to Bull's Gap and bivouacked.

It was while on this trip that we heard of President Lincoln's assassination, and the boys were very sorry.

General Kirby, in speaking of this expedition, said it was to make the enemy concentrate all their small bands at Ashville, and that it accomplished the object.

On the nineteenth, our division hospital was shipped aboard the cars.

On the twentieth, we took the train and went to Knoxville. While the train lay here an accident happened to one of the men in the brigade. He got knockd off of the cars and fell under one and was cut in two. One of our boys, Wm. H. Coleman, of Company H, went to look at the man, and the cars gave a jerk and broke his arm.

Leaving Knoxville we went to Stevenson and on to Nashville, where we arrived at 8 p. m., April 22. We left the cars west of town and bivouacked for the night. The next day we went six miles from Nashville on the Cumberland River, where we arrived on the 23d of April. The camp was called Camp Harker.



Some time in November Captain O. P. Anderson, of Company K, was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment. and while we lay in camp at Huntsville, Alabama, he was made colonel, and commanded the regiment in the expedition to North Carolina.

Our Adjutant, John J. Gallagher, having resigned, Colonel Anderson appointed Lieutenant John Schwallier, of Company I, to fill the place, he resigning in February, and Sergeant Thos. L. Cole, of Company I, was elected.

We lay in camp on the banks of the Cumberland River all through the latter part of April and the month of May, 1865. the boys all anxious and waiting to go home, as they considered the rebellion at an end. They spent their time in camp doing guard and police duty, occasionally getting a pass to the city.

On June 1, it began to be noised about that we would soon be mustered out, as our time of service was drawing to a close.

In the first week of June we began to get ready to go home.

On June 11, General Kimble, our division commander, assembled the regiment together and made us the following address:

“HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, FOURTH ARMY CORPS. )

CAMP HARKER, TENN., June 11, 1865. )

“Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, you with the officers and men of the Eighty-first Indiana, after three years of gallant devotion to the cause of our common country in this war against rebellion, are now about to return to your homes with honor unstained, and with reputations bright with glory. Your deeds will live forever. In nearly every battle of the Southwest you have been engaged, and you have borne the flag of the Union and the banner of your noble State to victory over the foe who would have destroyed the Government made by your fathers. God has given you the victory; remember Him. And now that the war is over, the rebellion at an end, remember those whom you have conquered; use victory as becomes brave men and true soldiers; return to your homes with enmity toward none and love for all. I know that you will be the best of citizens, because you have been the best of soldiers. While we live enjoying the honor and privileges which your valor has won and saved, let us ever cherish as the idols of our hearts the memory of our comrades who have given up their lives for the salvation of our country, who fell by your sides battling for the right. Remember the widows and orphans of our dead comrades. Be true to them as our comrades were true to us and their country. My comrades, accept my gratitude for your devotion to me personally. You have been true and noble soldiers and brave men. May God ever bless you and crown your lives with happiness, and each of you

with peace and plenty. Be as you have ever been—true to God, to country, to friends and to yourselves. Good-bye, my comrades. Again, God bless you.

NATHAN KIMBALL,

*Brevet Maj. Gen. Commanding First Div., 4th Army Corps.*”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## OUR COMPANY OF THE PIONEER CORPS.

We feel that there is another branch of the army that our regiment took a prominent part in that should not be forgotten, and we feel that in justice to them that they should be mentioned. In the latter part of November, 1862, while the army lay at Edgefield, Tenn., there was an order issued by General Rosecrans to form what was called the Pioneer Corps. There was one commissioned officer, one sergeant and one corporal from the regiment, and two privates from each company to form one company in the Pioneer Corps, making one company from each regiment. Lieutenant John Schwallier, of Company I, was detailed to command the company from our regiment. In choosing the men, every other man was to be a mechanic. Their work was to build bridges, railroads, cut roads through the cedars for the ambulances, and everything else that the army had to do, and at a number of times they were fighting like the balance of the army. Companies were formed into regiments, brigades and corps. They were commanded by General Morton, of the regular army, and numbered 1,700 picked men. They prepared fords and held them while the army crossed. General Rosecrans, in speaking of them in his report of the battle of Stone River, virtually acknowledged they saved the right wing of the army, and recommended all the officers for promotion. Lieutenant Schwallier was with them nearly two years. They did good service, and it would have been impossible to have gotten along without them.

## CONCLUSION.

When we left our camp in Indiana and took up our march through Kentucky, and in a few weeks were keeping time to the thunder of artillery, on the bloody heights of Perryville, our ranks were full. The very "bone and sinew" of that part of the State of Indiana was represented by men who had enlisted from a pure love of country and a desire to see our glorious Union perpetuated. After marching nearly twice across the State of Kentucky on a forced march we reached Edgefield, Tenn., opposite Nashville, and after remaining there a few weeks crossed the Cumberland River, remaining a short time. Then, moving through Nashville, went into camp some four miles from the city. Since then its future had been identified with that of the gallant Army of the Cumberland, and on every occasion, when called on, did its part in sustaining the reputation of that invincible corps. But it was not the regiment in numbers it was three years before. Battles, death, disease, etc., had done their work. Scores of eyes that once sparkled with pleasure as they rested on the "Star-gemmed Banner" were glazed in death, far from home and friends. Their bodies now moulder in the dark, damp earth, but their names and deeds are enshrined in the hearts of their grateful comrades. Others, wrecks of their former manhood, sought with feeble steps the homes of their childhood, and among friends, are quietly awaiting the summons of the stern, relentless monster, "death." But they have the proud consolation of knowing that the glorious old flag, under whose folds they so proudly marched from their beloved Hoosier homes, still defiantly floats in triumph. It is true the smoke of the battle, the iron hail, the war and the elements had dimmed its lustre and marred its symmetry, but it still floats over the "home of the free and the land of the brave."

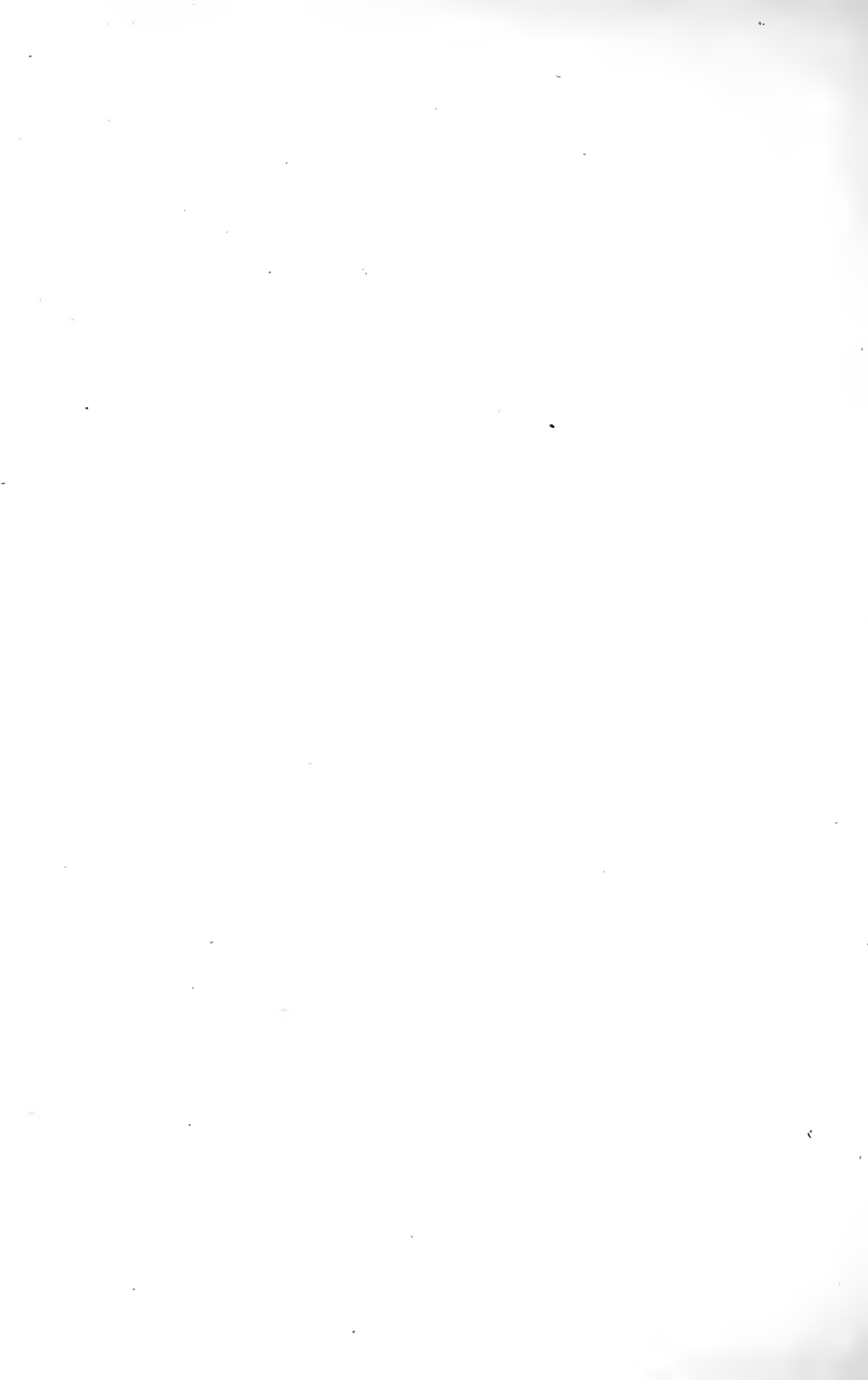
The regiment remained in camp Harker until June 13, when it was mustered out of the United States service, and left the same day for Indianapolis, Ind., arriving there on June 15, 1865.

The regiment numbered at the time it was organized nine hundred and twenty-seven men and officers, and returning from the campaign, it went through with two hundred and fifty men and twenty-seven officers.

The regiment was present and took part in the following engagements:

Perryville.	Stone River.
Liberty Gap.	Chickamauga.
Rocky Face.	Resaca.
Dallas.	Kingston.
New Hope Church.	Bald Knob.
Kenesaw Mountain.	Marietta.
Peach Tree Creek.	Siege of Atlanta.
Jonesboro.	Lovejoy's Station.
Franklin.	Nashville.

In retracing the steps of the Eighty-first Regiment Indiana Volunteers in the war of the rebellion after the lapse of more than a third of a century, it is a matter of astonishment that so many incidents which have not been thought of for years have come to mind—incidents of individual, personal bravery and daring; incidents on the battlefield, on the march, in camp, and, in fact, all along the line—that ought to be mentioned and perpetuated, but into this inviting field I have not dared to venture. Space would not allow, and we would not be able to do equal and exact justice to all, therefore we have mainly aimed to record the acts of the gallant old regiment in the campaigns it went through. We do not claim that our regiment put down the rebellion unaided and alone, for it did not, for it had good help and much of it, but on many occasions it rose to the full measure of a splendid opportunity, and its gallantry wrought majestic results in the fortunes of war.



ROSTER  
OF THE  
EIGHTY-FIRST REGIMENT,  
INDIANA  
VOLUNTEER  
INFANTRY.

## REGIMENTAL STAFF.

## COLONELS.

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.
Wm. W. Caldwell.....	August 30, 1862—Dismissed by the President, July 7, 1863.
Horatio Woodbury.....	July 7, 1863—Declined.
Ranna S. Moore.....	October 12, 1863—Mustered out as Captain; promoted to Major, 13th Cavalry.
Oliver P. Anderson.....	January 1, 1865—Mustered out as Lieutenant Colonel with the regiment.

## LIEUTENANT COLONELS.

John Timberlake.....	August 30, 1862—Resigned, January 17, 1863.
Horatio Woodbury.....	January 18, 1863—Resigned, April 30, 1863.
Leonidas Stout.....	July 7, 1863—Declined.
Wm. C. Wheeler.....	October 12, 1863—Resigned, November 22, 1864.
Oliver P. Anderson.....	November 22, 1864—Promoted, Colonel.
Edward G. Mathey.....	January 1, 1865—Mustered out with the regiment.

## MAJORS.

Horatio Woodbury.....	August 30, 1862—Resigned, April 30, 1863.
Leonidas Stout.....	January 18, 1863—Resigned, April 26, 1863; re-enlisted as Major 13th Cavalry.
Wm. J. Richards.....	October 12, 1863—Resigned, July 2, 1864.
Edward G. Mathey.....	August 5, 1864—Promoted, Lieutenant Colonel.
Wm. D. Everitt.....	January 1, 1865—Mustered out as Captain with the regiment.

## ADJUTANTS.

Wm. W. Caldwell.....	August 22, 1862—Promoted, Colonel.
Wm. H. Timberlake.....	August 30, 1862—Resigned for the good of the service, April 29, 1863.
Augustus Jocelyn.....	October 12, 1863—Resigned, June 9, 1864.
John J. Gallagher.....	June 10, 1864—Resigned, January 28, 1865; cause, sickness in family.
Thomas L. Cole.....	April 13, 1865—Mustered out with the regiment.



## QUARTERMASTER.

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.
Wm. H. Daniel.....	August 14, 1862—Mustered out with the regiment.

## CHAPLAINS.

John M. Green.....	January 30, 1863—Resigned, May 4, 1863.
Francis A. Hutchinson.....	July 31, 1863—Resigned, August 23, 1864.
Peter St. Clair.....	October 13, 1864—Mustered out with the regiment.

## SURGEONS.

David G. Kay.....	August 30, 1862—Resigned, December 14, 1862.
Harvey S. Wolfe.....	December 15, 1862—Resigned, February 18, 1863.
Wm. G. Ralston.....	March 20, 1863—Resigned, May 26, 1863.
Wm. D. Fouts.....	October 12, 1863—Mustered out with the regiment.

## ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

David G. Kay.....	August 14, 1862—Promoted, Surgeon.
Harvey S. Wolfe.....	August 30, 1862—Promoted, Surgeon.
Wm. D. Fouts.....	August 30, 1862—Promoted, Surgeon.
Wm. H. Kelso.....	February 5, 1863—Mustered out with the regiment.

## CAPTAINS COMPANY A.

Leonidas Stout.....	August 13, 1862—Promoted, Major.
Henry E. Jones.....	January 18, 1863—Resigned, June 27, 1863.
Spencer H. McCoy.....	January 27, 1863—Mustered out with the regiment.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Henry E. Jones.....	August 13, 1862—Promoted, Captain.
Spencer H. McCoy.....	April 18, 1863—Promoted, Captain.
Harvey Crabb.....	January 18, 1864—Resigned, May 1, 1865; cause, family affairs.
Thomas W. Teaford.....	June 1, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with the regiment.

## SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.
Richard Arnold.....	August 13, 1862—Resigned, April 26, 1863.
Wilford M. Allen.....	June 1, 1865—Mustered out as Sergeant with the regiment.

## CAPTAINS COMPANY B.

Andrew J. Howard.....	August 14, 1862—Dismissed by the President, July 6, 1863.
Wm. H. H. Northcutt.....	July 6, 1863—Resigned, September 20, 1864.
Eugene M. Schell.....	September 21, 1864—Killed in action at Nashville, December 15, 1864.
Leonard H. Tuttle.....	December 18, 1864—Mustered out with the regiment.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Wm. H. Morgan.....	August 14, 1862—Killed in the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862.
Wm. H. H. Northcutt.....	January 2, 1863—Promoted, Captain.
Eugene M. Schell.....	July 6, 1863—Promoted, Captain.
Leonard H. Tuttle.....	September 21, 1864—Promoted, Captain.
James Wilson.....	October 31, 1864—Mustered out with the regiment.
George W. Alpha.....	June 14, 1865—Mustered out as Quarter Master Sergeant with regiment.

## SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

George W. Clark.....	August 14, 1862—Resigned, November 12, 1862.
Wm. H. H. Northcutt.....	November 13, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Eugene M. Schell.....	January 2, 1863—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Charles B. Ashton.....	June 1, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with the regiment.

## CAPTAINS COMPANY C.

Wm. C. Wheeler.....	August 16, 1862—Promoted, Lieutenant Colonel.
Anthony Mottwiler.....	October 31, 1863—Mustered out with the regiment.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.
Daniel K. Starr.....	August 16, 1862—Resigned, February 25, 1863.
Anthony Mottwiler.....	May 10, 1863—Promoted, Captain.
Thomas J. Stevens.....	October 31, 1863—Mustered out with the regiment.

## SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Elijah R. Mitchell.....	August 16, 1862—Promoted, Captain Company G.
Thomas J. Stevens.....	May 10, 1863—Promoted, First Lieutenant.

## CAPTAINS COMPANY D.

Weston C. Finley.....	August 21, 1862—Resigned, December 25, 1862.
Robert F. Gordon.....	December 26, 1862—Mustered out, May 15, 1865; cause, wounds.
Ebenezer Gordon.....	May 16, 1865—Mustered out as First Lieutenant with regiment.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Robert F. Gordon.....	August 21, 1862—Promoted, Captain.
Ebenezer Gordon.....	December 26, 1862—Promoted, Captain.
Alexander Hough.....	January 2, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with regiment.

## SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Ebenezer Gordon.....	August 21, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Alexander Hough.....	January 1, 1865—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Robert Jones.....	June 2, 1865—Mustered out as Sergeant with the regiment.

## CAPTAINS COMPANY E.

Nevil B. Boon.....	August 15, 1862—Resigned, October 8, 1863.
Edward G. Mathey.....	September 24, 1863—Promoted, Major.
James M. Graham.....	October 1, 1864—Mustered out with the regiment.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.
Wm. H. Timberlake.....	August 15, 1862—Promoted, Adjutant.
Daniel J. Lopp.....	September 1, 1862—Resigned, January 20, 1863.
Edward G. Mathey.....	January 21, 1863—Promoted, Captain.
James M. Graham.....	September 24, 1863—Promoted, Captain.
James Wilson.....	October 31, 1864—Transferred to Company B, with same rank.
George Boon.....	June 1, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with the regiment.

## SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Daniel J. Lopp.....	August 15, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Edward G. Mathey.....	September 1, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Ellison C. Powell.....	January 21, 1863—Resigned, October 10, 1863.
George Boon.....	June 1, 1865—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Erskine Hook.....	June 2, 1865—Mustered out as Sergeant with the regiment.

## CAPTAINS COMPANY F.

Ranna S. Moore.....	August 22, 1862—Promoted, Colonel.
John S. Detrick.....	July 1, 1864—Honorably discharged.
Wm. H. Zimmerman.....	May 14, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with the regiment.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

John S. Detrick.....	August 22, 1862—Promoted, Captain.
Wm. H. Zimmerman.....	July 1, 1864—Promoted, Captain.
John S. Toops.....	June 1, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with the regiment.

## SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

John Fulkner.....	August 22, 1862—Died, March 13, 1863.
Wm. H. Zimmerman.....	April 19, 1863—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Patrick Kingery.....	June 1, 1865—Mustered out as Sergeant with the regiment.

CAPTAINS COMPANY G.

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.
Wm. O. Neille.....	August 18, 1862—Resigned, February 23, 1863.
Elijah R. Mitchell.....	February 24, 1863—Died of wounds, September 23, 1863.
Titus Cummings.....	September 20, 1863—Resigned, July 9, 1864.
John Hargis.....	July 10, 1864—Mustered out with the regiment.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Titus Cummings.....	August 18, 1862—Promoted, Captain.
John Hargis.....	November 1, 1863—Promoted, Captain.
Solomon Mitchell.....	July 10, 1864—Mustered out with the regiment.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Wm. H. Elder.....	August 18, 1862—Resigned, January 19, 1863.
John O. Neille.....	January 20, 1863—Resigned, December 22, 1863.
James Lime.....	June 1, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with the regiment.

CAPTAINS COMPANY H.

Alexander C. Scott.....	August 4, 1862—Resigned, December 22, 1862.
Joseph W. Vanwinkle.....	December 23, 1862—Resigned as First Lieutenant, June 30, 1863.
Wm. J. Richards.....	February 1, 1863—Promoted, Major.
Mathew J. Hewitt.....	October 31, 1863—Mustered out with the regiment.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Joseph W. Vanwinkle.....	August 14, 1862—Promoted, Captain.
Wm. J. Richards.....	December 23, 1862—Promoted, Captain.
Mathew J. Hewitt.....	February 1, 1863—Promoted, Captain.
Joseph Seacat.....	October 31, 1863—Mustered out with the regiment.

## SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.
John M. B. Scott.....	August 11, 1862—Resigned, November 18, 1862.
Wm. J. Richards.....	November 19, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Mathew J. Hewett.....	December 23, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Joseph Seacat.....	February 1, 1863—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Francis M. Hedden.....	June 1, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with the regiment.

## CAPTAINS COMPANY I.

Wm. D. Everitt.....	August 22, 1862—Promoted, Major.
John Carney.....	January 1, 1865—Mustered out as First Lieutenant with the regiment.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

John C. McCormack.....	August 22, 1862—Resigned, December 7, 1862.
John Carney.....	November 8, 1862—Promoted, Captain.

## SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

John Schwallier.....	August 22, 1862—Resigned, February 21, 1865.
George F. Peters.....	June 1, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with the regiment.

## CAPTAINS COMPANY K.

Wm. H. Cornelius.....	August 26, 1862—Revoked.
Wm. McKinley.....	September 5, 1862—Resigned, June 17, 1863.
Oliver P. Anderson.....	June 18, 1863—Promoted, Lieutenant Colonel.
John Huckleby.....	November 23, 1864—Mustered out with the regiment.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Wm. McKinley.....	August 23, 1862—Promoted, Captain.
Andrew J. Hatfield.....	September 5, 1862—Resigned, April 14, 1863.
Oliver P. Anderson.....	April 15, 1863—Promoted, Captain.
John L. Huckleby.....	June 18, 1863—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
George Brooks.....	January 31, 1865—Mustered out with the regiment.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Andrew J. Hatfield.....August 17, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.  
 Samuel Wild.....September 5, 1862—Died, January 2, 1863, of wounds received at Stone River.  
 John L. Hickey.....January 30, 1863—Promoted, First Lieutenant.  
 Wm. Mix.....June 1, 1865—Mustered out as First Sergeant with the regiment.

REGIMENTAL NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANT MAJOR.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Mathew J. Hewitt.....	October 18, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant, Company H.

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT.

James B. Riley.....October 18, 1862.

COMMISSARY SERGEANT.

James Forman.....

HOSPITAL STEWARD.

George M. Brown.....October 18, 1862—Discharged.

# ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY A.

## FIRST SERGEANT.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Teaford, Thos. W.	August 6, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
SERGEANTS.	
Teaford, Jesse D.	August 6, 1862—Killed at Chickamauga, Tenn., September 19, 1863.
Sattes, Richard.	August 28, 1862—Deserted, September 13, 1862.
Rosenberger, Philip	August 28, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Nance, William	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as private.

## CORPORALS.

McLaughlin, James.	August 12, 1862—Deserted, May 18, 1864.
Speak, John W.	August 9, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., May 1, 1864.
Allen, Tilford M.	August 9, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Jenkins, George W.	August 15, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., December 15, 1863.
Sherley, Tilford H.	August 15, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., May 1, 1864.
Cleveland, Hezekiah.	August 9, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as private.
Corratt, John C.	August 11, 1862—Discharged, April 27, 1863.
Cook, John.	August 15, 1862—Discharged, October 31, 1863.

## MUSICIANS.

Little, Josiah T.	August 15, 1862—Died at New Albany, January 5, 1863.
Stockdale, Willard	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

## WAGONER.

Williams, James.	August 11, 1862—Discharged, December 6, 1863.
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## PRIVATES.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Adkins, John T.....	August 7, 1862—Killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
Akers, James M.....	August 6, 1862—Deserted, October 1, 1862.
Allen, Elisha W.....	August 14, 1862—Discharged, April 8, 1863.
Allen, George W.....	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Bell, Elijah F.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Bell, Benjamin F.....	August 13, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., December 9, 1862.
Bird, Wm. P.....	August 12, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 10, 1863.
Bird, Samuel.....	August 12, 1862—Discharged, September 25, 1863.
Blise, John.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Blise, Emmanuel.....	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Bottomff, Calvin.....	August 15, 1862—Discharged, November 28, 1862.
Bridgewaters, Silas.....	August 15, 1862—Deserted, September 17, 1862.
Burkhart, Lafayette.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Burkhart, Geo.....	August 12, 1862—Died in Nashville, Tenn., January 11, 1863.
Burkshire, John.....	August 9, 1862, Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Burkshire, Samuel C.....	August 9, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., August 27, 1864.
Camp, Wm.....	August 6, 1862—Deserted, September 2, 1862.
Crabb, Harvey.....	August 13, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Davis, Greer W.....	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Dicks, James.....	August 21, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Edmison, Wm.....	August 15, 1862—Deserted, September 20, 1862.
Eddleman, Francis M.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Eddleman, Adam M.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Fisher, Cornelius A.....	August 15, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, 1864.
Fisher, Geo. W.....	August 22, 1862—Discharged, May 23, 1865.
Ganstine, John.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Gray, Thomas.....	August 7, 1862—Killed at Nashville, Tenn., December 15, 1864.
Greenslade, Wm. M.....	August 15, 1862—Missing action at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
Green, Peter B.....	August 15, 1862—Discharged, May 22, 1865.
Hardin, Ballard.....	August 15, 1862—Killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
Hickman, Martin V.....	August 12, 1862—Died in Murfreesboro, Tenn., February 21, 1863.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Hickman, Eliphailt.....	August 12, 1862—Discharged, January 25, 1863.
Igert, Peter.....	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Joyce, John.....	August 9, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Kennedy, John B.....	August 12, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 26, 1862.
King, Daniel J.....	August 15, 1862—Died in Andersonville Prison, September 13, 1864.
Leppert, Chas. G. T.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Lewis, David F.....	August 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Martin, Thos. J.....	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
McCuffrey, Richard.....	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
McCoy, John L.....	August 13, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., May 15, 1864.
McCoy, Spencer H.....	August 15, 1862—Promoted, Lieutenant.
McGloughlin, Thomas.....	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Merrill, Wm. R.....	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Minton, Robt. P.....	August 6, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Montgomery, Richard J.....	August 15, 1862—Deserted, September 2, 1862.
More, Greenup.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Parker, Lewis.....	August 15, 1862—Deserted, September 17, 1862.
Payton, James.....	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Quick, Silas.....	August 15, 1862—Deserted, December 1, 1862.
Rash, Samuel C.....	August 14, 1862—Died in Madison, Ind., June 2, 1864.
Roberts, Hardin B.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Robinson, Geo.....	August 9, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Ross, Andrew J.....	August 12, 1862—Discharged, May 7, 1863.
Sampson, Alexander.....	July 26, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Simpson, Solomon.....	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Slaughterback, Wm. T.....	August 14, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., October 31, 1863.
Sloan, Claiborn.....	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Smith, Hiram.....	August 12, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., May 15, 1864.
Smith, Wm. W.....	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Spencer, James E.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Spencer, Hiram.....	July 28, 1862—Killed at Stone River, December 31, 1862.
Stoll, Wm.....	August 12, 1862—Deserted, September 15, 1862.
Stepp, David.....	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Strange, James D.....	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Strange, John A.	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Stroud, Simon	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Sweeney, Geo. W.	August 9, 1862—Transferred to Navy, May 3, 1864.
Taylor, John W.	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Teaford, Louis T.	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Tibbetts, Wm. H.	August 9, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., December 7, 1862.
Turner, John W.	August 15, 1862—Discharged, February 7, 1863.
Turner, James W.	August 21, 1862—Transferred to the Engineers' Corps, July 29, 1864.
Tyler, Henry C.	August 7, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Wadkins, John W.	August 11, 1862—Died in Andersonville Prison, September 20, 1864.
Ward, Henry H.	August 15, 1862—Discharged, October 22, 1863.
Wells, Moses	August 6, 1862—Died at Danville, Va., July 8, 1864.
Winders, Archibald E.	August 12, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., October 29, 1863.
Wright, John W.	August 15, 1862—Died in Jeffersonville, Ind., July 20, 1863.
Wright, Wm. H.	August 12, 1862—Discharged, March 25, 1863.
Young, Martin	August 15, 1862—Deserted, January 5, 1863.

## RECRUITS.

Teaford, John W. .... March 4, 1864—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.

## ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY B.

## FIRST SERGEANT.

Northcutt, Wm. H. H. .... August 14, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant.

## SERGEANTS.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Bruner, Emory W.	August 14, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant, 13th U. S. Colored Troops.
Gardiner, Samuel.	August 16, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant, 17th U. S. Colored Troops.
Bohart, Peter H.	August 1, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.
Mitchell, James.	August 14, 1862—Killed at Murfreesboro, June 4, 1863.

## CORPORALS.

Gallagher, John J.	August 14, 1862—Promoted, Adjutant.
Mahan, Matthew.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, February 27, 1863.
Schell, Eugene M.	August 14, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant.
Howell, Wm. N.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Alpha, George W.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Quartermaster Sergeant.
Prater, Alphin S.	August 14, 1862—Killed at Stone River, December 31, 1862.
Willson, James.	August 14, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Prall, Henry H.	August 14, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.

## MUSICIAN.

Glossbrenner, C. E. W.	August 14, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant, 40th U. S. Colored Troops.
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## WAGONER.

McClellan, C. C.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, February 4, 1863.
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## . PRIVATES.

Adams, Charles.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, May 18, 1865.
Ashton, Chas. B.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as First Sergeant.
Bennett, Uriah.	August 14, 1862—Died at Home, November 12, 1862.
Bell, Gabriel.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Bishop, Dominick.	August 14, 1862—Deserted, October 30, 1862.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Blizzard, Wm. D.	August 14, 1862—Killed at Kenesaw, June 20, 1864.
Bruner, Melin W.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 15, 1865, as Commissary Sergeant.
Byes, Joseph.	August 7, 1862—Transferred to the Marine Corps, March 11, 1863.
Cole, John.	August 7, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 17, 1864.
Cowling, John W.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, September 8, 1863.
Cosgrove, Peter.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Daily, Francis M.	August 22, 1862—Missing at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
Devansa, Wm.	August 14, 1862—Killed at Kenesaw, June 26, 1864.
Detrick, Wm.	July 23, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
DeCamp, Cyrus.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Dunn, John.	August 14, 1864—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Evans, Sergeant W.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, May 8, 1863.
Fannon, Michael.	July 28, 1862—Transferred to the Marine Corps, April 10, 1863.
Ford, James H.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, January 6, 1863.
Fields, Cornelius.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Fry, Geo. T.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, June 27, 1863.
Green, Daniel J.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Green, Alex. G.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Gross, Wesley.	August 11, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Gray, Dennis.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, May 25, 1865.
Gray, Geo. B.	August 16, 1862—Discharged, December 17, 1863.
Gray, Harrison.	August 16, 1862—Discharged, December 15, 1864.
Gray, Alphass P.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Gray, Henry H.	August 1, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Hammond, Benj.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Housenworth, Jas. W.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Howell, Henry.	August 16, 1862—Died in Bridgeport, Ala., February 13, 1864.
Howell, John W.	August 16, 1862—Died in Nashville, December 4, 1862.
Hooper, James W.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, July 18, 1863.
Humphrey, James M.	August 9, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., November 22, 1862.
Jacobs, John W.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Kemple, Wm.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 9, 1865.
Kemple, Henry.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Kirk, Robert.	August 14, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., January 2, 1863.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Koener, Joseph.	August 11, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, July 27, 1864, of wounds.
Lambert, John.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Laws, John.	August 8, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Laws, John M.	August 14, 1862—Deserted, October 2, 1862.
Lewellan, Geo. W.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, March 31, 1863.
Leclaire, James N.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Long, Morton.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Luts, Fred.	August 23, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Manus, James.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Malay, John.	August 10, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Mahan, Milton A.	August 8, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., December 25, 1862.
McCarthy, Geo.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
McCormick, Chas.	August 14, 1862—Died at Home, December 2, 1862.
McClure, John C.	August 9, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
McHenry, Samuel L.	August 4, 1862—Discharged, April 24, 1863.
Midcap, John S.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, January 14, 1863.
Norris, James N.	August 14, 1863—Discharged, April 26, 1865; wounds.
Oharris, Daniel.	August 14, 1862—Deserted, February 16, 1863.
Parkson, Robt. L.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, February 23, 1863.
Powell, Thomas.	August 5, 1862—Transferred to the Engineer Corps, July 20, 1864.
Sample, Wm.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Wagoner.
Scott, Geo. W.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Sneed, John T.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, May 19, 1863.
Snider, Joseph G.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Stoner, Andrew J.	August 14, 1862—Discharged November 1, 1864.
Stockwell, Wm. B.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Stardevant, Levi.	August 14, 1862—Died at Nashville January 23, 1863.
Stein, Peter.	August 14, 1862—Discharged July 14, 1863.
Stower, Daniel.	August 14, 1862—Died at Nashville January 1, 1863.
St. Clair, Anthon.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
St. Clair, Amos.	August 14, 1862—Discharged May 14, 1865; wounds.
Summers, Amos.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as sergeant.
Thompson, Elisha W.	August 14, 1862—Discharged March 12, 1863.
Thompson, Louis.	August 14, 1862—Deserted October 6, 1862.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Tuttle, Leonard H.....	August 14, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Varble, James E.....	August 14, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Walker, John P.....	August 14, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Walker, Joseph.....	August 1, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out June 30, 1865.
Weller, Jonathan.....	August 14, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., November 14, 1862.
Young, Wm. T.....	August 21, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.

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#### ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY C.

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##### FIRST SERGEANT.

Mottwiler, Anthony.....August 13, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.

##### SERGEANTS.

Starr, David B.....August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.  
 Hummel, Wm. M.....August 15, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C. February 15, 1864.  
 Hudson, David G.....August 14, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C. March 15, 1864.

##### CORPORALS.

Bushy, Benj.....August 16, 1862—Died at Nashville April 23, 1863.  
 Fleckner, John W.....August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.  
 Davis, Lyman.....August 21, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865, as Private.  
 Stevens, Thos. J.....August 16, 1862—Promoted to Second Lieutenant.  
 Sloan, Zenawide.....August 13, 1862—Died in Danville Prison August 13, 1864.  
 Walts, Jesse H.....August 13, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., December 5, 1862.  
 Grandell, John J.....August 13, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 12, 1863.  
 Wolf, Geo. W.....August 13, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out June 29, 1865.

## MUSICIANS.

## NAME.

## DATE OF MUSTER.

Yenawine, Francis M. .... August 13, 1862—Discharged April 29, 1863.  
 Lydica, Lafayette, ..... August 13, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro May 2, 1863.

## WAGONER.

Swartz, John. .... August 22, 1862—Deserted October 1, 1862.

## PRIVATE.

Atkins, Henry. .... August 15, 1862—Discharged April 16, 1863.  
 Atkins, William R. .... August 15, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.  
 Baker, Jacob. .... August 13, 1862—Deserted.  
 Blankenbecker, Thompson. .... August 16, 1862—Died at Nashville December 22, 1862.  
 Boley, Joseph. .... August 16, 1862—Died in Andersonville Prison July 19, 1864.  
 Boley, Henry. .... August 16, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.  
 Brown, John S. .... August 22, 1862—Died at Danville, Ky., December 18, 1862.  
 Brown, Geo. W. .... August 22, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C. April 30, 1864.  
 Byerley, James W. .... August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.  
 Cayee, Albert. .... August 13, 1862—Mustered out May 15, 1865.  
 Churchman, John. .... August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.  
 Cochran, Wm. .... August 13, 1862—Discharged January, 1864.  
 Crandall, Cyrus. .... August 16, 1862—Discharged December 2, 1862.  
 Crandall, Nathaniel. .... August 13, 1862—Discharged March 11, 1863.  
 Crone, Michael. .... August 16, 1862—Discharged April 18, 1863.  
 Coats, Wm. .... August 22, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.  
 Denny, Harry. .... August 22, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C. April 10, 1864.  
 Davis, Geo. W. .... August 13, 1862—Died in Nashville, Tenn., December 23, 1862.  
 Daugherty, Samuel. .... August 13, 1862—Died in Bowling Green, Ky., January 11, 1863.  
 Duncan, Spurgeon. .... August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865, as Corporal.  
 Dyer, Chas. H. .... August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.  
 Engleman, Jefferson. .... August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.  
 Edtleman, Adam J. .... August 13, 1862—Died in the hands of the enemy at Chickamauga.



NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Fite, John S.	August 15, 1862—Discharged January 17, 1863.
Fox, James R.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out May 12, 1865.
Fox, Andrew J.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out May 12, 1865.
Green, Alonzo D.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Harmon, Jesse B.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Harmon, Elijah.	August 13, 1862—Died September 22, 1864.
Hedrick, Geo. W.	August 13, 1862—Died at Annapolis, Md., April 28, 1864.
Hedrick, John.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Hull, David.	August 13, 1862—Died at Big Shanty, Ga., July 1, 1864, of wounds.
Harper, Moses.	August 16, 1862—Died at New Albany, Ind., December 20, 1862.
Keithly, Adelbert.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Kepley, Isaac.	August 13, 1862—Died in Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 15, 1863.
Kepley, Manapho.	August 13, 1862—Died in Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 22, 1863.
Lansford, Francis M.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Lahill, Emery.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Littell, Geo. M.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Moody, Peter.	August 22, 1862—Deserted.
Morrell, Louis A. L.	August 22, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., December 15, 1862.
McNamara, Ephraim.	August 22, 1862—Killed at Stone River December 31, 1862.
Miller, Robt. C.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Mosier, Lafayette.	August 16, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 10, 1863.
Porter, Ezekiel.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., January 19, 1864.
Stevens, Chas. F.	August 16, 1862—Discharged March 23, 1863.
Shoemaker, Moses.	August 22, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C. September 20, 1863.
Sparks, Preston.	August 22, 1862—Discharged December 29, 1863.
Stover, Martin.	August 22, 1862—Discharged June 24, 1863.
Stroud, Elisha M.	August 21, 1862—Killed at Lookout Mountain September 8, 1863.
Suddith, Wm. P.	August 21, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out July 19, 1865.
Tipton, Wm.	August 15, 1862—Discharged December 26, 1862.
Tipton, Henry.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Thomas, Wm.	August 13, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C. December 10, 1863.
Tresaurter, Hamilton.	August 13, 1862—Died in Nashville, Tenn., June 15, 1863.
Tyler, James P.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Tyler, John H.	August 13, 1862—Discharged March 7, 1863.

## DATE OF MUSTER.

Tyler, Wm. H.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Tyler, Kolla	August 13, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Utz, Jeremiah	August 13, 1862—Killed at Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.
Walker, Walter	August 13, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., September 9, 1864, of wounds.
Watts, Geo. W.	August 13, 1862—Discharged December 1, 1863.
Wolf, David W. H.	August 13, 1862—Discharged January 10, 1863.
Whitson, Henry C.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Yenawine, Jacob	August 16, 1862—Discharged December 25, 1862.

## RECRUITS.

Abbott, Wm.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 7, 1863, of wounds.
Cluttinger, John	August 22, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Dougherty, Gholston	August 22, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Ellis, Runyon	January 6, 1864—Discharged May 22, 1865.
Gardner, James	January 6, 1864—Deserted January 11, 1864.
Martin, John A.	January 6, 1864—Discharged February 18, 1865.
Stroud, Barnett M.	August 22, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., December 10, 1862.
Walker, Lafayette	January 6, 1864—Killed at Pine Mountain, Ga., January 15, 1864.
Yack, Wm.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out June 13, 1865.

## ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY D.

## FIRST SERGEANT.

Truelock, Andrew J.....August 9, 1862—Died in prison.

## SERGEANTS.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Monroe, Felix T.	August 14, 1862—Discharged May 5, 1863, wounds.
Nixon, Harvey M.	August 13, 1862—Died at Nashville April 10, 1863.
Nixon, Emory C.	August 13, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out July 7, 1865.
Barnett, General G.	August 8, 1862—Killed near Atlanta, Ga., August 26, 1864.

## CORPORALS.

Hughes, Wm. H.	August 9, 1862—Died in Andersonville Prison September 7, 1864.
Jones, Robt.	August 6, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Truelock, Parker M.	July 25, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 13, 1863.
Reynolds, Adam.	August 12, 1862—Discharged, March 9, 1863.
Cade, Samuel B.	August 4, 1862—Discharged, February 13, 1863.
Andrey, Alex.	August 12, 1862—Deserted, December 16, 1862.
Wist, Peter B.	August 15, 1862—Discharged, February 12, 1863.
Gossage, Joel.	August 9, 1862—Discharged, May 6, 1863.

## MUSICIANS.

Applegate, Francis M.	July 26, 1862—Died in Danville, Va., prison, December 18, 1863.
Whitman, John A.	August 11, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

## WAGONER.

Fields, Milton B.	August 14, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out, June 30, 1865.
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## PRIVATEES.

Ailey, James C.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, April 19, 1863.
Allen, Riley S.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Alsop, John.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Anthony, James R.	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Baldwin, Wm. J.	August 12, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., January 1, 1864.
Berry, Bedony O.	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Belch, Nicholas S.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Bennett, Courtland M.	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Blackall, Truman S.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, March 17, 1863.
Carr, Wm. T.	July 25, 1862—Discharged, March 22, 1863.
Caldwell, Joshua D.	August 9, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Caldwell, Francis M.	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Chasteen, Matthew	August 20, 1862—Died, December 16, 1864, of wounds.
Coffman, Isaac.	August 20, 1862—Discharged, March 3, 1863.
Coons, Allen W.	August 4, 1862—Discharged, April 19, 1863.
Coffman, Joshua J.	August 8, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky.
Creamer, Wm.	August 21, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Davis, Samuel J.	August 6, 1862—Discharged, January 3, 1863.
Davis, Joseph B.	August 8, 1862—Died at Nashville, February 13, 1863.
Davis, Melville H.	August 9, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Denton, Philip.	August 6, 1862—Died in Andersonville Prison, August 19, 1864.
Fouts, Samuel.	August 2, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., November 21, 1862.
Fulkerson, Albert J.	August 9, 1862—Discharged, March 7, 1863.
Gray, James W.	August 21, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, April 1, 1863.
Halterben, Elias.	August 14, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Herron, James.	July 24, 1862—Died at New Albany, Ind., November 8, 1865.
Hobbs, Zacheus H.	July 26, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., April 14, 1864.
Hobbs, Francis M.	July 26, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Hoding, Chas.	July 30, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., August 1, 1863.
Hugh, Alexander.	August 8, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as First Sergeant.
Hughbanks, Thos.	August 8, 1862—Transferred to Engineer Corps, July 20, 1864.
Hughbanks, Jas. H.	August 8, 1862—Discharged, January 15, 1863.
Hubbard, Wm.	August 19, 1862—Discharged, January 31, 1863.
Hughbanks, John W.	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Hughbanks, Fleming.	August 16, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., October 26, 1862.
Isaacs, Benj.	August 8, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., December 11, 1862.
Johnson, Geo. W.	August 4, 1862—Discharged, September 5, 1863.
Jones, Hiram C.	August 4, 1862—Discharged, March 7, 1863.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Johnson, John G.	August 12, 1862—Discharged, January 6, 1865.
Lewis, Isaac.	July 26, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, April 1, 1863.
May, Reuben R.	August 29, 1862—Discharged, November 28, 1863.
Mann, James J.	August 9, 1862—Discharged, January 27, 1863.
Mayfield, James H.	August 21, 1862—Discharged, November 21, 1862.
McCreary, Wm.	August 7, 1862—Died in Nashville, Tenn., February 14, 1863.
McCammatt, Jesse M.	August 7, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
McAdams, Samuel.	August 20, 1862—Discharged, September 12, 1864.
Mellener, Nathan T.	August 15, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Michell, Elias.	August 12, 1862—Discharged, September 20, 1864.
Montgomery, Harrison T.	August 18, 1862—Killed by accident at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.
Montroe, Pleasant.	August 4, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Murfin, Jedduthon.	August 8, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Nicholds, Rich. H.	August 12, 1862.—Discharged, November 18, 1862.
Owens, Geo. W.	August 13, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Roberts, Hezekiah.	August 13, 1862—Killed by accident at Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 27, 1863.
Rosenberry, John W.	August 6, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., December 29, 1862.
Russell, James A.	August 21, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Russell, Daniel M.	August 22, 1862—Died, June 27, 1864, of wounds.
Sealy, Hiram R.	August 20, 1862—Discharged, January 10, 1863.
Shirley, Jacob.	August 9, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Smith, Sylvester.	August 8, 1862—Died.
Sutton, Zachens N.	August 14, 1862—Discharged, December 4, 1862.
Taylor, Daniel W.	August 2, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Truelock, James R.	August 9, 1862—Discharged, February 13, 1865.
Wilams, James B.	August 4, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Wilson, Thos. M.	August 13, 1865—Died at Nashville, Tenn., December 22, 1862.

## RECRUITS.

Davis, Johnson R. . . . . March 1, 1864—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.

## ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY E.

## FIRST SERGEANT.

## NAME.

## DATE OF MUSTER.

Powell, Ellison C.....July 20, 1862—Promoted. Second Lieutenant.

## SERGEANTS.

Hewitt, Matthew J.....July 28, 1862—Promoted, Sergeant-Major.  
 Boon, George.....August 18, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as First Sergeant.  
 Ekart, Cornelius.....August 16, 1862—Died at New Albany, Ind., August 23, 1863.  
 Hornbeck, Abraham.....August 16, 1862—Transferred to Engineer Corps, July 29, 1864.

## CORPORALS.

Graham, James M.....July 28, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.  
 Wright, John.....August 18, 1862—Discharged, December 13, 1862.  
 Gertoney, Christopher.....July 28, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., January 26, 1863.  
 Brown, Buford.....July 28, 1862—Discharged, December 10, 1863.  
 Cotner, Frederick.....August 16, 1862—Died at Nashville, Tenn., December 18, 1862.  
 Miller, Sidney.....July 28, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.  
 Cooper, John M.....August 15, 1862—Discharged, August 26, 1863, of wounds.  
 Bowman, James.....August 2, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.

## MUSICIAN.

Bager, Francis M.....July 28, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

## WAGONER.

Kerr, Henry.....July 28, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., September 27, 1863.

## PRIVATEs.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Adams, Samuel.....	August 21, 1862—Transferred to 31st Reg., June 10, 1865, to make up lost time by desertion.
Alstot, Mathias.....	August 18, 1862—Discharged, November 23, 1863.
Barefield, Alfred.....	July 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, March 3, 1863.
Bean, John.....	July 21, 1862—Discharged, May 6, 1865.
Bean, Jacob.....	August 16, 1862—Discharged, January 5, 1863.
Beckwith, Solomon.....	July 28, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Blake, Wm.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Blake, James P.....	August 22, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., February 15, 1864.
Blake, Wesley.....	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 30, 1862.
Blake, Reuben P.....	August 22, 1862—Discharged, April 29, 1863.
Bottles, Joseph.....	July 28, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Brown, Albert.....	July 28, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., September 20, 1864.
Byerly, John.....	July 28, 1862—Discharged, January 17, 1865.
Chappel, Jesse.....	August 1, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Cotner, Thomas.....	August 16, 1862—Died at Nashville, February 11, 1863.
Cox, John B.....	August 18, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Davidson, Henry.....	August 16, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 5, 1863.
Davis, John G.....	August 22, 1862—Discharged, November 11, 1863.
Dodge, Wm.....	August 16, 1862—Transferred to Engineer Corps, July 24, 1864.
Dooley, Philip.....	August 10, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, April 28, 1863.
Ekkart, Jonas.....	August 18, 1862—Died at Nashville, April 14, 1863.
Ellis, John.....	July 28, 1862—Died at home, July 17, 1863.
Faith, Henry W.....	July 28, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Frail, John S.....	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Gordon, Newton.....	July 28, 1862—Discharged, December 20, 1862.
Gartney, John.....	July 28, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.
Gartney, Geo.....	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Green, Geo.....	August 16, 1862—Died in Nashville, December 23, 1862.
Hall, Hendricks.....	August 22, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, 1864.
Hedden, Geo. W.....	August 16, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., January 4, 1865, of wounds.
Horndon, Solomon P.....	August 22, 1862—Deserted, March 10, 1863.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Himmelhaver, Lawrence.....	August 18, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.
Hornbeck, Wm.....	August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., July 29, 1864.
Hook, Erskine.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Jocelyn, Augustus.....	August 22, 1862—Promoted, Adjutant.
Johnson, John.....	August 22, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, April 5, 1863.
Jones, Miles.....	August 22, 1862—Discharged, April 20, 1863.
Kiskine, Harrison.....	August 16, 1862—Died at Stone River, January 2, 1863.
Lewis, Joseph F.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Love, Wm. M.....	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, January 13, 1865; absent, sick.
Lovell, Wm.....	August 18, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Lynch, Joseph.....	July 28, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Martin, Wm. A.....	July 28, 1862—Died at Indianapolis, Ind., March 8, 1863.
Mason, Oswell.....	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
McBride, Edward.....	August 12, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
McCarty, Cornelius.....	August 16, 1862—Killed at Nashville, December 15, 1864.
McCarty, Thos. E.....	August 16, 1862—Discharged, May 4, 1863.
McCinn, Robert.....	July 28, 1862—Mustered out, June 26, 1865.
McKnight, Ephraim.....	August 16, 1862—Died at Chickamauga, September 29, 1863, of wounds.
McKnight, Richard.....	August 16, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, July 18, 1864, of wounds.
Miller, Luther.....	August 18, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Punnett, John.....	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Richie, James.....	August 22, 1862—Killed at Nashville, December 15, 1864.
Risler, Marcus.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Roberts, Allen.....	August 18, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 12, 1863.
Robinson, John.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Russell, Peter.....	August 18, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Safer, Isaac.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.
Sappingfield, Buford.....	July 28, 1862—Discharged, February 4, 1863.
Sappingfield, Geo. M.....	July 28, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out, June 28, 1865.
Sibert, James.....	August 2, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Spireman, Valentine.....	August 22, 1862—Discharged, November 20, 1862.
Sights, Fredrick.....	July 28, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, January 28, 1863.
Stepro, John.....	August 2, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Thomas, Abraham.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.



NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Walden, Hamilton	August 14, 1862—Died at Lovejoy, Ga., September 3, 1864, of wounds.
Watson, Buford	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Watson, Henry C.	August 22, 1863—Killed at Lovejoy, Ga., September 3, 1864, was Sergeant.
Williams, Samuel	August 15, 1862—Discharged, December 15, 1862.
Yates, Wm.	July 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

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ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY F.

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FIRST SERGEANT.

Zimmerman, Wm. H. .... August 19, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant.

SERGEANTS.

Johnson, Wesley ..... August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 15, 1863, of wounds.  
 Blinkley, Reuben ..... August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.  
 Keen, Enoch D. .... August 16, 1862—Discharged, January 26, 1863.  
 Nichols, John A. J. .... August 16, 1862—Discharged, February, 1863.

CORPORALS.

Toops, John S. .... August 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as First Sergeant.  
 Waldrup, Calvin ..... August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., August 1, 1863.  
 Brightman, Wm. F. .... August 16, 1862—Mustered out, May 28, 1865.  
 Felkner, Tipton ..... August 22, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, March 30, 1862.  
 Carver, Pleasant ..... August 16, 1862—Discharged, February 15, 1863.  
 Newberry, Daniel W. .... August 20, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 7, 1863.  
 Moore, Henry F. .... August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., July 10, 1864.  
 Able, John A. J. .... August 22, 1862—Mustered out, May 18, 1865, as Sergeant.

## MUSICIAN.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Melton, John A.	August 18, 1862—Died at Danville, Ky., October 30, 1862.

## WAGONER.

Sands, Isaac.	August 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
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## PRIVATE.

Able, John.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Able, Geo. V.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Able, Francis M.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Able, Samuel A. J.	August 16, 1862—Died at Nashville, February 22, 1863.
Allen, Geo. W.	August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., February 15, 1864.
Amy, Joseph.	August 16, 1862—Captured at Chickamauga.
Barfield, Alex. L.	August 16, 1862—Died at home, April 16, 1864.
Biggs, Jacob.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, May 2, 1865.
Breeden, James.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, September 14, 1863.
Breeden, Uriah.	August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., August 1, 1863.
Brandenburg, David.	August 16, 1862—Discharged, June 8, 1863.
Brown, Wm. H. H.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Brown, Lewis.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, May 29, 1863.
Brewer, Benj.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Carver, Jesse.	August 16, 1862—Discharged, November 29, 1862.
Corn, James.	August 16, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 15, 1863.
Cook, Charles.	August 16, 1862—Discharged, January 23, 1863.
Dennison, Jas. W.	August 16, 1862—Discharged, December 12, 1862.
Detrick, Levi.	August 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Demoss, Thomas.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sickness.
Denny, Eliza.	August 22, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., February 17, 1864.
Eddings, Wm. T.	August 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Fulkinson, Thomas.	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Fulkinson, Jasper.	August 16, 1862—Discharged, January 24, 1863.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Fulkinson, Philip.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Fulton, Wm. H.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Green, John W.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Green, Henry R.....	August 16, 1862—Discharged, August 1, 1862.
Hockman, Aaron.....	August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., February 17, 1864.
Hurbaugh, John W.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Keen, James N.....	August 12, 1862—Discharged, January 24, 1863.
Kirts, Jacob A.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Kingery, Peter.....	August 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Knapp, Joab.....	August 16, 1862—Discharged, July 9, 1863.
Langdon, Osman T.....	August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.
Langdon, Chas. L.....	August 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Lavender, Josiah.....	August 16, 1862—Died at Evansville, Ind., December 19, 1863.
Long, Samuel.....	August 22, 1862—Deserted, November 9, 1862.
Lyntch, Jeremiah.....	August 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.
McAdams, John.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
McCracken, Wm. F.....	August 22, 1862—Discharged, December 9, 1862.
McCauley, Albert M.....	August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., December 15, 1863.
Miller, Levi.....	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Miller, James.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Mulkins, Wm. J.....	August 20, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Myers, Daniel.....	August 20, 1862—Died at Danville, Va., prison, April 29, 1864.
Negley, Henry.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Noble, Geo.....	August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., January 14, 1864.
Peru, Alexander.....	August 16, 1862—Discharged, December 11, 1862.
Pruett, Wm. M.....	August 16, 1862—Discharged, March 1, 1863.
Pruett, Noah.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Riperdan, John.....	August 16, 1862—Killed at Kenesaw, June 23, 1864.
Robinson, James.....	August 16, 1862—Died at New Albany, Ind., November 28, 1862.
Slythe, James M.....	August 16, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out, June 30, 1865.
Sorrells, Daniel R.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Shriwis, August.....	August 16, 1862—Died at Nashville, May 8, 1863.
Swarts, Jacob.....	August 16, 1862—Discharged, June 20, 1864.
Swarts, Geo. W.....	August 16, 1862—Discharged, June 20, 1864.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Taylor, John.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Tallott, Thomas.....	August 16, 1862—Deserted from hospital, 1863.
Tollott, Shedrick.....	August 16, 1862—Deserted from hospital, 1863.
Toops, Geo. W.....	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Turner, Jonathan.....	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 14, 1863.
Wilson, Robert.....	August 16, 1862—Died at Nashville, February 17, 1863.
Willmott, Jas. H.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Weaver, Samuel.....	August 16, 1862—Mustered out, June 14, 1865.

## RECRUITS.

Admire, James.....	September 10, 1862—Discharged, February 26, 1863.
Anderson, Thomas.....	December 22, 1863—Died at Nashville, July 18, 1864.
Brewster, Hiram.....	December 22, 1863—Died at Chattanooga, July 5, 1864.
Beard, John O.....	December 22, 1863—Discharged, May 19, 1865.
Brown, John B.....	December 22, 1863—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.
Brinley, Geo. W.....	December 22, 1863—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.
Brewster, John.....	December 22, 1863—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.
Crutchlow, Walter L.....	December 22, 1863—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.
Detrick, Thomas.....	December 22, 1863—Died at Bridgeport, Ala., January 15, 1864.
Farnesley, Holby G.....	December 22, 1863—Mustered out, June 14, 1865.
Krow, James M.....	December 22, 1863—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.
Krow, John C.....	December 22, 1863—Mustered out, May 24, 1865.
Leffer, Isaac.....	January 6, 1864—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.
McElfresh, Geo. W.....	January 7, 1864—Deserted, April 20, 1865.

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 ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY G.

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 FIRST SERGEANT.

O'Neill, John.....	August 22, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant.
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## SERGEANTS.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Hargis, John. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Bruer, Elias. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Discharged, January 16, 1863.
Heath, Wm. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Mitchell, Wm. H. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 14, 1865.
CORPORALS.	
Mitchell, Solomon. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Courcier, Theodore. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Discharged, March 4, 1864.
Foster, Lewis K. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Lauman, Elias. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Discharged, March 25, 1863.
Slins, James M. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Fowler, James. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Franks, John. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Transferred to V. R. Co., December 17, 1863.
Lime, James. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.

## MUSICIANS.

Elder, Francis E. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 13, 1862.
Haven, James B. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

## WAGONER.

Little, Archibald. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Discharged, August 18, 1863.
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## PRIVATEs.

Alvey, John. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Discharged, March 18, 1865; wounds.
Alvey, Nicholas. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 23, 1862.
Alvey, Luke. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., November 24, 1862.
Alvey, Benedict. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Alvey, James A. . . . .	August 22, 1862—Discharged, December 26, 1862.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.	
Allen, Wm. H.	August 22, 1862—	Transferred to V. R. C., December 17, 1863.
Avis, James H.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Badger, Alonzo A.	August 22, 1862—	Discharged, March 8, 1863.
Bailey, Mandales.	August 22, 1862—	Discharged, January 25, 1864.
Bray, Wm.	August 22, 1862—	Discharged, January 21, 1863.
Bradshaw, John T.	August 22, 1862—	Died at Nashville, June 17, 1863.
Carr, Absalom.	August 22, 1862—	Discharged, April 22, 1863, of wounds.
Cassady, Henry.	August 22, 1862—	Died at Nashville, December 27, 1862.
Cassady, John.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Carmickle, Eden.	August 22, 1862—	Died at Murfreesboro, June 12, 1863.
Champion, Samuel.	August 22, 1862—	Transferred to V. R. C., November 29, 1863.
Champion, John F.	August 22, 1862—	Died at Murfreesboro, March 16, 1863.
Clodel, Joseph T.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out; absent, sick.
Clody, James.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Cummings, Thos. F.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Dodd, Joseph.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Dottson, John W.	August 22, 1862—	Died at Perryville, Ky., October 7, 1862.
Elder, Wm. T.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Farner, John.	August 22, 1862—	Died at Louisville, Ky., November 25, 1862.
Frakes, Thos. S.	August 22, 1862—	Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out, July 18, 1865.
Gaily, Benjamin.	August 22, 1862—	Killed at Kenesaw, June 20, 1864.
Gibson, John.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, May 12, 1865.
Greeg, Alvin H.	August 22, 1862—	Transferred to V. R. C., February 15, 1864.
Hall, Martin V.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Harding, Nathaniel.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Harlen, Henry H.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Harding, Daniel.	August 22, 1862—	Discharged, May 1, 1863.
Harp, Chas. H.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Hemphill, Austin P.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Howell, Philip.	August 22, 1862—	Discharged, January 8, 1865.
Hobbs, Wm. R.	August 22, 1862—	Discharged, December 30, 1863.
Jarbo, Wm. D.	August 22, 1862—	Discharged, March 8, 1865.
Jarbo, Wm.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Jarbo, James.	August 22, 1862—	Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Johnson, Wm. T.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 19, 1862.
Kellems, David H.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, October 1, 1864.
Kellems, Asa.	August 22, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, March 24, 1863.
Kellems, Jolia.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 10, 1865.
King, Anthony.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Landers, Geo. W.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 10, 1865.
Lawrence, Robt.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 25, 1862.
Lanman, Jas. H.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, March 8, 1863.
Lanman, Wm.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Lewellen, James M.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 8, 1862.
Logsdon, Henry B.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, March 26, 1864.
Mitchell, John.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Mock, Geo. W.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 23, 1862.
Miller, Geo.	August 22, 1862—Deserted October 9, 1862.
Miller, Hinton.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, March 8, 1863.
Mock, Reuben B.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Morgan, Jefferson.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, February 2, 1863.
Murphy, John.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 13, 1865.
Patrick, John T.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, July 23, 1863; wounds.
Ransom, Elisha.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, July 27, 1863.
Reed, Wm. T.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Rhodes, Henry.	August 22, 1862—Transferred to Engineers Corps, July 27, 1864.
Rhodes, Sylvester.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Rhodes, Daniel.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, July 2, 1863.
Rosecrans, Wm. H.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Sheppard, Henry.	August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 17, 1863.
Sprinkle, Wm. N.	August 22, 1862—Transferred to Marine Brigade, January 31, 1863.
Sprinkle, Michael G.	August 22, 1862—Discharged, June 21, 1864.
Sturgeon, Nathaniel.	August 22, 1862—Killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
Taton, Augustus T.	August 22, 1862—Transferred to Marine Brigade, September 1, 1863.
Trainer, John W.	August 22, 1862—Transferred to Marine Brigade, January 15, 1863.
Vanwinkle, Ephram.	August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Vanwinkle, Isaac W.	August 22, 1862—Transferred to Marine Brigade, January 1, 1863.

## NAME. DATE OF MUSTER.

Waller, Daniel.....August 22, 1862—Transferred to Engineers Corps, July 27, 1864.  
 Wheately, John.....August 22, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 12, 1862.  
 Wheately, Leonard.....August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.  
 Wheately, Wm.....August 22, 1862—Discharged, October 11, 1862.  
 Worthington, Wm.....August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.  
 Yates, David A.....August 22, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

## ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY H.

## FIRST SERGEANT.

Hughes, James E. A.....August 29, 1862—Discharged, January 10, 1863.

## SERGEANTS.

Secat, Joseph.....August 29, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant.  
 Hedden, Francis M.....August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as First Sergeant.  
 Granger, James.....August 29, 1862—Discharged, May 22, 1863.  
 Mansfield, Albert G.....August 29, 1862—Killed at Stone River, December 31, 1862.

## CORPORALS.

Vanwinkle, Wm. C.....August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.  
 Totten, Leander F.....August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.  
 Everton, Henry.....August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, March 8, 1863, of wounds.  
 Morris, Geo. W.....August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out, July 6, 1865.  
 Coshy, Geo. W.....August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.  
 Doolittle, Moses C.....August 29, 1862—Deserted, January 1, 1863.  
 Doolittle, Henry B.....August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 17, 1865.  
 McGinety, Elijah F.....August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.



## MUSICIANS.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Montgomery, Wm.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Landiss, Joseph.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

## WAGONER.

Benham, Joseph G.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
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## PRIVATEES.

Alexander, Isaac.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Anderson, Jacob B.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, July 21, 1864, of wounds.
Bell, James M.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Bell, Wm. F.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Camp Sill, Tenn., March 1, 1863.
Blevins, Wm.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 11, 1863.
Blunk, Geo. W.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Breedon, Francis W.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged.
Bruce, Wilford H.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 26, 1862.
Bruce, Geo. F.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 22, 1862.
Coleman, Wm. H.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Cole, Joseph.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Conrad, Arthur.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Creceleous, John H.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., November 20, 1862.
Creceleous, Jacob A.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Curl, Richard D.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Dean, James N.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to Engineer Corps, July 20, 1864.
Doolittle, Alonzo.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Duherst, James.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Duke, Wesley D.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, January 1, 1863.
Fisher, Adam.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 14, 1865.
Forbs, Joshua.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, February 3, 1863.
Francis, Evan T.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Big Shanty, Ga., June 29, 1864.
Francis, John L.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 14, 1865.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Francis, Thomas.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, November 28, 1863.
Grant, Daniel D.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Gillmore, Thomas.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Green, Henry C.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, November 25, 1862.
Gray, Philip.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to Engineer Corps, July 20, 1864.
Hanger, Franklin.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Hatfield, John W.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Hawkins, Thomas.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, September 1, 1864.
Hawkins, Edward.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., March 1, 1864.
Hedden, Elias.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 17, 1863.
Hicks, Francis M.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Houghton, Henry C.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Hubbard, James.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Humphrey, Jas. K.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Hulet, James A.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, April 24, 1863.
Ingle, Francis M.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged.
Jenkins, James W.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., November 1, 1862.
Kendall, Isaac.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as sick.
Lynch, Thos. V.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, November 12, 1862.
Lynch, Wm. C.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 18, 1862.
May, Benjamin H.....	August 29, 1862—Killed at Kenesaw, June 20, 1864.
McCane, Hiram.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred.
McMikle, Union.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 3, 1863.
McCutcheon, John F.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, March 13, 1863.
McFall, James.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged.
Minor, Aaron.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, June 22, 1863.
Minor, John D.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Stone River, January 1, 1863.
Newton, Thos. F.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Patrick, Daniel A.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville.
Peterson, Wm.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, May 19, 1863.
Portlock, Benj. F.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, September 28, 1863.
Riggle, James.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Roland, Stephen.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Roberson, Harvey.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Roberson, Henry C.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Rothrock, Joseph.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Rothrock, Solomon.	August 29, 1862—Died.
Root, Thos. H.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out; absent, sick.
Saundershouse, Wm.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out; absent, sick.
Shafer, Lewis.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, July 6, 1865.
Smallwood, John M.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Smith, James.	August 29, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, July 21, 1864.
Starkey, Isaac.	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out, June 30, 1865.
Stephens, John H.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Tower, Mathew.	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, June 10, 1863.
Tower, Robt. B.	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville.
Utz, Conrad.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Vanwinkle, Ebenezer M.	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., August 1, 1863.
Wellman, Wm.	August 29, 1862—Died at New Albany, Ind., November 7, 1862.
Williams, Jephtha.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Wovel, Wm. B.	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., November 15, 1864.
Woolam, James.	August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 17, 1863.
Yates, John W.	August 29, 1862—Died at New Albany, Ind., November 14, 1862.

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#### ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY I.

##### FIRST SERGEANT.

Bower, Edwin T. . . . . August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, June 16, 1865.

##### SERGEANTS.

Cole, Thomas L. . . . . August 29, 1862—Promoted, Adjutant.  
 Dunn, Andrew . . . . . August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.  
 McCormick, John M. . . . . August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.  
 Peters, Geo. T. . . . . August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as First Sergeant.

## CORPORALS.

## NAME.

## DATE OF MUSTER.

Mitchell, John A. .... August 29, 1862—Transferred to Marine Corps, February 24, 1863.  
 Hostetter, Wm. H. T. .... August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.  
 McMurry, Jackson D. .... August 29, 1862—Transferred to Engineer Corps, July 24, 1864.  
 Murry, Amos. .... August 29, 1862—Discharged, June 1, 1863.  
 Nicholas, Andrew J. .... August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.  
 Long, Clayland. .... August 29, 1862—Deserted, November 8, 1862.  
 Roberson, John S. .... August 29, 1862—Transferred to Marine Corps, February 24, 1863.  
 McConnoughy, Geo. W. .... August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 8, 1865.

## MUSICIAN.

Steuart, James A. .... August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.

## WAGONER.

Mitchell, Wm. A. .... August 29, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., November 15, 1862.

## PRIVATEES.

Abbott, Henry B. .... August 29, 1862—Mustered out, May 25, 1865.  
 Adams, John F. .... August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 11, 1863.  
 Adams, Samuel. .... August 29, 1862—Died at Atlanta, Ga., September 22, 1864.  
 Barrett, Wm. H. .... August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.  
 Bolls, Conrad. .... August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.  
 Bottroff, Dennis R. .... August 29, 1862—Transferred to 31st Reg., to make up lost time by desertion.  
 Bottroff, Martin B. .... August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, wounded.  
 Bowyer, Nathan A. .... August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., September 26, 1863.  
 Bowyer, John A. .... August 29, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., December 31, 1862.  
 Bower, Wm. A. .... August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, June 20, 1863.  
 Brooks, Nathan. .... August 29, 1862—Killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.  
 Buchanan, John A. .... August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, April 11, 1863.  
 Carroll, Albert N. .... August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Carney, John.....	August 29, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Cole, James J.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Cook, Geo.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 21, 1863.
Cole, Thomas J.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Crom, Geo. W.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., January 15, 1864.
Coons, Wm.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., November 18, 1862.
Curtis, Benj. F.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 3, 1865.
Delahunt, John L.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, July 4, 1863.
Ditsler, Christian.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 16, 1863.
Divine, David D.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, February 18, 1863.
Edwards, John W.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, November 21, 1862.
Fifer, Wm. H.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Fisher, Allen.....	August 29, 1862—Deserted, October 1, 1862.
Fisher, Andrew J.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Gallatin, Tenn., December 12, 1862.
Frane, James.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out, June 28, 1865.
Fullilove, Andrew J.....	August 29, 1862—Deserted, October 27, 1862.
Garrick, John.....	August 29, 1862—Killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
Griffin, Geo. W.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Green, Chas.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., February 17, 1864.
Hall, Chas. T.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 25, 1862.
Hall, Geo.....	August 29, 1862—Deserted October 1, 1862.
Hannay, Michael.....	August 29, 1862—Killed at Kenesaw, June 21, 1864.
Hartman, Geo.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Henthorn, Thos. L.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro. February 27, 1863.
Henthorn, Amos M.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 27, 1862.
Hostetter, John M.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Hobbs, Elisha.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, February 6, 1863.
Hooker, Wm.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Hodgin, Miles C.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Bowling Green, Ky., December 22, 1862.
Hutchings, John H.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., June 19, 1863.
Hughes, Hanbury.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Izzard, Andrew J.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, March 28, 1863.
Jenkins, Geo. G.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, January 6, 1863.
Jones, Thos. J.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, April 18, 1863.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Kelly, James.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, January 18, 1864.
Knowland, Thos.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to 31st Reg., to make up lost time by desertion.
Lampkin, Henry W.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Lutz, Henry.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, August 4, 1864.
Mathews, Albert.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., September 15, 1862.
McCormick, Hamilton.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, April 16, 1863.
McMurry, Robt. W.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to Engineer Corps, July 29, 1864.
Miller, Wm. P.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Miller, Fredrick W.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, 1864.
Murry, Thos. J.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to 31st Reg., to make up lost time by desertion.
Owens, John.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to Marine Brigade, March 1, 1863.
Patterson, Wm. C.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 12, 1864.
Percy, Wm. A.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, February 18, 1863.
Plasket, Wm.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Prent, James F.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Roberson, Wm. H.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.
Ross, James N.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, November 4, 1864.
Salmon, Jacob A.....	August 29, 1862—Died at New Albany, Ind., December 7, 1862.
Scott, John M.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 13, 1862.
Showldis, Henry.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, August 1, 1864.
Smith, Elijah F.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 1, 1865.
Smith, James F.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to Marine Brigade, February 24, 1863.
Toffinger, Abia R.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Toffinger, Joseph W.....	August 29, 1862—Killed at Marietta, Ga., July 4, 1864.
Vaught, John M.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out, July 18, 1865.
Vaught, Wm. D.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Watson, Wm. A. L.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, March 22, 1863.
Watson, Wm. P.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, February 28, 1863.
Watson, Isaac.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Welty, Augustus.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Yarbrough, Thos. J.....	August 29, 1862—Died at West Fork, Ky., November 17, 1864.

## RECRUITS.

Cole, Milton B.....January 30, 1864—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Cawsey, Martin W.	January 30, 1864—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.
Gray, Thos. W.	January 30, 1864—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.
Long, John.	March 4, 1864—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.
Starks, Alonzo M.	January 30, 1864—Transferred to Thirty-first Regiment, June 10, 1865.

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ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY K.

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FIRST SERGEANT.

Wild, Samuel.....August 29, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant.

SERGEANTS.

Hubbs, Isaac C.....August 29, 1862—Discharged, February 2, 1864, as private.  
 Hux, Wm.....August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as First Sergeant.  
 Riddle, Levi.....August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., February 17, 1864; wounds.  
 Huckebly, John L.....August 29, 1862—Promoted, Second Lieutenant.

CORPORALS.

Combs, Thos. J.....August 29, 1862—Discharged, April 18, 1863.  
 Hollingsworth, Thos.....August 29, 1862—Mustered out, May 26, 1865.  
 Brooks, Geo.....August 29, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.  
 Wheeler, Chas. B.....August 29, 1862—Died at Chattanooga, Oct. 7, 1864, of wounds; 1st Sergeant.  
 Chewing, Wm. T.....August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.  
 Green, Nicholas E.....August 29, 1862—Discharged, June 12, 1864.

## MUSICIANS.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Havens, John B. F.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Principal Musician.
Sugg, Chas. A.	August 29, 1862—Discharged, October 31, 1863.

## WAGONER.

Wheeler, Lysander N.	August 29, 1862—Discharged, September 21, 1864.
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## PRIVATEES.

Aquehart, Alex. R.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.
Anderson, John R.	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., February 15, 1864.
Anderson, Strother	August 29, 1862—Killed in the battle of Lovejoy Station.
Anderson, Oliver P.	August 29, 1862—Promoted, First Lieutenant.
Aters, Levi	August 29, 1862—Died at Winchester, Tenn., July 15, 1863.
Baysinger, Joseph S.	August 29, 1862—Discharged, February 15, 1864.
Bennett, Joseph	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Beck, Lewis	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Brown, Christopher C.	August 29, 1862—Discharged, January 10, 1863.
Bristow, John J.	August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 11, 1863.
Butt, Leonard	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Butt, James A.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Burnett, Wm. G.	August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, March 13, 1863.
Carter, Wm. W.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Chewing, Hardin M.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Connor, Thos. O.	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, October 27, 1863, of wounds.
Cox, Chas.	August 29, 1862—Discharged, August 19, 1863.
Deen, Wm. H.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Deutinger, John	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Lome, Elijah	August 29, 1862—Killed at Kenasaw, June 22, 1864.
Dunn, Geo. V.	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Duvall, Lorenzo G.	August 29, 1862—Discharged, September 7, 1863.
Elder, Sylvester	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.



NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Farmer, Eli.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Fell, John.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, January, 1863.
Figgins, Daniel.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 22, 1862.
Finch, John C.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 8, 1863.
Goble, Wm.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Grady, James A.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, October, 1862.
Harp, Isaac.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., January 31, 1863.
Harp, Burgess.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., January 4, 1863.
Hall, Wm. R.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Hammock, Henry H.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Hinton, George.....	August 29, 1862—Wounded and missing at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
Hollingsworth, Robt.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Hudson, Samuel H.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Kelly, Wm.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, November 29, 1862.
Lake, Chas. W.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Covington, Ky., January 21, 1863.
Little, Wm.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., December 23, 1862.
Mason, Powell P.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C. March 17, 1864.
Marshall, Samuel J.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, March 25, 1863.
Mills, Wm. H.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, May 24, 1865.
Mills, Aaron.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Miles, Lewis.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, February 27, 1863.
Milburg, David H.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, February 23, 1863.
Mottwaiter, John J.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant Major.
Nelson, Wm. S.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Orander, John W.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Pyle, Wm. H. H.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Purcell, Christopher C.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Louisville, Ky., November 10, 1862.
Richardson, Thos. C.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Murfreesboro, February 8, 1863.
Robinson, David L.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Rosecrants, Adam F.....	August 29, 1862—Transferred to V. R. C., March 23, 1864.
Rosecrants, John.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Nashville, March 11, 1863.
Rosecrants, Jacob S.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Sergeant.
Sapp, Richard.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

NAME.	DATE OF MUSTER.
Senn, John.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Seibert, Christian.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Sharples, Joseph.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Smith, James H.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Danville, Ky., November 1, 1862.
Stowe, Harvey H.....	August 29, 1862—Discharged, March 7, 1863.
Taylor, Daniel.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865, as Corporal.
Terry, John N.....	August 29, 1862—Killed at Nashville, December 15, 1864.
Wade, Caleb S.....	August 29, 1862—Died at Andersonville Prison, August 12, 1864.
Watson, Hillary B.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Wheeler, Emery S.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865; absent, sick.
Wilson, Henry C.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Wood, Owen.....	August 29, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

## RECRUITS.

Baysinger, James.....	September 1, 1862—Died at Nashville, December 19, 1862.
Boyer, Peter.....	September 1, 1862—Died at Andersonville Prison, August 12, 1864.
Elder, John H.....	September 2, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Kelly, Jacob.....	September 1, 1862—Discharged, January 15, 1863.
Lovell, Wm. D.....	September 1, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.
Thomas, Geo. R.....	September 1, 1862—Died at Nashville, January 17, 1863.
Watson, David L.....	September 1, 1862—Mustered out, June 13, 1865.

## UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

Champion, James H.....	September 2, 1863.
Dodson, John W.....	September 2, 1863.
Harp, James.....	August 27, 1863.
King, Anthony.....	September 2, 1863.
Pennington, James.....	April 12, 1864.
Stokes, Joseph D.....	August 30, 1864.



Frederick C. Graff  
Oct 1862 - July 1865

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